THE WIVES OF THE WHITE HOUSE INSIDERS

ALSO THE SAD COMEDOWN OF SUGAR RAY ROBINSON

The Saturday Evening POST

Mar. 17, 1962

20¢

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Wide-Track Pontiac

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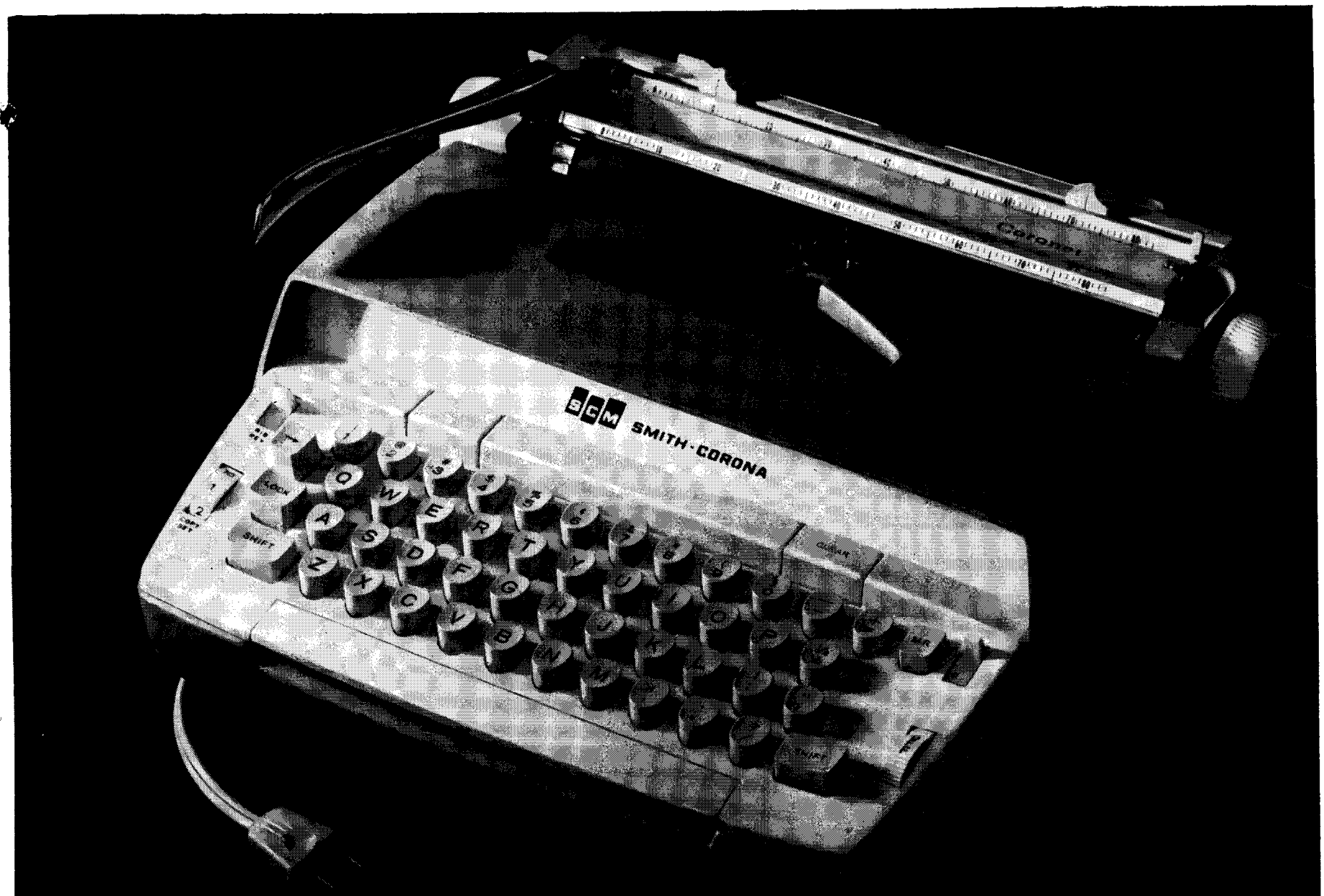

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Crabgrass in Your Lawn? If so, you're in good company. President Kennedy recently spotted crabgrass in the White House lawn. (The National Park Service, in charge of the grounds, got it out.) But there is a simple, little-known way of keeping crabgrass to a minimum. See THE GRASS CRAZE, by James A. Skardon on page 30.

This Week the "new" *Post* is six months old. On page 4 we are publishing a few more of some thousands of letters commenting on the face-lifting we put into effect in our September 16 issue. We expected to hear from readers about the new format, but we are surprised at the avalanche of mail prompted, not by the redesign, but by the material we are now publishing. Letters-editor JACK HARING, picking his way across piles of mail on his office floor, says, "In January of 1962 we got five times as many letters as in January of 1961—not counting letters about the new format." What does this huge jump in reader comment mean? More readers, for one thing. But

Rueful Letters-editor Haring and his secretary, Ruth Thornley, bringing in more mail.

higher circulation (up about 6 percent since January, 1961) does not explain some 400 percent more letters. We think our articles have become more controversial—inevitably, in a controversial age—and have thereby provoked more comment. Fred Sparks's SPEAKING OUT in our January 27 issue, WHO SAYS CHILDREN ARE HUMAN? has brought forth a torrent of mail (score so far: 38 percent for Sparks, 62 against). Sometimes letters breed letters: CAN CHRISTIANS UNITE? in our December 23–30 issue provoked a reasonable amount of comment; the comments published on January 27 brought in more than twice as many letters as the article itself. Every signed letter we get, incidentally, is answered, though Jack finds that he sometimes can say only, "Thank you for your angry letter."

Distinguished Artists and Designers have played an important part in giving the new *Post* its new look. The names of STEVAN DOHANOS, who illustrated the story on page 24, and JOHN FALTER, who

Designer S. Neil Fujita, cover artist John Falter and The Post's Editor Robert Fuoss.

did the painting on page 86 and also painted this week's cover, are familiar to many readers because both have been painting *Post* covers for the last twenty years. S. NEIL FUJITA is another of the well-known graphic-arts specialists whose talents we called on when we applied our new makeup. His illustration for the six-part mystery beginning in this issue is on page 34. Hawaii-born Fujita is a free-lance designer and consultant who has been director of design and packaging for Columbia Records. In designing an illustration, he says, he first sees key scenes of the story in his mind's eye, then stretches or condenses them to give visual expression to the story's mood. "It's easier to do this than to describe how," he adds. KURT WIRTH is a Swiss artist whose first paintings for us are on pages 42 and 43. His familiarity with the Valais Alps, setting of Vivian Connell's story (A PLACE THAT NEVER CHANGES), lends a special authenticity to the paintings.

The Cover. New Castle, Del., (pop. 4469), on the busy Delaware River, is six miles south of the state's largest city, Wilmington, and two miles off the main highway. Once it was Delaware's capital. Founded in 1651, it was William Penn's landing place when he came to America in 1682. Penn is thought to have spent a night in the house at the extreme right of our cover. The spire atop the Court House (left foreground) was used as the center of a twelve-mile radius in part of the 1763–67 survey—to settle a boundary dispute—that resulted in the Mason-Dixon Line, which later played a key part in United States history.

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LETTERS

NEW POST STILL DEBATED

• *Six months and 18,500 letters later, our readers are still offering their opinions on* The Post*'s format change. Some recent comments appear below.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

I have been debating my renewal since your new makeup. The January 13 issue decided me. The articles have always been good. The fiction has been good and is getting better. The story by Ronan Grady [LEAP INTO LOVE] was excellent. He has a real (and rare) ability to write about the military. Please renew my subscription.

LT. COL. HEBER C. BRILL
Army Chemical Center, Md.

Dear Sirs:

The Post is too old to have her face lifted. Would you give your faithful old Shep a poodle haircut?

MARY H. MILBURY
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

The faults in the new *Post* which I complained about to you have largely been corrected, no doubt at my insistence. Either that or I'm getting used to the New Look; in fact, I'm beginning to like it.

FRANCIS J. BOHL
Castro Valley, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

We view with alarm the fact that "Johnny can't read." I'm even more alarmed about the fact that Johnny's grandfather can't read the new format of the *SEP*. I don't know whose idea it is to violate all rules of grammar and common sense by putting three or four direct quotations into one paragraph or perhaps sentence and run the story without paragraph indentations, but it is very effective. Some of these efforts I can understand by merely reading them over three or four times.

F. H. STEVENSON
Orlando, Fla.

• *Readers have convinced us on this point. Layouts we are working on will discontinue this design idea.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

I am sick unto death of the "scared rabbit" approach to something so vital as the "people problem" and the disgusting fear of offending certain pressure groups that so many editors exhibit. Yours will be the only magazine I am subscribing to. As an adult I find the written diet of monotonous mush in other magazines causes me mental dyspepsia. Bravo to your new format. Send me more!

SONJA S. JASON
Woodland Hills, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I am tired of reading letters lauding your new format. I am not "getting used" to it. There is nothing more unfunny than cartoons all in a row! The artwork is garbage—outsized photographs of chicken wire, rope or any item that is handy! The current trend to criticize old traditions in the name of freedom has been vastly overworked. . . .

I haven't seen any brickbat letters. You seem to prefer to print the complimentary ones. . . . Cancel my subscription.

MRS. GEORGE C. SCRIBNER
South Hamilton, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

I wonder at the people who want their subscriptions canceled; articles we disagree with provoke us to do a bit of thinking for ourselves, which is just what we need. Thank you for a fine magazine, and I believe that by now your new format has won us all.

MARGUERITE P. FITZGERALD
Colchester, Vt.

ALLAN W. ECKERT
Dayton, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

When we received the newly renovated *Post* several of us old "Ex-Post Facto-ers" said, "They have ruined *The Post*." Being paid up two years in advance, I decided to wait and see. You soon got around to admitting you did not write all of *The Post* stories and articles yourselves and restored the authors' names to the index. . . .

You must have thought *The Post* was really slipping. Perhaps I should accept some of the blame. A few years ago I sent Ben Hibbs some of my poetry. He asked me to send some more of my work, but I sent none—no wonder the magazine slipped!

I like your new departments SPEAKING OUT and PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP. . . . Stick to it, boys, and watch your step; you are coming out of the woods.

WILLIAM M. KOEHLER
Pocatello, Idaho

DRIVING SLOWER

Dear Sirs:

WE TAKE THE LONG WAY HOME by Hannah Lees [Feb. 3] is about the most common-sense and timely article on the automobile in the American scene that I have ever had the pleasure of reading.

SANFORD SMITH
Newton, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

I have just read WE TAKE THE LONG WAY HOME and am still shaking with terror. . . . Miss Lees says, "Going along a wide, straight road at a safe speed in a triple row of cars requires little but restraint and relaxed attention." If this is what she believes and the way she drives, she does not belong on an expressway or freeway. A prerequisite for safe driving on the freeway is that you not only drive for yourself but attempt to anticipate the action of the drivers around you. YOU CANNOT ACCOMPLISH THIS BY RELAXING.

R. G. WATSON
Glendora, Calif.

NO POETIC LICENSE

Dear Sirs:

Poetic license grants the creative mind unlimited freedom from the rules of syntax and punctuation, but it lies within the reader's power to deny such license to the poet who has abused it.

What is the meaning [in WINTER EXERCISE by Howard Nemerov, Feb. 3] of "the lady to whose lord he was?" True, the preposition brings the lines into scansion, but I do not believe poetic license covers such usage.

PATRICIA MARTIN
Philadelphia, Pa.

• *Mr. Nemerov wrote, "the lady too whose lord he was," which takes no liberties with syntax or scansion.* The Post *regrets that "too" became "to" through a typographical error.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

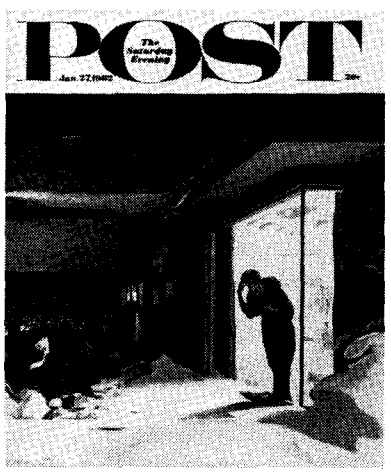
Back in November I wrote a letter to *The Post* in which I complained about the disappearance of poetry from its pages. I was wrong, for the new look in poetry, particularly the featuring of a poet and his work (Howard Nemerov) is a pleasant continuance of poetry which makes the poet appear what he really is: A man of reasoning and of thought. This certainly *is* an improvement over the "old days."

JUDSON R. DICKS
Valley Stream, N.Y.

WIDOW IN MAKING?

Dear Sirs:

Will you please tell the lady on your Jan. 27 cover [below] serenely viewing her husband's struggle with the snow in



the garage through the protection of a picture window, to rush out and grab the shovel and do the shoveling herself? That Dior gown and mink coat might not be so fetching on a widow.

ALICE L. HALL
Geneva, Ohio

WATER SLIPUP

Dear Sirs:

We were pleased to see that among the PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP in your Feb. 3 issue you featured a young man, Carl Hodges [WATER WIZARD], who aims to help solve the crucial water problem.

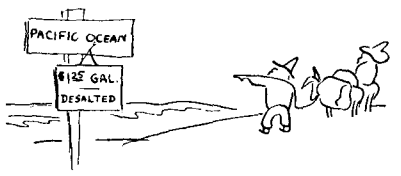
The water-cost picture you presented, however, was completely out of focus, and we would like to clarify it. Obviously a slip 'twixt the newsroom and the newsstand, but a very crucial word got lost in your cost figure of desalinated water. It should have read $1.25 per THOUSAND gallons, not $1.25 per gallon.

Seasoned authorities in water conversion have learned that there can likewise be many a slip 'twixt a laboratory device and the actual plant built to convert millions of gallons of water a day. They too applaud Carl's goal of 30-cent water, but many have serious doubts that his method can achieve it.

ERNEST J. EATON, *Executive Director*
Water Conversion Institute
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

Probably you've already had a thousand letters about the prices being per



"Trouble is, we ain't gone fur enough west—the gold's in them thar WAVES!"

thousand gallons of desalinated water, but I offer a cartoon [above] on it.

BARBARA WILLSON
Santa Monica, Calif.

• *Well, not quite a thousand letters, Miss Willson, but more than 40 sharp-eyed readers noted our 999-gallon shortage.—ED.*

TOUCHING STORY

Dear Sirs:

A SON DIES [by Winifred Willis, Jan. 27] is not only a deeply poignant story of parental love; it is a literary masterpiece. I wept. I thank God that the boy's parents were not turned away by the motel manager that night.

IRMA N. SATTERTHWAITE
Doylestown, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Quite a poignant propaganda piece. . . . Surprisingly, the author failed to fulfill the ultimate possibility of such a story—such as running this bereaved couple across the Mason-Dixon line and giving it a "no room in the inn" twist.

OLLIE W. GILCHRIST
Shreveport, La.

Dear Sirs:

Heartbreak, courage and faith know no color line.

MARY MEARNS
Chevy Chase, Md.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:
3–Frank Ross; Larry Keighley. • 17–Harry Hamm. • 18–Wide World; Zen Yonkovig. 19, 20, 21, 22, 23–Harry Hamm. • 24, 25–Stevan Dohanos. • 26–Sabine Weiss. • 27–Ormond Gigli. • 28–J. R. Eyerman. • 31, 32–Jim Burns. • 33–Zen Yonkovig. • 34–S. Neil Fujita. • 36, 38, 40–Jacques Lowe. • 42, 43–Kurt Wirth. • 50, 51, 54, 68, 69–Wayne Miller. • 70, 71–Joern Gerdts. • 86–John Falter. • 106, 107, 109–Larry Fried.

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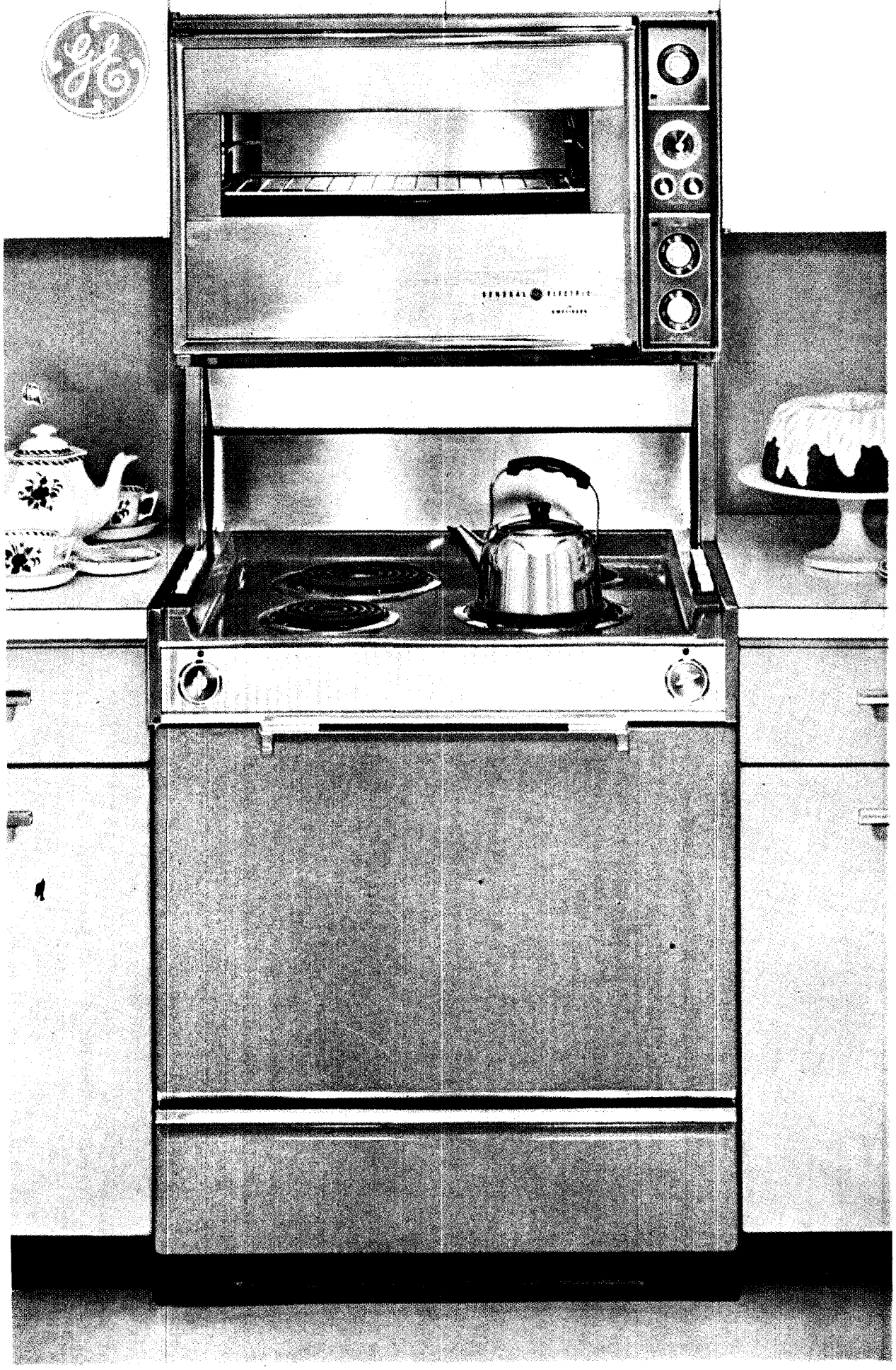
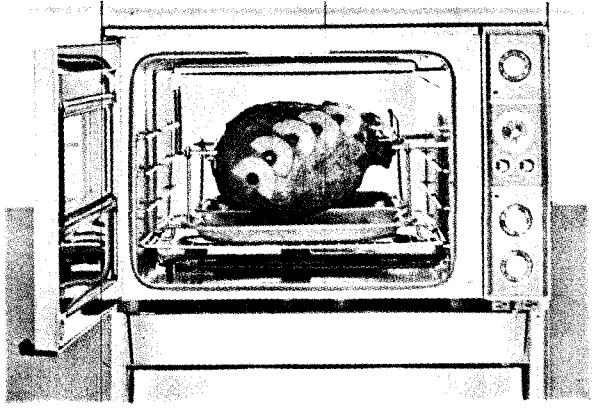
NEW americana '62

2 FULL OVENS... YET ONLY 30 INCHES WIDE

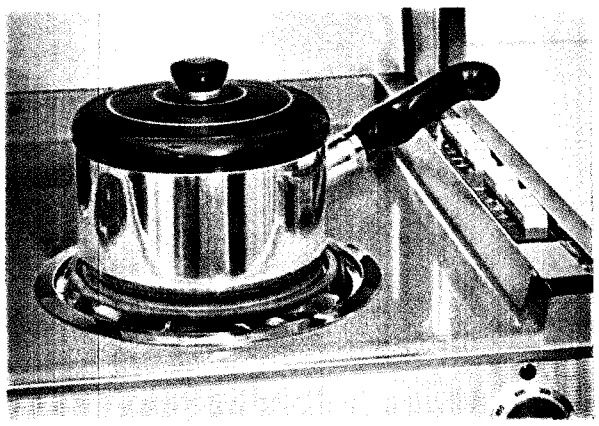


Shown, Model J790. In 4 Mix-or-Match colors, plus Dark Coppertone or White

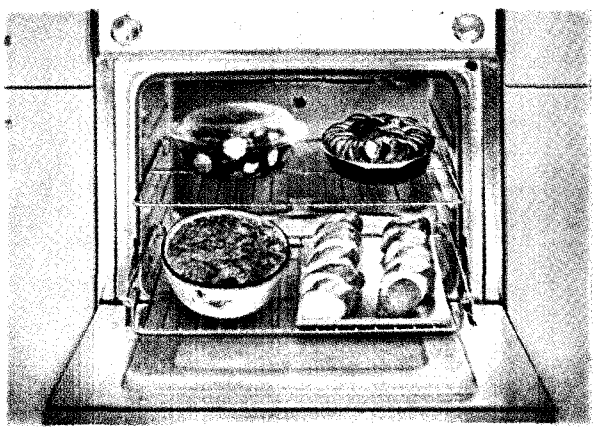
Fits in to look built-in . . . without the built-in cost! And this wonderful new *look* is only part of the pleasure. Cooking's easy and pleasant . . . and so is clean-up. Practically everything lifts up or off for *easy* clean-up. No sooty pots or surfaces—because it's *flameless* cooking.



Eye-Hi upper oven has picture-window, side-mounted controls, automatic rotisserie. The timer automatically turns either oven *on* or *off*, and it times the motor-driven rotisserie, too! That glistening chrome back-liner pulls out completely for easy cleaning—clips right back in.



SENSI-TEMP® Automatic Unit ends pot-watching forever. Adjusts to 4-, 6- or 8-inch pans. Boils a pint of water in 130 seconds. Smart recessed cooktop fits snug with counter top. All four Tilt-Lock Calrod® units have removable trim rings, drip pans. Each unit's pushbuttons are right alongside ...you don't need a map to use AMERICANA®!



Whopping downstairs oven with its own controls. Door lifts off for easy cleaning. Both ovens work at once at different temperatures—you can bake in one, broil in the other! Know how great-big AMERICANA is? You could cook a full meal for 50 all at once or bake a single pie *economically*. Don't you *crave* this AMERICANA?

Single-oven Americanas, too. Americana J760, shown here, has only one oven. All the features . . . rotisserie, automatic controls, Sensi-Temp. All the easy-cleaning conveniences . . . and the whole thing *jeweled* with chrome trim. Available with a matching, specially designed cabinet that serves as a base for this AMERICANA. See your dealer right away!

By any measure...

There is nothing "just as good as" General Electric

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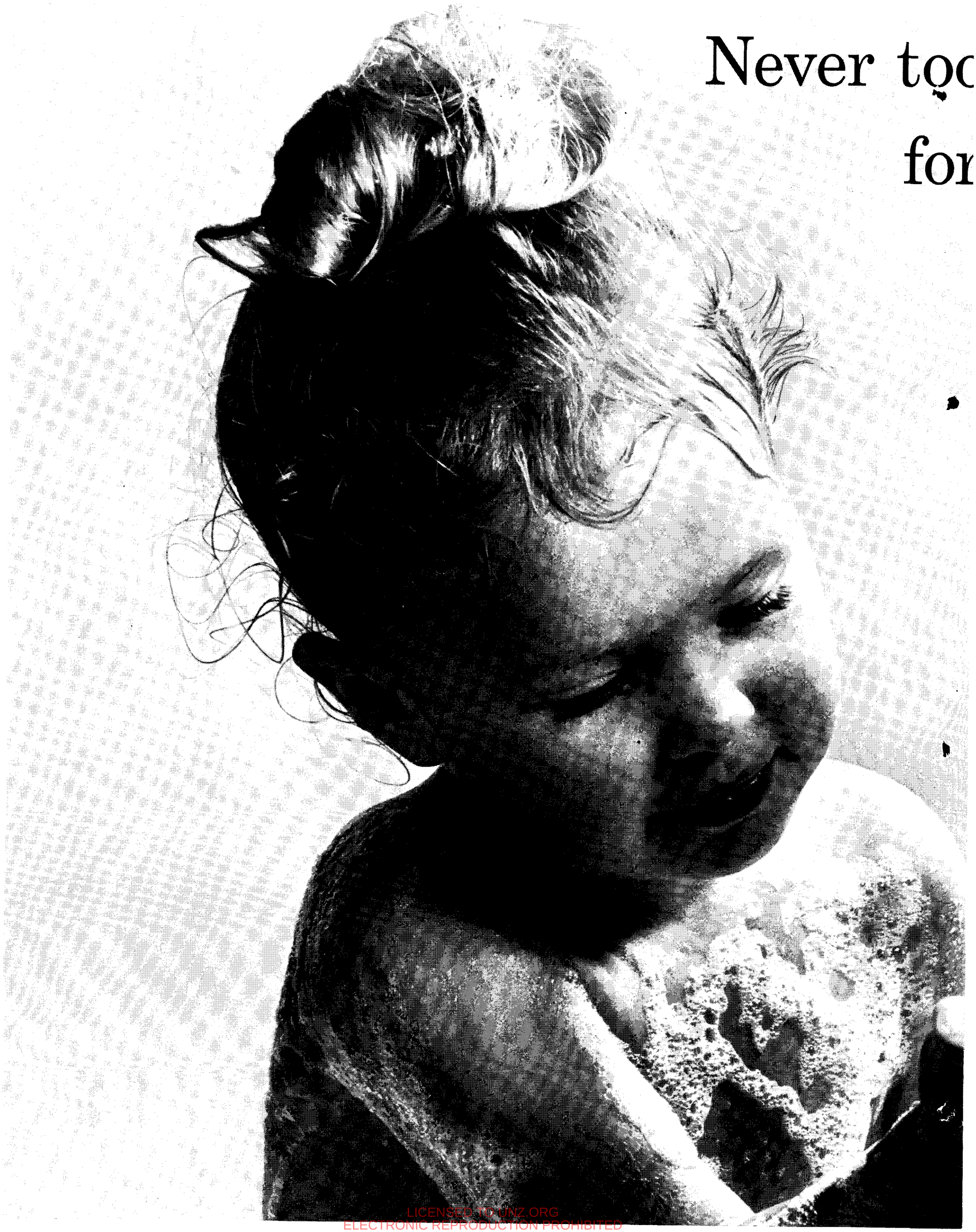

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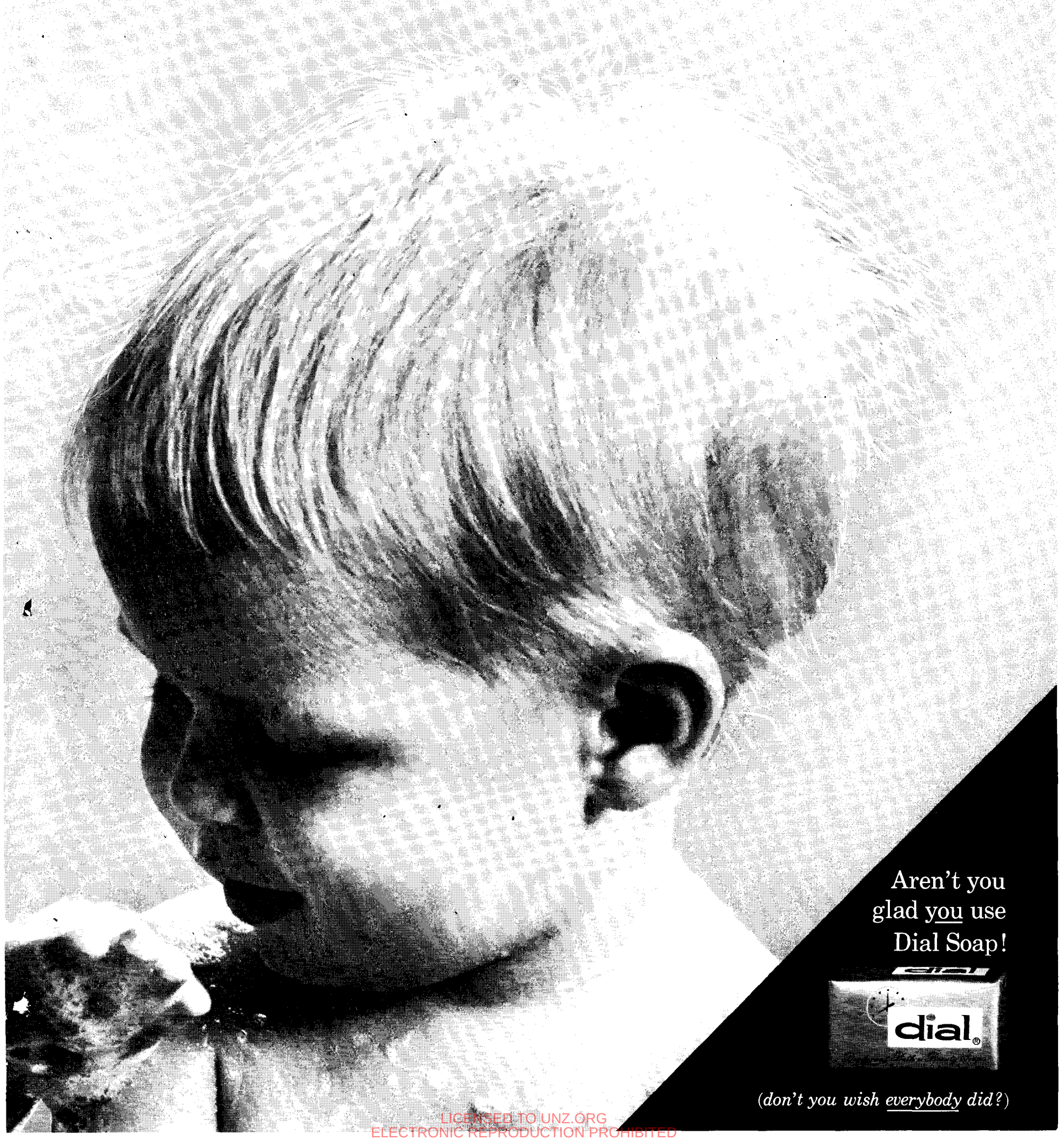
young Dial!

Youngsters make friends with Dial mighty early these days. Many hospitals use Dial in the nursery to cleanse newborn babies. Which says a lot for Dial's gentleness. In fact, Dial is so pure and mild some people find it hard to believe that it's also America's most effective deodorant soap. That's why we put the coupon here.



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SPEAKING OUT THE VOICE OF DISSENT

CHANGE THOSE UNFAIR TAX LAWS

You probably are paying more than your share of taxes, says this expert.

BY ROSS M. ROBERTSON

Americans have been evading the income-tax law at a good clip—or avoiding it in ways that border on sharp practice. The present law is so complex, and the record keeping so burdensome, that honest taxpayers with even modest incomes have little chance of making an accurate return. More important, the statutes so clearly discriminate in favor of the unscrupulous and the shrewdly knowledgeable that conscience, bidding all to make honorable returns, is losing its force. For why should a taxpayer be fair to a Government that taxes him unfairly?

Adopted two generations ago to bring in $70,000,000 a year lost by tariff reductions, the income tax is now the core of the Federal tax system. For five years now it has brought in more than half of national-budget receipts.

Americans generously continue to support a steeply graduated personal income tax, regarding it as an equitable way to raise revenues. Moreover, a tax on incomes has several economic advantages, among them a built-in flexibility that stimulates the economy when it is flagging and checks inflation when business is good. But we the people are simply not going to hold still for a tax system that lets the man who is smart enough, or rich enough, pay less tax than his neighbor on the same amount of income.

I do not intend to catalogue at length the inequities of present income-tax law. Only a little research is needed to show how the fortunate are favored by the capital-gains dodge, tax exemption of interest on state and municipal bonds, favorable treatment of dividend income, and so on and on. I do suggest three steps to a wholesome and honest income-tax law: (1) Restoration of equity must begin with adequate personal exemption. Then (2) Congress must return to the tax base vast sources of revenue that have been eroded, at the same time (3) simplifying and reducing the number of allowable deductions and their amounts. Only then can we have substantial reductions in rates. Such reductions could give an enormous boost to the economy and to individual levels of living.

The first step to a fair tax law is a return to the principle of personal exemptions adopted by the framers of the first income-tax statute that stuck: the law of 1913. Congress then sought to leave "free and untouched" an income sufficient to "rear and support" a family according to a "proper standard of living." For single taxpayers the personal exemption was set at $3000; for married couples, no matter how many dependents, the exemption was $4000. Clearly these amounts left "free and untouched" a purchasing power much greater than they would have today. Even such modest amounts are higher than current revenue requirements realistically permit. Nevertheless, a goal of tax policy should be personal exemptions related to a decent minimum of living costs.

Of all the subtle types of discrimination, none is more cruel than that directed against single persons. After all, bachelors and spinsters have rights too! In any case, it is plain that marriage should not be subsidized via the income-tax route.

It is, of course, not true that "two can live as cheaply as one." Such figures as we have suggest that for people of comparable age a single person's living expenses are about 70 percent of a married couple's. Yet a single person's deduction is only half as much as a couple's.

Another inequity in reckoning exemptions is the one that permits $600 of exemption for each dependent child. I have no objections to small fry, an enjoyable and necessary part of any community. Since children add enormously to social costs, it is hard to see why those who have them should be excused from their share of these costs. If Congress feels that it is good public policy to subsidize having children, I will abide by the decision. But I suggest that the subsidy, like the Canadian "baby bonus," which is granted in addition to a dependent exemption, be in the form of a monthly check from the Treasury so that everyone will know what is going on.

The first principle of personal exemption, clearly stated, should be that we exempt from income tax an amount necessary to sustain health and provide a minimum level of comfort. In my view the 10,000,000 American families with incomes below the $3000 mark should have a family exemption of $3000. The same exemption would apply to a childless couple or to a pair with thirteen kids. For single persons an exemption of $2100, or 70 percent of the family exemption, seems only just.

Furthermore, there should be no extra exemptions for the elderly, the blind, or any other group with whom we naturally sympathize; if they don't have the income, exemptions do them no good, and if they do have the income, the suggested personal exemption of $3000 is adequate. We thus make an honest beginning by removing discrimination against bachelors in favor of married men, against childless couples in favor of families with children and against the middle-aged and young in favor of the elderly. More important, we give everyone a minimum living before taxing him.

At first glance justice seems awfully expensive. According to a Treasury estimate, personal exemptions of $2100 and $3000 would under the present rate structure, cost nearly $10,000,000,000 of an estimated $45,000,000,000 of 1962 income-tax receipts. An amount of this magnitude must be recouped, but how shall we go about it? By a device that will commend itself to anyone really interested in a fair tax system: Let us simply subject all personal income to taxes instead of less than half of it.

Tenderhearted lawmakers, IRS administrative officers and the courts have excluded from the tax base more than $50,000,000,000 of personal income per annum. For example, the rental value of owner-occupied houses ought to be figured as income. Why should a man who invests $10,000 in securities or rental property have to pay tax on the income, while the man who invests in a house and lives in it pays none? The British tax this kind of income; ideally Americans should too. But simplification of the Federal tax system is desperately needed, and it might be well to let $10,000,000,000 of income-in-kind escape in order to avoid the trouble of reckoning it.

Nevertheless, more than $40,000,000,000 of excluded income remains, largely omitted from the tax base to take care of lower-income groups or "unfortunates." Exempted from taxation are Social Security benefits, unemployment compensation, relief payments, workmen's compensation, employer contributions to pension and insurance plans—and so on down a seemingly endless list to such minor items as the rental value of a clergyman's house, and subsistence and rental allowances of military personnel. But my proposal for reform takes care of the low-income groups by an amount of personal exemption—$3000 and $2100—that really means something. Moreover, if church congregations are too cheap to keep their pastors in more than genteel penury, there is no reason why American taxpayers should contribute. And if we don't pay soldiers and sailors enough, little is gained by giving them a puny tax deduction.

If we honestly wish to broaden the tax base, we should next go after the deductions that

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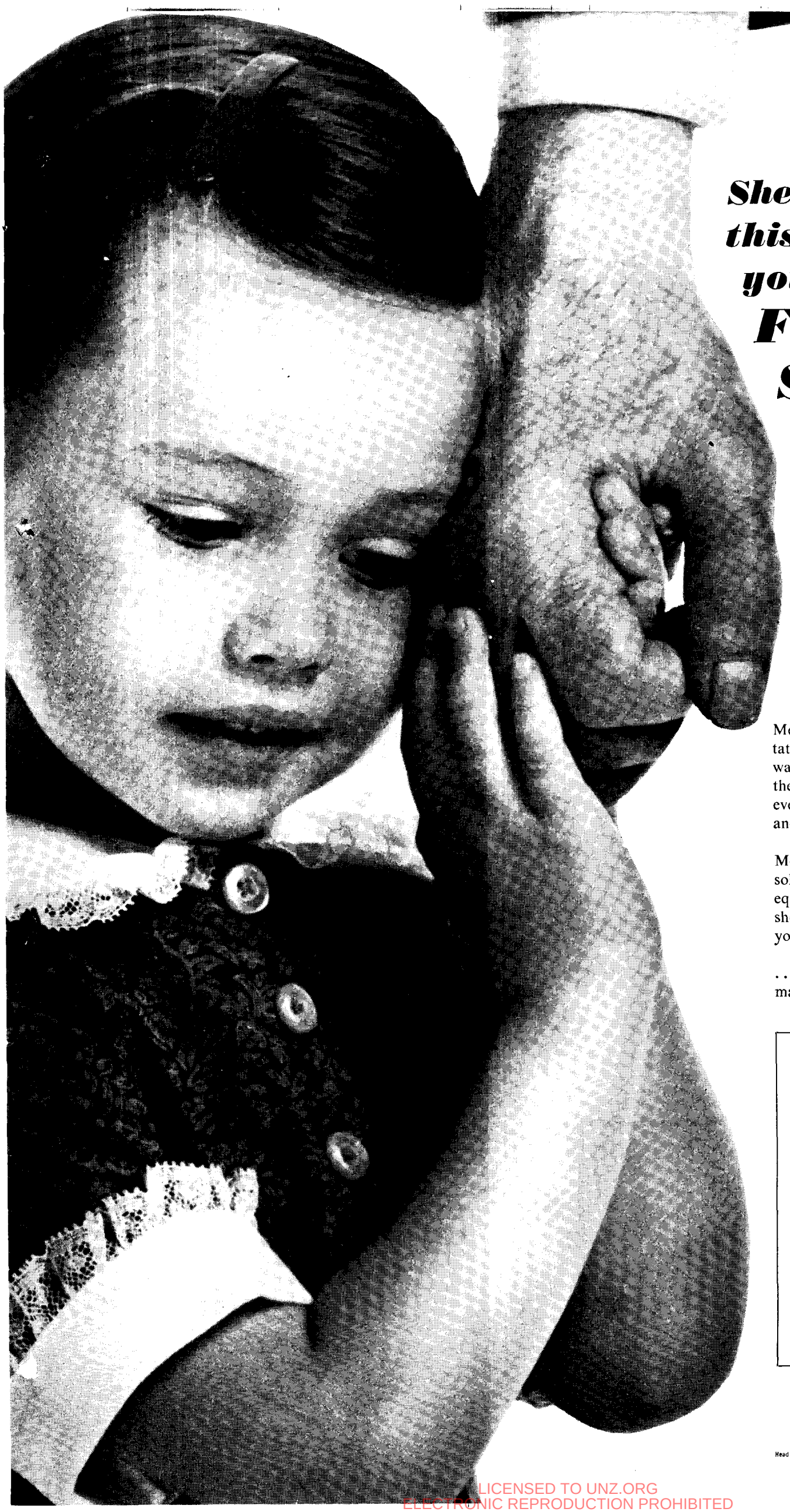

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SPEAKING OUT

discriminate against lower- and middle-income householders who rent their dwellings. For example, the family that has a substantial property-tax deduction and a deduction for interest paid on a mortgage will ordinarily be able to accumulate deductions in this area that will aggregate more than the standard deduction. Yet a renting family with the same income may pay for a serious illness and get no relief because it has no interest deductions. There is no excuse in the world for the interest deduction, authorized in the 1913 act and never changed. It is in effect a subsidy to installment buyers of durable goods, particularly houses.

Allowing the income value of owner-occupied property to escape taxation is subsidy enough; there is no need to increase it on account of mortgage interest. The potty little houses that infest our suburbs are the consequence of weak-headed taxpayer stimulation of home ownership.

Deductions for contributions to charitable and other nonprofit organizations likewise constitute a subsidy of private institutions by the United States Treasury. It can be argued that there is some merit in encouraging people, mostly the well-to-do, to divert taxes from public projects to organizations of their own choice. A less convincing case can be made for keeping the deduction for state and local taxes, except that it will be necessary to allow an offset of non-Federal income taxes to keep the total tax on income from becoming confiscatory.

Indeed, it is hard to defend deductions outside two main categories. One of these consists of large, involuntary, and unpredictable costs that result from unusual medical expenses or uninsured losses from fire, accidents and other casualties. The other group of legitimate deductions is the one that makes allowance for the expenses of earning income.

Clearly one of the shortest routes to an equitable tax system lies in the direction of removing and simplifying deductions. To keep everyone happy enough to make reform possible, we probably ought to retain the so-called standard deduction, which permits taxpayers to deduct 10 percent of adjusted gross income up to a maximum of $1000. In addition it seems sensible to allow the deduction of (a) all state and local income taxes, (b) uninsured losses from illness or casualty in excess of 5 percent of adjusted gross income, and (c) annual charitable contributions in excess of 10 percent of adjusted gross income, or $1000, whichever is lower. The result would be a solid $20,000,000,000 or so restored to the tax base.

The last remaining hurdle to an honorable income-tax law is perhaps the toughest one of all. Pressed by one lobbyist after another, Congress has passed a hodgepodge of laws that relieve upper-bracket taxpayers of the burden of steeply progressive rates. For example, the interest accumulated on insurance-policy reserves is not taxable to the policyholder, nor are the insurance proceeds taxable to beneficiaries if paid at the death of the insured. A cool billion dollars or more would be added to the tax base if Congress would simply include in taxable income the part of annual increases in cash values that is interest earned on past savings. Such a tax would have to be withheld at the source in order to avoid mass noncompliance—just as sooner or later withholding of ordinary dividends and interest will be required to combat massive cheating now going on.

In the category of tax dodges, however, none is so bold as the favorable treatment accorded capital gains. Before casting his next vote for a Congressman, every red-blooded American voter should thoroughly understand one economic fact of life: income received from net appreciation of assets is income, in just the same sense that wages earned by a ditchdigger is income. Allowing certain taxpayers to exclude half their realized long-term capital gains from adjusted gross income and limiting the tax on these gains to a maximum of 25 percent is an affront to the man who cannot take advantage of stock option or invest in breeding cattle. Furthermore, there should be no distinction between short-term and long-term capital gains; and there should be a tax on capital gains transferred by gift or at death—whether to kin, to Alma Mater or to the S.P.C.A. A change in the capital-gains rule alone would add a whopping $10,000,000,000 to the tax base.

We should be similarly hard-boiled about income splitting, the iniquitous device whereby a husband and wife can pretend that each earns half the family income and so, in effect, double the width of the taxable-income brackets. Congress has only to make the taxable-income brackets for married couples half as wide as those of single persons to remove the advantages for income splitting—and add close to $4,000,000,000, not just to the tax base, but to tax receipts.

The only way to achieve repeal of the tax dodges is to remove the fundamental reason for having them—upper-bracket rates that are ridiculously high and that in any case bring in a trivial amount of revenue. However, if reduction of upper-bracket rates is to be politically feasible, the electorate must have some assurance that benefits will be extended all along the line. As noted earlier, reasonably adequate personal exemptions would cost the Treasury as much as $10,000,000,000 a year at current rates and levels of income. But if the tax base were to be restored as I have suggested, this loss would be more than offset by an added $15,000,000,000 of receipts, or a net gain of $5,000,000,000 a year. Take away the advantages of income splitting, and the net gains from genuine reform would come close to $10,000,000,000 a year.

It is immediately apparent that such an increase in receipts would make impressive reductions in rates possible. At a minimum it would be possible to establish a rate schedule ranging from 18 percent on the first $2000 of taxable income to a maximum of 50 percent for taxable incomes in excess of $200,000. Even more exciting is the possibility that regular annual rate reductions would be possible over the next decade; for as incomes rise, we all move into higher tax brackets.

One of the silliest remarks that anyone can make is to say that the only way to reduce taxes is to reduce them. Meaningful tax reduction can come only with a complete and simultaneous overhauling of the kind that I have sketched. Each of us is willing to make a few simple sacrifices in order to achieve the vast benefits of a rational tax system.

The unpleasant alternative to substantial changes in the income-tax law will be greater reliance on sales taxes, the dingy little excises that hurt people and damage the economy. In the next year we shall see whether Americans really do have faith enough in their democracy to pay the small price of fiscal integrity. THE END

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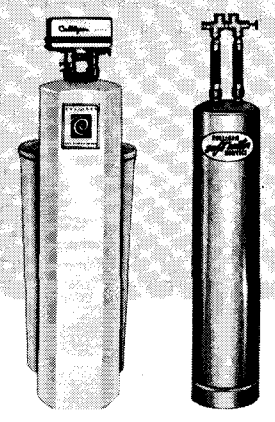

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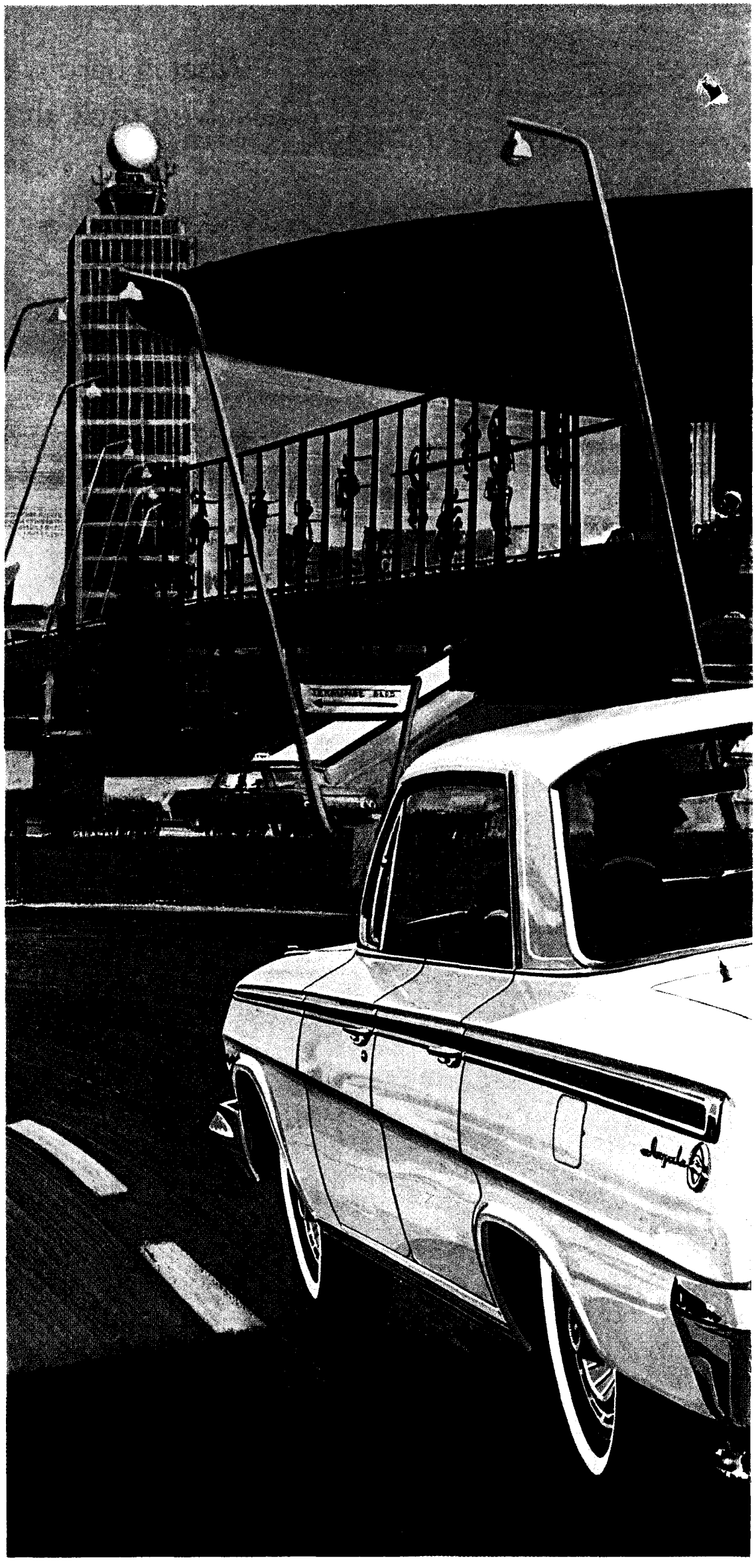

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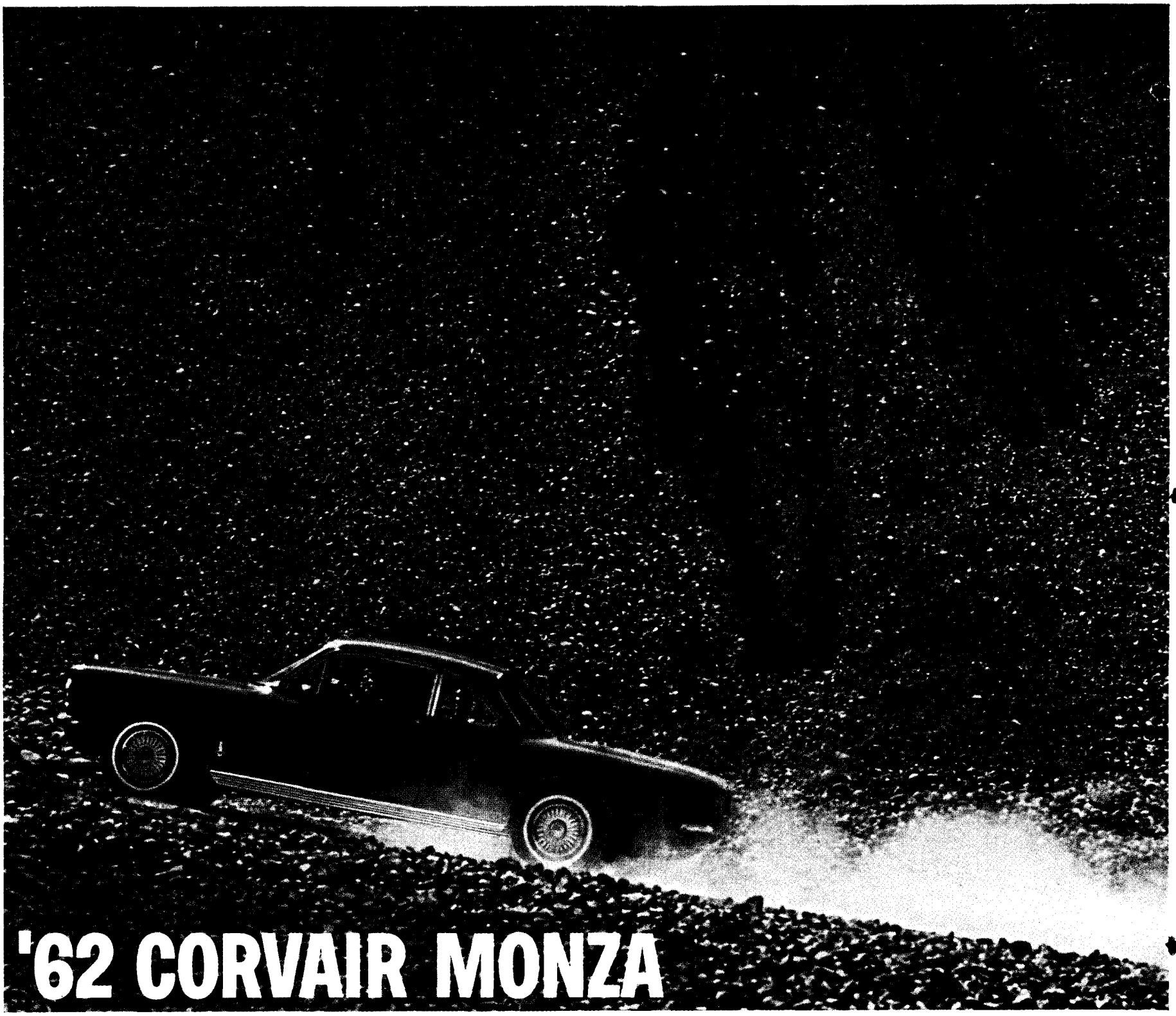

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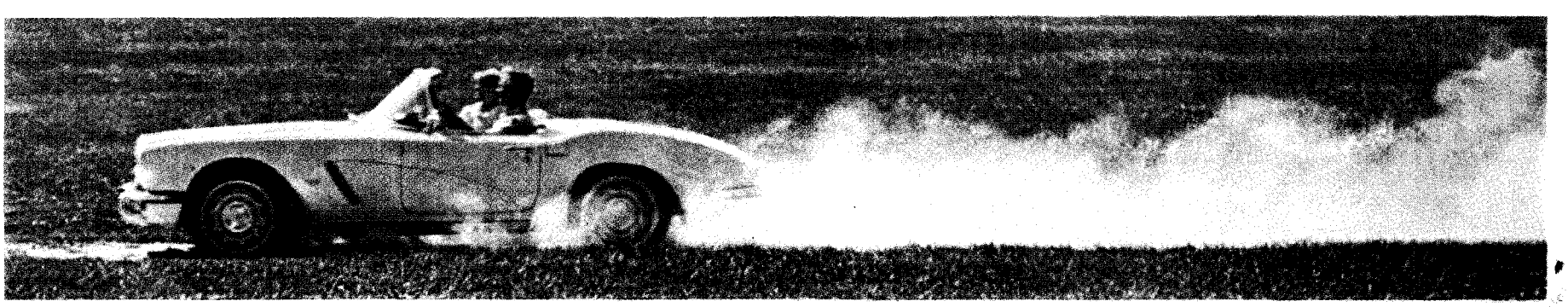

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ALBANIA: WHERE STALIN STILL RULES

Can this tiny, backward Communist nation—led by the spirit of a dead and discredited dictator—continue to oppose Khrushchev's power?

By HARRY HAMM
as told to Seymour Freidin

I was in Albania last October when that ragged little upstart nation, scarcely larger than Maryland, startled the world by defying the mighty Soviet Union. Here was the shabbiest sliver of the great Communist empire not only splitting with the Kremlin but trumpeting insults at Khrushchev. How did it happen? What prompted Albania to risk it? And what does it mean to world peace?

As a West German newspaperman, reporting on Communist affairs for the *Frankfurter Allgemeine*, I traveled the dusty, rutted roads of Albania for nearly a month seeking the answers. There is only one dim advantage to motoring in that land: Traffic is almost nonexistent, unless you count donkeys. Even in the seedy, ramshackle capital of Tirana, hardly anything moves on wheels. The more I saw, the more I marveled that the haughty little nation, lacking almost everything except pride and poverty, should have snapped back at Russia like an equal, or even a superior.

The break came with typical Communist gutter-snipe vituperation at a party congress in Moscow in November, 1960. Khrushchev spoke for the Kremlin. Enver Hoxha, a handsome, fifty-two-year-old, French-educated Albanian, voiced the pungent views of Albanian Communism.

In Tirana, Albania's capital, Stalin's statue looms grimly above Skënderbeg Square.

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"TO ALBANIANS, 'KHRUSHCHEV' IS A DIRTY WORD."

In May 1959, Khrushchev and dictator Hoxha proclaimed their solidarity, and Mr. K. warned Albania's neighbors of Russian strength. But by late 1961 the two were exchanging insults.

"You have poured dung over me, Comrade Hoxha," Khrushchev is reported to have shouted. "One day you will have to wash it off yourself."

Stalking out of the congress, Hoxha retorted to Khrushchev: "We are almost 702,000,000 strong." (His figures include 2,000,000 Albanians and 700,000,000 Chinese.)

The break between Albania and Russia opened a back-door entrance to Europe for Red China, in many ways the most menacing of all world powers. As I saw for myself, the Chinese lost little time in thrusting a hefty foot in the door. Already the consequences have been considerable.

The new lineup, with Albania as a protégé of China instead of Russia, has affected the economies of all three nations, and several Communist satellites. It has affected wheat, nickel and other markets. And it may have left the United States 6th Fleet, in the Mediterranean, in a stronger naval position than ever. My travels in Albania revealed all this and much else.

Like most Communist rows, the split opened as an ideological one, at least on the surface. The Albanian Reds, as dedicated a crew as ever chanted the *International*, felt that Nikita Khrushchev was no fit successor to Josef Stalin. They said so. To them, "Khrushchev" is a dirty word. They have called him a "revisionist, anti-Marxist, opportunist"—strong language in party jargon. Finally, at the 1960 Moscow meeting, Hoxha came directly to the point: He taunted the roly-poly Khrushchev for being soft. Softness, among Communist leaders of the Stalinist stripe, is the unforgivable sin.

I found no trace of softness in Albania under Hoxha and his baleful partner in tyranny, a gaunt and saturnine man named Mehmet Shehu. Shehu, a professional soldier of forty-nine, is premier of Albania and organizer of the dreaded secret police, the *Sigurimi*, which he runs with the cold detachment of a professional executioner. Hoxha is the power behind this Red throne as first secretary of the Communist Central Committee of Albania. He is both the first secretary and the last survivor of a committee formed twenty years ago. Many other members met their deaths violently in Soviet-type purges. Hoxha meanwhile hacked his way ruthlessly through the jungle of Communist intrigue.

The 1960 Moscow gathering was Hoxha's last pretense at Communist solidarity. He never went back to Moscow. Pointedly, no Albanians were invited to the recent 22nd Party Congress at the Soviet capital. But Chou En-lai, Red China's premier, assumed the role of spokesman for Albania. Chou left for Peiping suddenly, before the congress ended. As if to reaffirm the Chinese-Albanian relationship, Mao Tse-tung meanwhile sent the Albanians a public message hailing their position on Communism as "correct." This exchange brought the split into the open for the first time.

Khrushchev, smarting under this move, retaliated by breaking diplomatic relations with Albania. With the exception of Czechoslovakia, exempted to keep up a caretaker's vigil, all the Communist satellites in Europe followed the leader. Never before had one Communist nation been so treated by the others. Even after Stalin excommunicated Tito of Yugoslavia as a party heretic, diplomatic relations were maintained.

After the official break, developments came fast. Nearly 5000 Soviet technicians who had operated at top levels in most fields packed up and left Albania. The Chinese so far have moved in fewer than 1000 technical experts, but they appear to have penetrated everywhere that their Soviet counterparts once operated. As the Chinese comrades live strictly together off hours in a Spartan, communal life, they give the illusion of being even fewer than they are.

From a Czechoslovakian mining engineer who had headed a nickel-mining staff in Albania, I learned of one phase of the Chinese infiltration. Because the nickel-ore separation had to be done by people with know-how and facilities, he told me, the Czechoslovakian Communist government had built an extraction, or separation, plant for Albanian ore in Slovakia. "But the Chinese," he said, "persuaded the Albanians it would be more profitable to extract the ore right here. They said they would build a new separation plant, and naturally, they'd supervise it. Our plant in Slovakia is finished, dead. The Chinese will run the thing here at a great loss. But they don't seem to care now."

At Albanian docks I saw further evidence of China's willingness to give, at least for the present. I watched freighters rented by the Chinese Communists discharging sacks of wheat. The sacks were still marked PRODUCE OF CANADA, or AUSTRALIA. China paid hard cash for the wheat, then diverted it from its own starving hordes to undernourished Albania, for politics' sake. Chinese dock bosses supervised the loading of the wheat into trucks. No doubt they also made sure that China got full credit for the gift from the consumers. Seeing the wheat unloaded reminded me of one of the last stinging insults that Hoxha flung at Khrushchev: "While your Russian rats ate, the Albanian people starved."

That remark is on the record of Soviet reprisal today. Khrushchev simply cut off all food to Albania. He also stopped all credit and shipments of material from the Soviet European bloc. Not a Russian kopeck goes into Hoxha's treasury, nor a Soviet nail into his economy.

At the Albanian port of Durrës, on the Adriatic Sea, I saw the best evidence that Russia and Albania have broken completely. In a naval area for years sealed off by security, I could get close enough to the long-secret submarine pens to tell that they were now empty. Not a Soviet sailor was to be seen. The huge, bombproof concrete pens are of prime importance. During World War II they harbored Nazi wolf packs preying on Allied shipping. Later the Russians kept their own submarines in them—within easy striking distance of the U.S. 6th Fleet. Now that underwater threat is gone. In the Mediterranean it makes a more-than-subtle difference.

Withdrawal from such strategic positions as the Durrës submarine pens unquestionably must have dismayed Soviet military leaders. Quite likely there was discussion in high circles over whether to yield such advantages without a fight. A few Soviet divisions, tanks and planes could constitute a crushing menace to a puny nation like Albania.

Obviously there was no decision to whip the errant satellite back into line by military force. Much of the explanation lies in Albania's geographic postion. Albania is bounded on the north and east by Tito's maverick Yugoslavia. Any Soviet move from that direction might mean tackling the tough Yugoslavs as well as the Albanians. On the west, Albania is guarded by the blue Adriatic, through which the U.S. 6th Fleet can roll like a fire brigade going to a blaze. On the south, Greece, a NATO ally, stands firmly in

A mass rally at Elbasan: A carnival spirit—more than strong political conviction—brings crowds.

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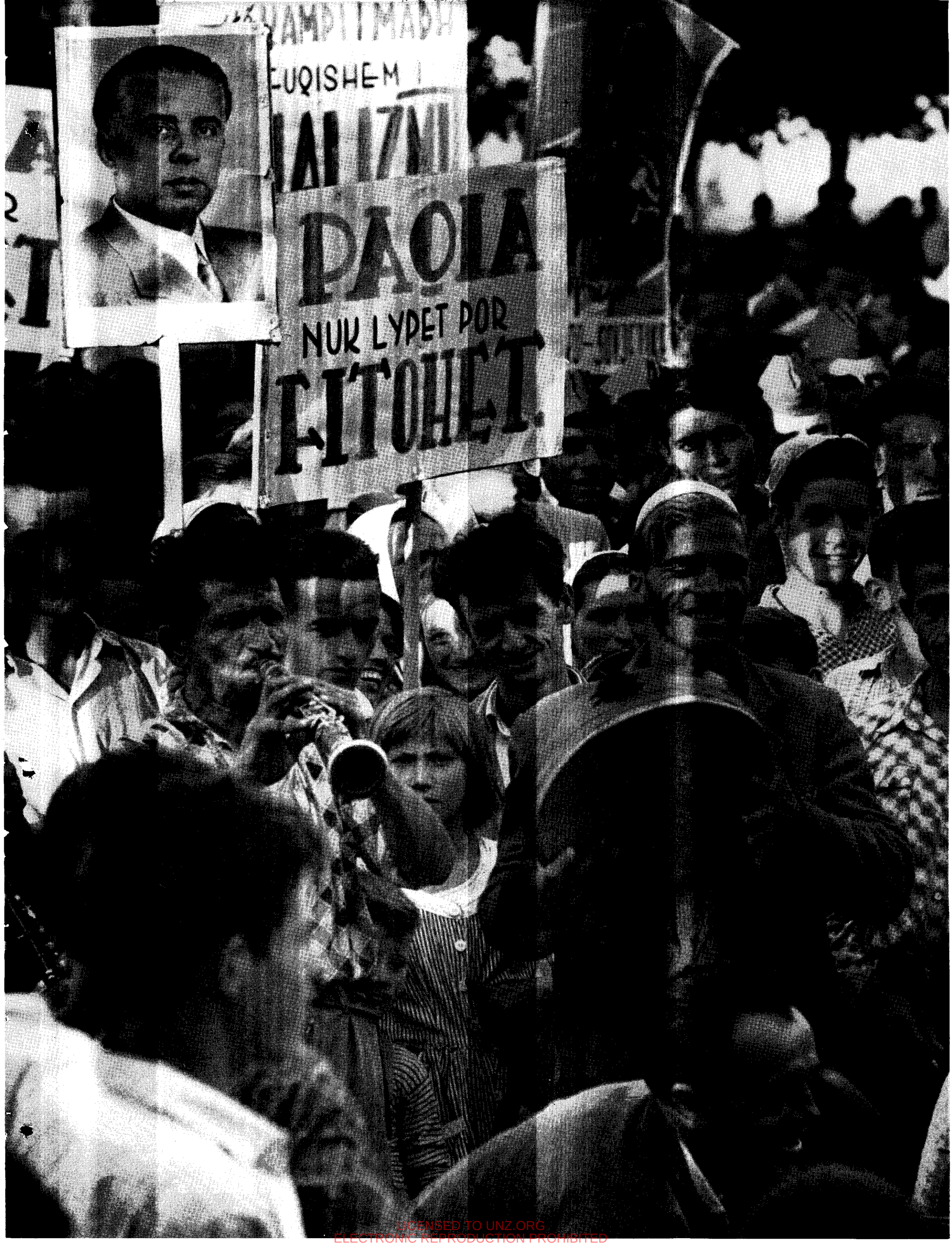

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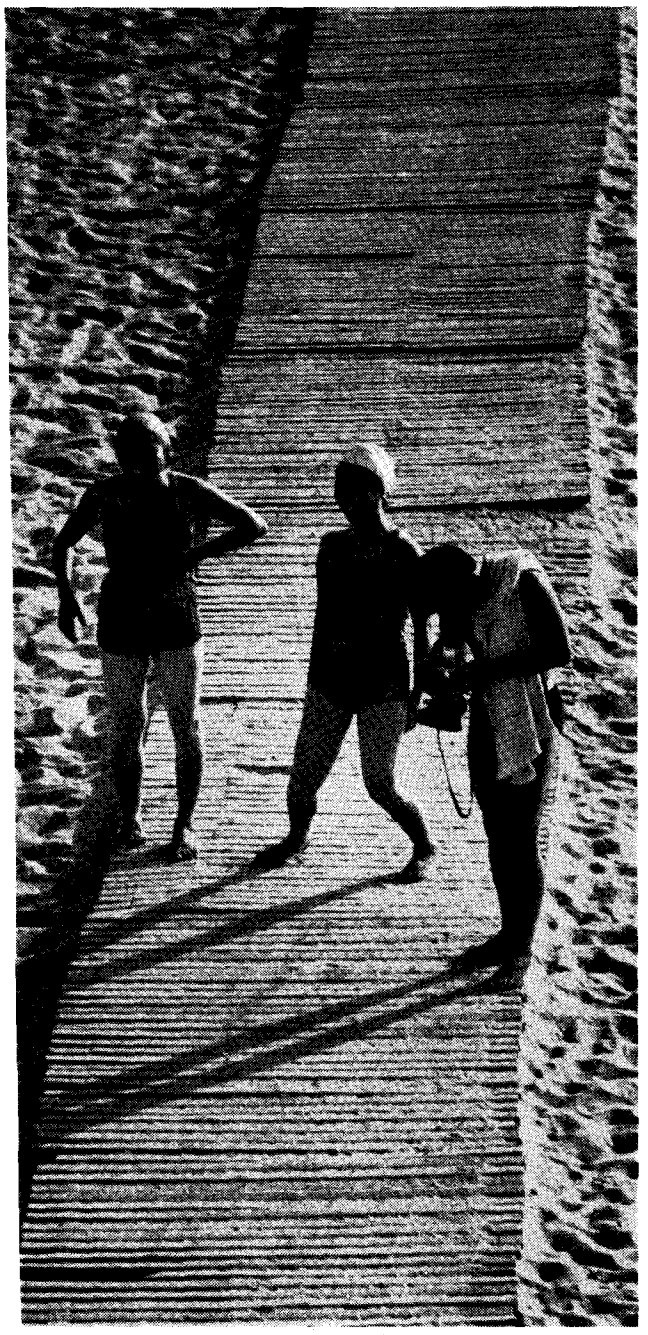
"ALBANIA, DIVORCED FROM RUSSIA AND WED TO CHINA."



Red Chinese (above: technicians at Durrës) "lost little time in thrusting a hefty foot in the door" as soon as their Russian counterparts withdrew. About 1000 experts have moved in.

control with military forces that have already expunged Communist enemies. The cost of spanking Albania thus would come too high in any case, and might touch off a general war. Small wonder that Hoxha could thumb his nose at Khrushchev and walk away unharmed.

To find out how Hoxha maintains the most orthodox and severe Communist regime in Europe—second only to Red China's for its harsh, old-line Marxism—I traveled back and forth over the country as few foreigners have been privileged to do in decades.

Everywhere I found walls plastered with oversized photographs of Stalin, Hoxha and Mao. There was not even a tintype of Khrushchev anywhere in sight. To Albania's orthodox Communists he is anathema. I soon learned why. A veteran Red leader in an office papered with Stalin-Hoxha-Mao images spelled it out:

"We Albanian Communists cannot afford a soft policy at the present stage of our development, any more than the Soviet Union could in its early circumstances. Stalin, therefore, remains our model. He should, anyhow, even when we're better developed than we are now."

Economically Albania and China must work upward from the same low level. Both are primarily agricultural countries, with much poor land in a world that has become increasingly dependent upon industry. Propaganda everywhere emphasizes the Chinese-Albanian ties. Pictures show Chinese Communists building industries or marching with guns. They fit perfectly with Hoxha's own much-quoted slogan: "Build socialism with a pickax in one hand and a gun in the other."

Both nations seek to climb by the same grim, grinding regimentation of their people. Albania has not turned to Red China's extreme of creating communal farms and eliminating family life; it has given its peasantry plots of hilly land—and suggested that their very lives depend upon their farming.

Under the crushing rule of the two icy, old-line Marxists, Hoxha and Shehu, the police-state control has become viciously repressive everywhere. Estimates of the number of Albanians who have died in purges, reprisals and concentration camps since 1945 run as high as 50,000. The number of political prisoners today is put at about 22,000. They are crowded into twenty-two primitive jails. A gloomy prison atmosphere hangs over the whole nation. Even the French and Italian legation staffs at Tirana, the only remaining Western diplomats, think of themselves as jailbirds although, of course, they are free to leave Albania at any time.

Hoxha's strong-arm tactics were brought sharply home to me repeatedly. In Shkodër, the nation's second-largest city, I met a young man who spoke some German. Thinking I could get an interview with him, I coaxed him to go with me in a taxicab, a beat-up old Russian Pobeda, to a restaurant for coffee. We had barely sat down when four agents of the *Sigurimi*, or secret police, walked up briskly and surrounded our table. While my companion turned white-faced with fear, they began cursing him. Then they pulled him to his feet and frog-walked him away. That was the last that I saw of him.

In a hotel lobby I met an East German engineer who was waiting to leave the country. Naturally we spoke in German. The engineer tried to be noncommittal, but he allowed himself to say: "What I like least here in Albania is the fact that the ghost of Stalin is felt everywhere." Like a shot from behind, a man in back of us, who proved to be a *Sigurimi* agent, retorted in German: "And you may depend on it, Stalin will stay with us for a long time." The engineer, whose own home regime is one of the most repressive anywhere, nervously said good-bye to me.

A young man who described himself as an "intellectual" gave me a succinct explanation of why silence hangs so heavily over Albania. At my Tirana hotel, the Dajti, one of the worst-run in the world, he said to me: "I know who you are and what your profession is. I should like to talk to you but I'm afraid it is not possible. That is the situation in my country."

One morning at breakfast the hotel manager pointed rather proudly to a couple of guests and told me they were Americans. I soon learned that they were not only Americans but orthodox, old-line Communists. The woman, severely dressed in brown and black, wore no cosmetics and kept her thin lips pursed. Her husband, a chunky man, carried himself with an air of apologetic embarrassment. At breakfast, over a table opposite mine, their interpreter read Albanian Communist clichés from the local party sheet, *Zeri i Populit*. They listened, absorbed. I went over and tried to talk with them. They refused even to say good-morning.

Later I learned why they wished no conversation with a representative of the free press. Just as I arrived in the fly-bitten southern Albanian town of Sarandë, the American couple left by car. In the hotel guestbook I found this acknowledgment from them in English: "Long live socialism and a progressive Albania. May its efforts to build a better world be crowned with success!"

What startled me was the signature—"An American workers' delegation." Quite a delegation!

Back in Tirana the American "delegation" of two furnished me with one of the funniest interludes of my trip. An East German diplomat introduced himself to me. Because of the Soviet-Albanian rupture, he hadn't been permitted to travel outside of Tirana for a long time. He understood that I had. Had I seen anything interesting?

Sure, I replied; an American couple who wouldn't talk with me. The German Communist walked off in a huff. Possibly he thought a *Sigurimi* agent was listening. I don't know. I do know that the *Sigurimi* kept a day-and-night surveillance over the visiting American couple, good Communists though they were. As for me, I was watched even on the beach. Once when I swam a distance into the sea, an agent paddled after me to be sure that I wouldn't get an earful from Albanian bathers.

At Durrës, near the empty submarine pens, I did get an earful, however. I sat down to look at the sea. Beside me, staring at the waves, sat an old man with a leathery face and burning brown eyes. Without looking at me or turning toward me at all, he said in astonishingly good English. "Don't let yourself be fooled. Everything is terrible here. Enver Hoxha no good—Americans O.K." He rose as suddenly as he had spoken and lost himself in the silent crowd nearby.

A Tirana University student began showing me around a park festooned with Hoxha's photographs. Suddenly he confided, "In our country nobody trusts anybody else. Too much has happened. Every family has had its dreadful experiences."

Butrint: Two fishermen, members of the People's Militia, with their weapons hidden under blankets.

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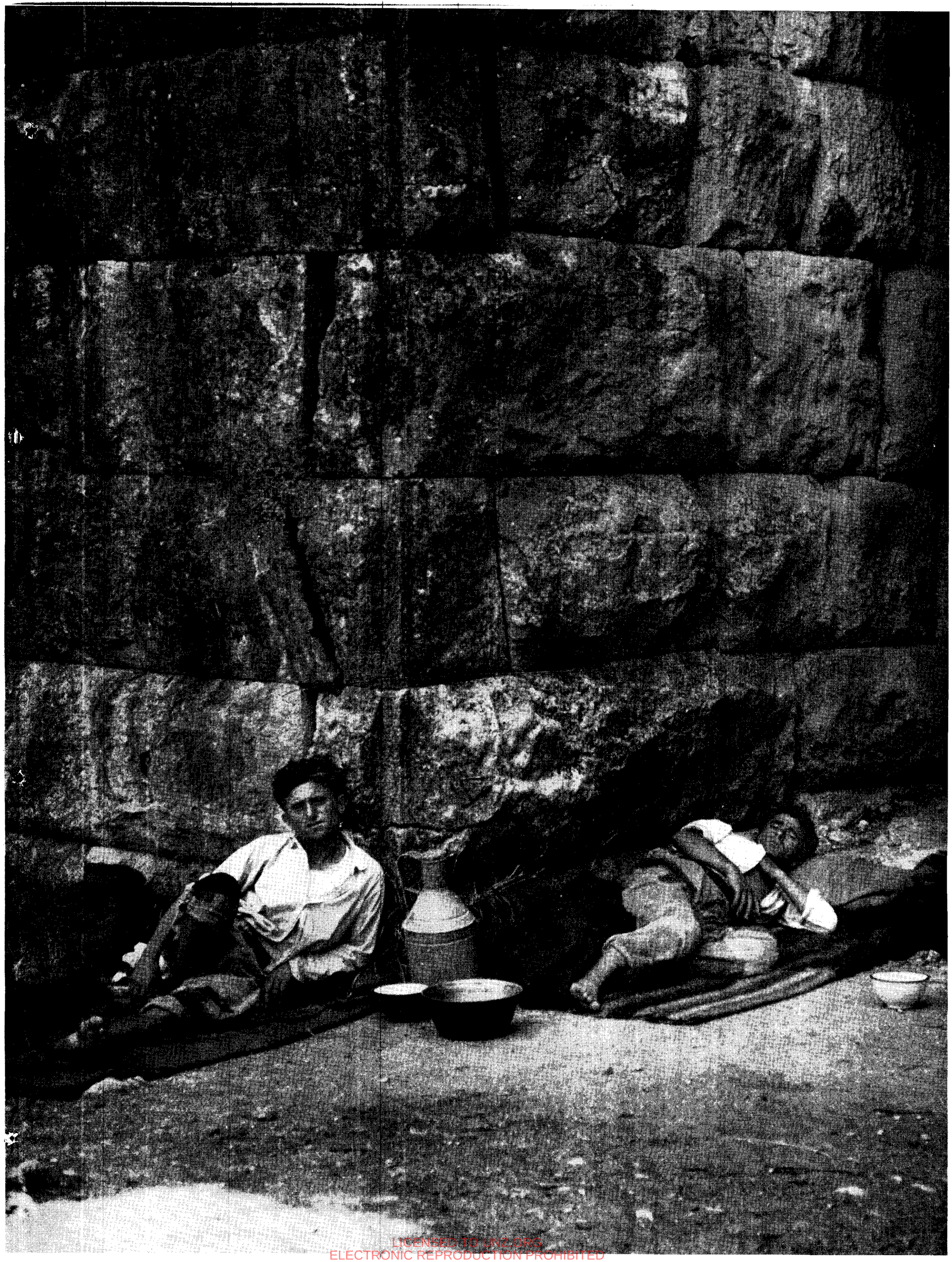

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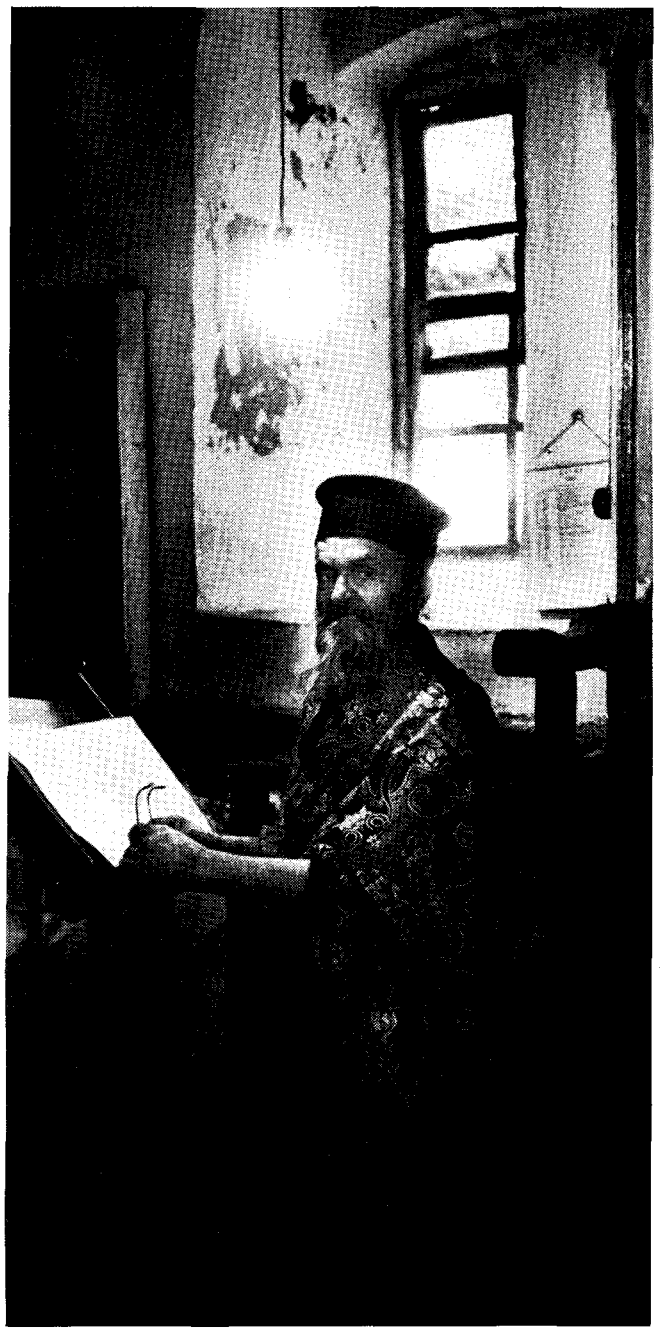
"THE HAND OF REPRESSION LIES UPON THE LAND."

Photographs by Harry Hamm



A priest of the Albanian Orthodox Church, oppressed and brutally persecuted by the Communist regime. His church is dilapidated but still open; many have been shut down.

Everywhere that I went the brutal hand of repression lay heavy upon the land. One day I wandered through the bazaar of Shkodër. Its pungent smells seemed like Oriental bazaars everywhere. But something was missing. In this hungry land, I saw no one cooking food over open braziers, a common practice in most bazaars. Something else, too, was different. There was almost no noise. People talked in a low, hushed key.

In the mountains of eastern Albania I photographed mountaineers with heavy moustaches treading the washboard road in tight-fitting white felt trousers trimmed with black braid. Their work-worn women trudged beside them in thick skirts with layers of petticoats. All of their clothing was hand-woven. On the women's backs were heavy loads: wood, blankets, a baby, even an old sewing machine. Hoxha's "progressive" regime, I thought, hadn't done much for these people.

One day my driver abruptly slowed down. Directly ahead a group of perhaps 100 men toiled to mend the rocky road. They paused and stared wearily at the car. Guards prodded them with rifle muzzles and shouted at them to resume work. My interpreter grunted, "Enemies of the state." As we drove slowly past, I saw that these political prisoners wore tattered, striped uniforms.

Anyone who dares to cross Hoxha and Shehu in any way may find himself stripped of property, arrested and put to breaking rocks in a road gang. Such repression is shocking for a people once as individualistic and carefree as Appalachian mountaineers, and quite as likely to answer affronts by shooting first and asking questions later.

Albanians traditionally mature into tough, independent mountain people. The Turks, who held the land for centuries, esteemed them so much that many an Albanian became a Turkish grand vizier. After Turkish rule was cast off during World War I, a rugged chieftain named Zog clawed his way to power and made himself king. He ran a comic-opera country. His princess sisters won fame of a sort in the United States by a rollicking tour in search of American millionaire husbands.

Poor Albania, always in need of aid of any sort, signed a series of peace and assistance pacts with Italy's Mussolini in 1925–27. Finding peaceful penetration too slow, Mussolini's Fascist army invaded Albania on Good Friday, 1939. Only the United States protested, saying the aggression constituted a "threat to peace." The Albanians fought and lost. King Zog went into exile in London.

Albania then became an international battleground. The Italians crossed it to attack the Greeks. The Greeks hurled the Italians back so hard that the Nazis had to come to their rescue. By 1944 the Axis forces withdrew, beaten.

Meanwhile the Communists, headed by Enver Hoxha, built up their strength and bided their time. Hoxha's dedication to Communism dated back to his student days in Paris. There he began as a swashbuckling lady-chaser from the Balkans and ended as a serious Marxist, although himself the son of a well-to-do merchant. Returning home, he became a schoolteacher in Korcë, Albania's third city. During World War II Hoxha organized the Communist underground. He emerged from the war the undisputed national ruler except for the ambitions of Shehu, who had been field commander.

Under Hoxha's brand of Communism, all freedom of religion was suppressed. Owing to long Turkish rule, about three quarters of Albania is Moslem. The rest of the people are Roman Catholics or Orthodox Christians. The Communist regime treated them almost impartially; stubborn priests and uncooperative mullahs alike disappeared. Religion has suffered more in Albania than in most Soviet satellites. The mosques are sometimes open, but there are not enough clerics to maintain the Moslem schedule of prayers five times a day. Many are compelled, under guard, to tend cows and goats in the mosque courtyards.

Christian churches usually are worse off, either shut down or put to some degraded use. I walked into an Orthodox church, famous for its ancient Byzantine frescoes, and found it was a church no longer. A cluster of convivial men stood around the altar; it had been converted into a public bar.

To repress religion and personal liberty, Hoxha can call upon both the *Sigurimi* and the army. One Albanian in every five is directly associated with the security forces in some way. It was Shehu who arranged this. He saw to it that the regime had an elite class directly beholden to it for a living. No doubt much of the Chinese-imported wheat goes to such henchmen. In turn the security forces can squeeze the rest of the populace, mainly poor hill folk and herdsmen, as roughly as Hoxha and Shehu see fit.

How long a regime can maintain itself by extreme repression is a question. How long starving China can send food to hungry Albania is another question. My own feeling, after firsthand inspection of the situation, is that the answer to both may be, "Quite a while."

Red China's lifeline to Albania is one of the longest ever operated in peacetime, certainly between have-not nations. Exports unquestionably are putting a strain on China's meager resources. Yet China may find that feeding Albania is a useful maneuver in power politics. From the viewpoint of Red China's rulers, what does it matter that Chinese are starved to feed the Albanians? An Albania divorced from Russia and wed to China is enough to keep Khrushchev off balance, perhaps to help China supersede Soviet Russia as the world leader of Communism.

The effect of the China-Albania lineup on the Western World is something for Western leaders to ponder. Some believe that China must be ousted from her European bridgehead. Others advocate playing Hoxha against all other Communist nations—a neat trick if it can be done.

No matter what plans Eastern or Western tacticians devise for Albania's future, Hoxha holds the immediate situation under tight control. His emissaries recently made a semisecret visit to Italy to explore possible credit from that ex-enemy, capitalistic NATO member. The Chinese Reds apparently sanctioned the move.

Even if China should abandon aid to Hoxha, he might still be strong. Tito failed to overpower or assassinate him. Khrushchev, on a personal visit to Albania in 1959, was unable to influence or awe him. No wonder he struts, as I saw him do, before his armed, drilled and disciplined followers.

Hoxha lives perilously, but he is a veteran at the art of survival in a Communist sphere. Perhaps his greatest shield is the West's knowledge that a small war in the Balkans can breed a great conflict. It did so in 1914, and could do so again.

In breaking with the Soviet, Hoxha has put little Albania on the map—as one of the world's leading danger spots. THE END

In northern Albania, traditional passageway for invading armies, stands the ancient Mesi bridge.

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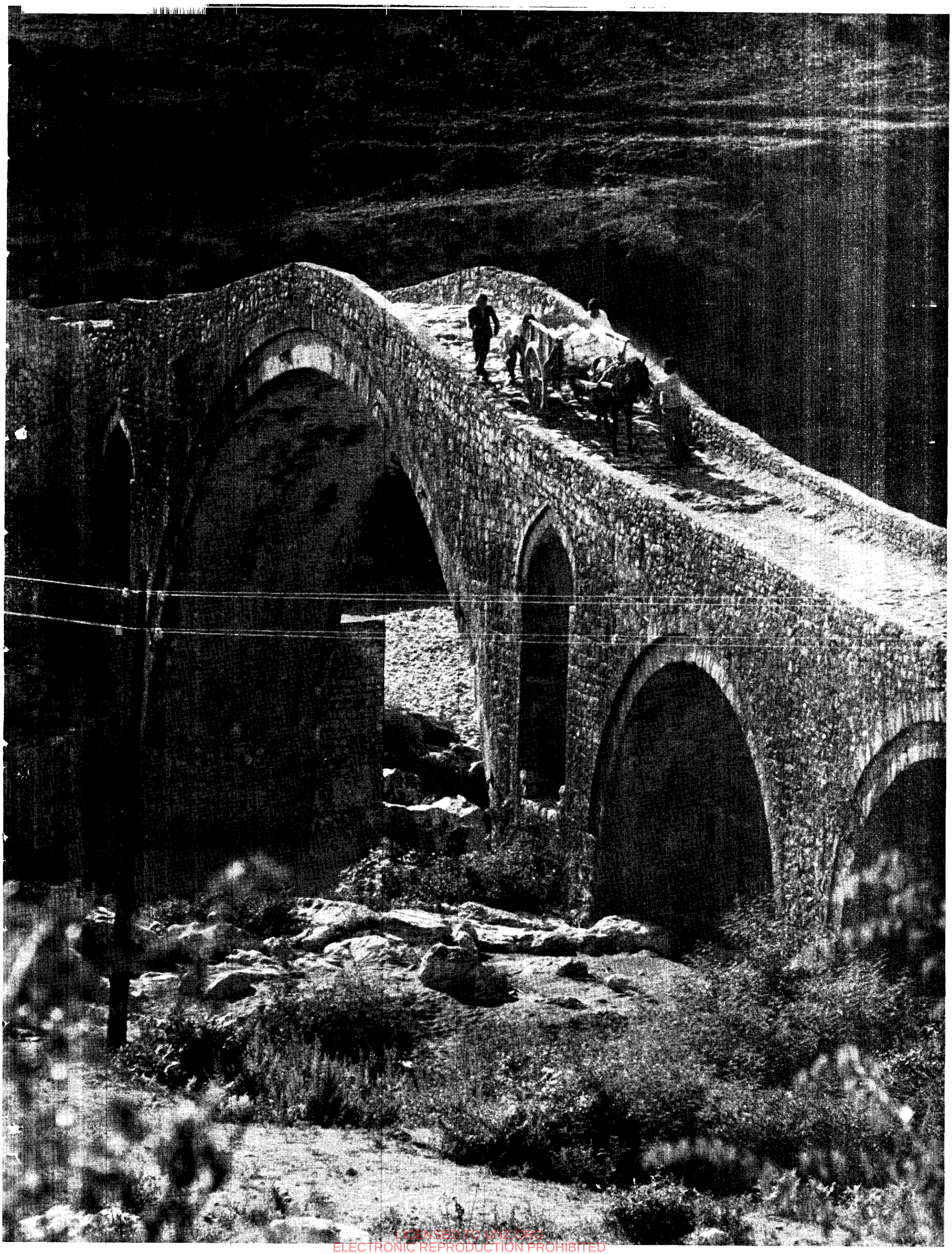

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THE EMPTY DESERT

THERE WERE TEN MEN ABOARD THE LOST PLANE. ONLY ONE SURVIVED. THIS IS HIS STORY. PAT FRANK

I know you're wondering, Hal, why I insisted on reporting privately and orally. I don't trust paper. Put a secret on paper, and eventually the paper will talk, no matter how highly you classify it or how deeply you bury it under the Pentagon. If I'd told you the story in a TWX from Tripoli, that would have made it official, and you'd have to do something about it. This could cause much useless fuss and trouble, and hurt innocent people. But within the four walls of this old club, and over a drink, a secret is only air and smoke.

Did I find the body of the tenth man? Well, here are his dog tags—2nd Lt. Radford Lessing Hill, U. S. Army Air Forces, and his number. Notice how bright they are. Nothing corrodes in that desert. Everything is preserved, as if in vacuum. I have decided in my own mind whether I found him. I had to make the decision on the spot. Of course, you can overrule me if you wish. You have a star on your shoulder and you're on the way up to quartermaster general. All I've got for my twenty-one years is a gold maple leaf. Stick with the Graves Registration Service and forget your career. We are called the Army's sweepers. We tidy up after wars.

Do you know the full story of the B-17 *Katy D* and its crew? You were in Taiwan when it was found? O.K., I'll start from the beginning.

The *Katy D* was the unluckiest airplane in a Flying Fortress group that operated out of Benghazi, Libya, during the spring of 'Forty-three. On its first mission it missed the target by approximately thirty miles and clobbered a fishing village in Sicily. On its second mission it aborted and came home with its bombs. On the third mission the *Katy D* didn't come back at all. Next day the communiqué said: "Heavy bombers based in North Africa last night struck marshaling yards near Naples. One of our aircraft is missing."

Except for the families of the ten men aboard, it was a very minor incident in a global war. The *Katy D* had last reported itself over the Mediterranean, asking for a heading back to Benghazi. The sea was searched. The *Katy D* wasn't found. Nobody dreamed that it had overflown Benghazi and had gone on six hundred miles deep into the desert. After that, nothing happened for eighteen years. Early last year an R.A.F. transport, bound from Athens to Nairobi outside the regular air lanes, spotted a four-engined plane spang in the middle of the Libyan Sahara. He dropped down, circled and recognized an American military plane that had made a normal landing on what was apparently a great dry lake. It never occurred to the R.A.F. pilot that he was looking at a relic of World War Two. He didn't have enough gas to stick around, but radioed the facts and position to Wheelus, our biggest base on the southern shore of the Med.

Wheelus checked all Air Force planes that were anywhere over Africa that day. They were all still up. Then, on the chance that the plane in the desert might have been flying a quiet mission without formal clearance, Wheelus sent out an old C-47—they call them "Gooney Birds"—to land and take a look. It was all the equipment they cared to risk in the unexplored and sketchily mapped terrain.

That's how the *Katy D* was found and identified. Everything was in perfect order, as if the crew had just left. Water and coffee jugs were still half-filled. Opened packs of cigarettes and ration cartons were scattered around. The guns were charged and had been fired. But the parachutes were missing, and, of course, so were the ten men. That's where I came in. It's the job of Graves Registration to find the remains—Army, Navy or Air Force—and see to it that they receive proper burial.

Did I volunteer? I suppose so. There's a certain fascination about this work. It's like solving an endless series of detective mysteries. That's why I've stayed with it. I flew to Wheelus with the old battle records of the *Katy D*'s group. People laugh at the Government for saving every scrap of paper. Sometimes it pays off. When I got to Tripoli, I sat down with the base commander and operations officers, and we figured out what had happened. It wasn't so difficult as you might think.

On that day back in 'Forty-three the *Katy D* had been sent out for a dusk strike on an enemy airfield in the heel

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of Italy. Meteorological records showed that a *ghibli*—hot wind off the desert—was blowing. The *Katy D* had a tailwind going north across the Med. The crew must have anticipated a headwind coming back. It didn't work out that way. As usual, the *ghibli* died in the evening, and a sea breeze sprang up. So the *Katy D* had a tailwind coming back from the target. Those kids, who didn't know much about North African weather, must've underestimated their return speed by sixty to eighty knots.

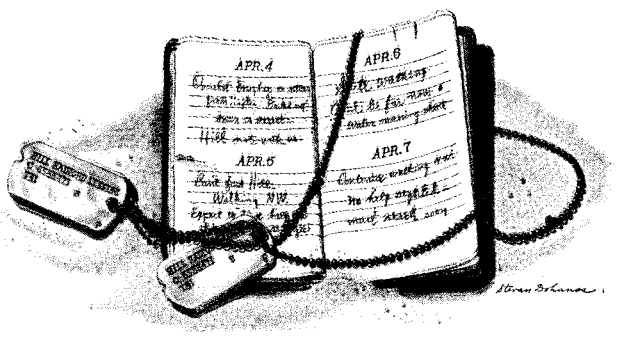
There was no moon that night, and it was cloudy. So when they thought they were closing the African coast, they asked for a heading. The Benghazi tower used an old-style radio direction finder with a built-in invitation to error. It's called "reading off the back of the loop." A radio signal from due south would sound exactly the same as from due north. You can try it with any portable bedside radio that has a round or oval antenna.

When the *Katy D* asked for a heading, it had already passed over Benghazi and was going deeper and deeper into the desert. But the tower, accepting the *Katy D*'s estimate that it was over water, and reading the signal off the back of the loop, told them they were on course and that they should keep on coming. They kept on, all right. They kept on until their tanks were dry and then they parachuted into the darkness. The plane, with nobody at the controls, made a miraculous wheels-down landing and rolled to a stop. That's the way we figured it and that's the way it was—almost.

We set up an expedition out of Benghazi. The British lent us desert vehicles. I hired Mike Taras. He's part Syrian and part Greek and acted as a scout for Montgomery when the war was sweeping back and forth across North Africa. He knows more about the desert than any other man and understands nearly all the languages. Since the war he has hired out to different governments, clearing mine fields. It took us ten days to cross the Great Sand Sea to that incredible dry-lake bed, another day to find the B-17 and start our search. In all that time we never saw a tree, a man or any living thing except a couple of lizards.

Why didn't we use helicopters? Let me tell you about that desert. In sixty thousand square miles there is no well or water hole, bush or palm. At noon every day the temperature goes to a hundred and thirty-five or better. It is a great trap. Not even the birds can fly out, for the thin, superheated air will not support normal flight. Blown in from an oasis, the birds cannot survive a day. No matter how desperately they flap their wings, they can rise only a little from the desert floor. They fall, flutter, try again and, exhausted and dehydrated, they die. For the same reason, helicopters can't operate. In the daylight hours the hot, thin air doesn't provide enough lift for the rotors; and, of course, you can't search at night. Planes can land and take off, but it's very tricky. A haze of reddish dust covers everything, and sky and desert seem to merge.

On the dry lake itself there is no sound, not even the whisper of blown sand, for it is carpeted with smooth pebbles, rounded and worn. Some are like opalescent red jewels, and some brown and of volcanic origin, and some black and burned and probably meteorites. An old Arab legend says that the Sahara was formed when a comet scorched the earth. You can believe it. Not even the nomadic tribesmen cross the dry lake. The fact that the *Katy D*'s guns and ammo hadn't been stolen proves that. The only camel I saw out there was mummified and shrunken to the size of a donkey. The wooden camel saddle, with hand-hammered iron nails, dates back two hundred years. Why didn't the nails rust? Because in two hundred years it has never rained.



Anyway, I drew a line on the map from the *Katy D* to Benghazi. I reasoned that to make its perfect landing, the plane must have been gliding down straight and level, and so the ten crewmen must have spilled out along that line. Once on the ground, they'd gather together and start walking back toward their base. They had compasses in their escape kits. They couldn't guess how far they had to walk. They probably believed Benghazi was just over the horizon.

We began a square-grid search, with an Air Force supply plane coming in twice a *Continued on Page 102*

PAINTING BY STEVAN DOHANOS

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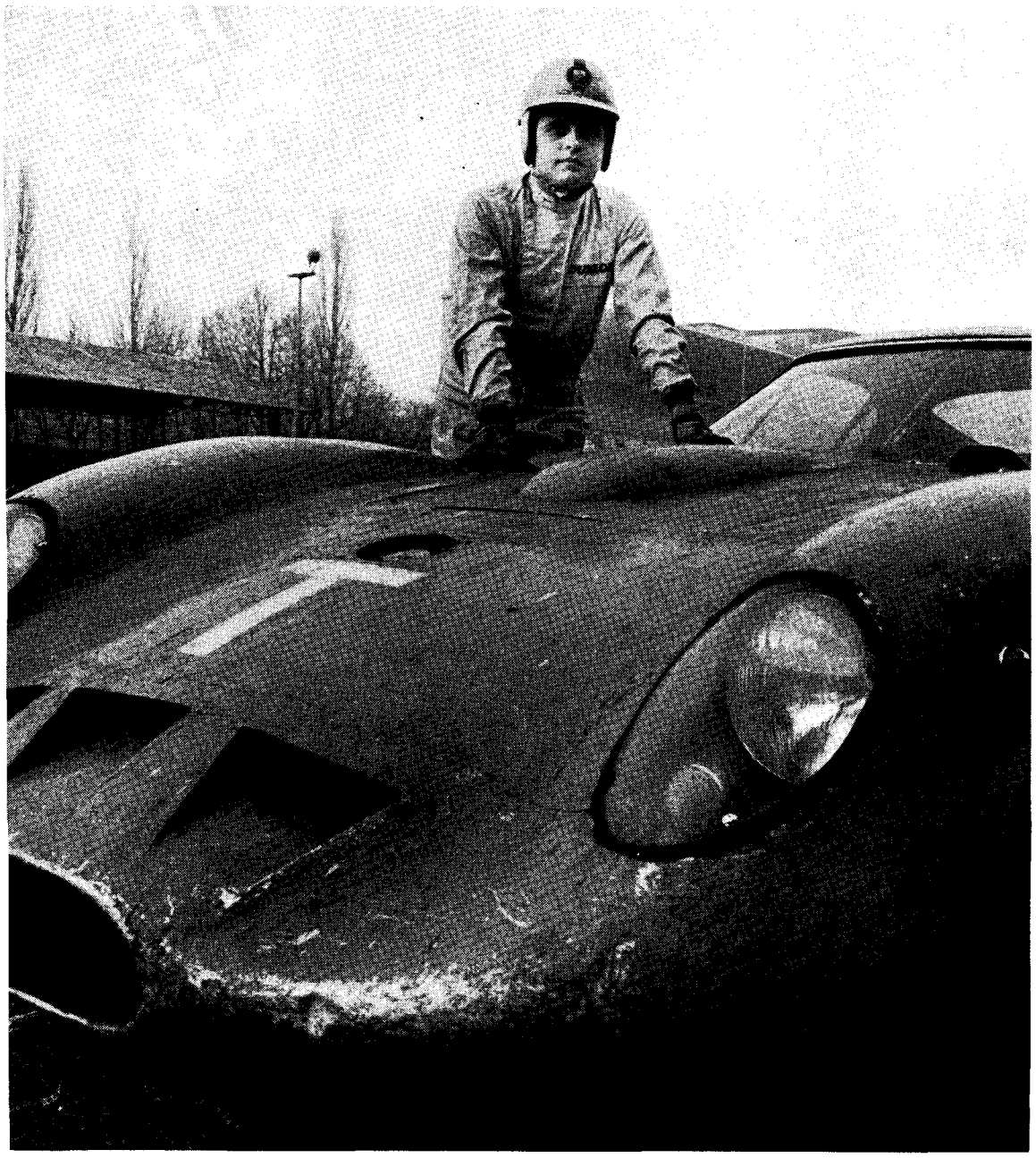
PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP



Grand Prix Driver: Behind the hood of a Ferrari G.T. racer, cold-nerved Giancarlo Baghetti, 27, looks over Italy's famed Monza track. Member of the crack Ferrari factory racing team, driving-newcomer Baghetti next week competes against such giants as Stirling Moss and Phil Hill in the 12-hour endurance run at Sebring, Florida. Last summer, in the final lap of the French Grand Prix at Rheims, Baghetti battled and overtook veteran driver Dan Gurney, thus won the first Grand Prix race he had ever entered. Baghetti, son of a Milan industrialist, began racing in 1957, against the wishes of his parents. "They just don't like it," he says. "Someday, of course, my reflexes will slow down, and I'll have to quit. Then I'll devote myself to my father's business." For three years he drove only Formula Juniors (small racers of limited engine size), started competing in big Formula 1 cars after proving his skill by winning the Italian Federation of Auto Clubs cup race in 1960. Baghetti believes the prime requisites for driving success, aside from a fast car, are absolute calm and lightning reflexes. "Sometimes winning is just luck," he says, "sometimes the result of knowledge and planning. Few people know, for instance, that if one car follows another closely, the lead car gains speed because it has less wind drag." One other thing: "You've got to have the nerve to bear down on the gas when your instinct tells you to brake. Then you're driving." Realistic about the danger in racing, he intends to remain a bachelor until he quits the track: "I don't think it would be fair to the girl to continue." But he rejects the notion that racing is synonymous with violent death. "I race to live," he says confidently, "not to die."

PHOTOGRAPH BY SABINE WEISS

Madam Curator: Beside a late-19th-century African dance mask stands one of the Brooklyn Museum's notable finds of the mid-20th century—Jane Powell Rosenthal, 30. Curator of Primitive Art and New World Cultures, Jane has a long history as a collector. Some of the arrowheads she found as a youngster now are a part of the museum collection she oversees. "I think all children instinctively are collectors," she says. "I just never got over it." Daughter of a Long Island dentist, Jane majored in art and art history at Skidmore College. At the end of her sophomore year, yearning to study "at the source of art history," she entered the École du Louvre in Paris. Her interest in archaeology, sparked during weekend bicycle trips to cave paintings and paleolithic sites in France, ignited during a student expedition to the Middle East, where she first saw the bones of a Neanderthal man. More recently (1960) she headed an expedition which discovered temples of an ancient civilization in southern Mexico. Jane joined the Brooklyn Museum in 1956 on a training-program fellowship, was named to her present job on the first of this year. In the interval she received a master's degree in archaeology from Columbia and a proposal of marriage from medical student Mitchell Rosenthal, now a psychiatrist. (They met in the Brooklyn Museum, were married in 1960.) Last summer the Rosenthals bought a Dutch-colonial farmhouse on Staten Island and promptly unearthed 200-year-old pottery in the back yard. "Everything about the house was historical and in need of restoring," she says. "That's what appealed to us." Jane now faces a far greater refurbishing task—overhauling her department's exhibits. To dramatize how primitive-art objects were made and used, she is cooking up revolutionary display techniques: "We're going to put the visitors in the cases," she warns, smiling.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ORMOND GIGLI

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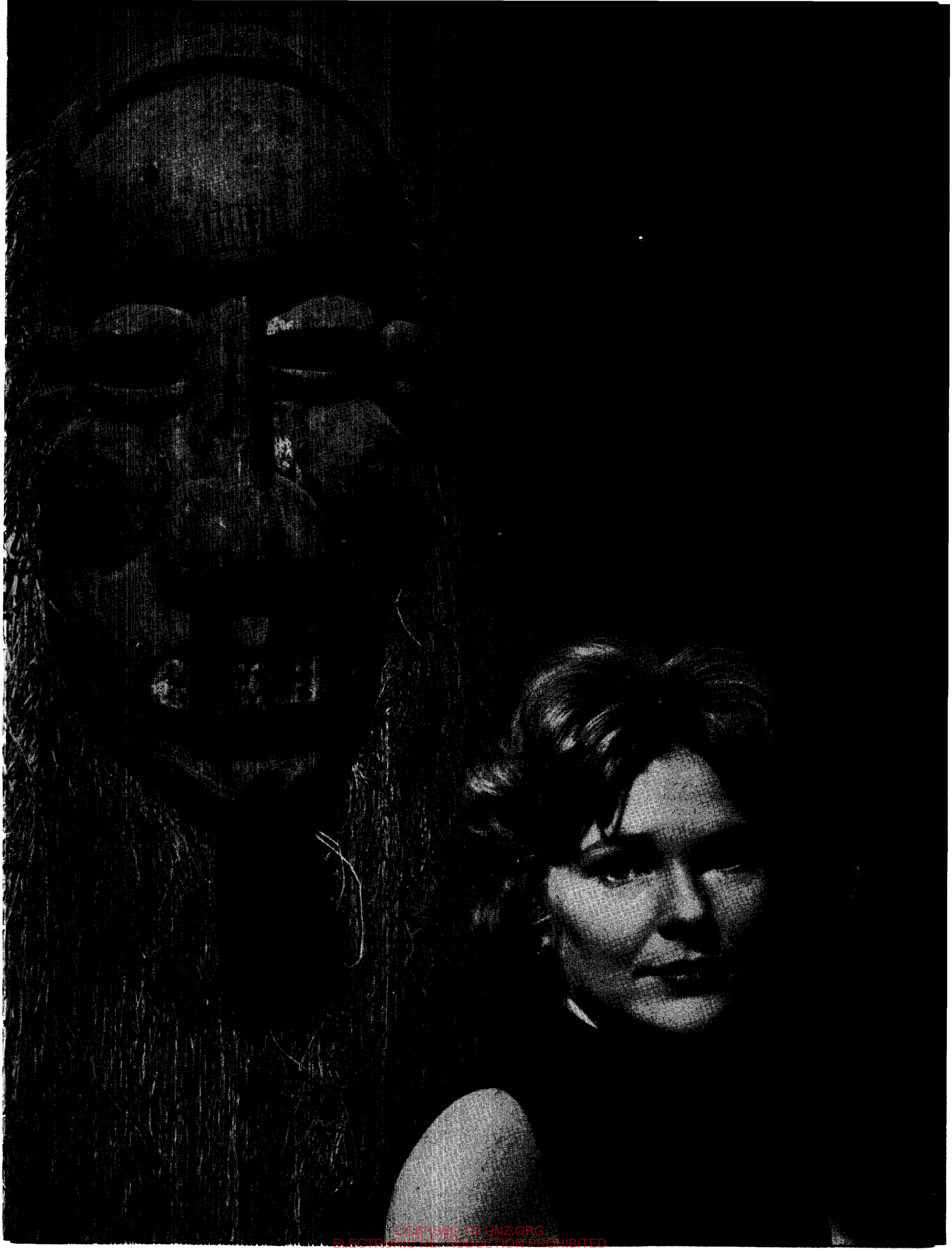

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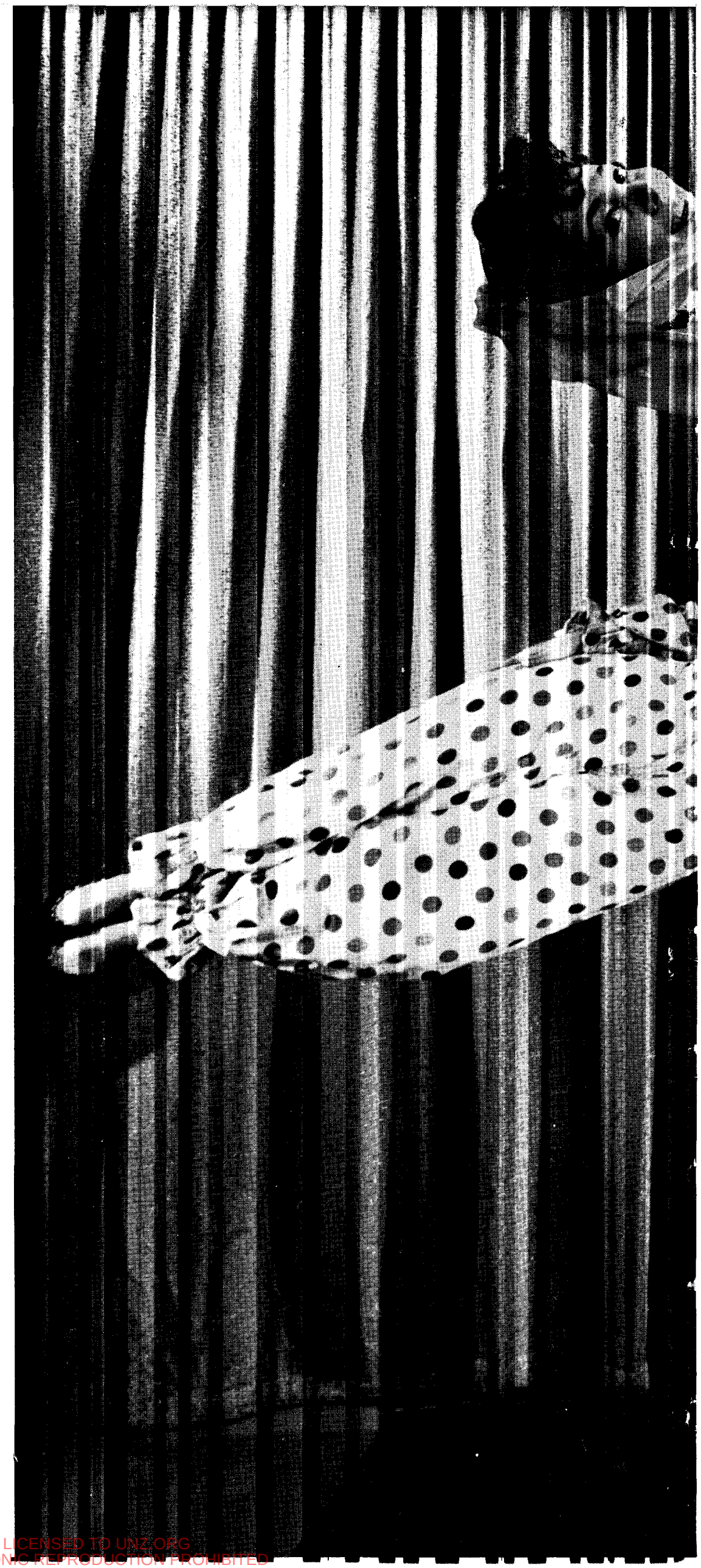
PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP

Super Sorcerer: Supporting two women on a broomstick and thin air is a simple trick for Mark Wilson, 32, TV's top magician. He knows how to make magic—and make magic pay off. Each Saturday morning his show, *The Magic Land of AllaKazam*, baffles 15,000,000 viewers—"more people," says Mark, "than saw Houdini in his entire career." But TV is hard on a magician. "Houdini could repeat tricks because he played to different audiences," Mark says. "I have to come up with new tricks each week." Mark employs nine staff magicians to help him dream up the big, spectacular tricks he calls illusions. "After we get an idea," he says, "we construct it to see if it will work. We just finished an illusion which took us three years and $5000 to develop." In it, he shoots his wife Nani (the blonde on the broom) from a cannon into a box suspended twenty feet above the ground. Mark's grandest illusion to date: Making an elephant disappear. "We don't use trick camera shots to help us out," Mark says. "All our illusions are performed legitimately." Because most of his viewers are children, Mark won't do "mutilations"—sawing a woman in half. "And I don't do many escapes. I don't want youngsters trying them on their own." Mark knows firsthand what a treat tricks are for children. "I saw my first magic show when I was eight," he says. "Since then magic has been my all-consuming passion." Son of a Dallas oil-well driller, Mark left Southern Methodist University in 1952 at the end of his junior year, to work up a magic show for a local TV station. By 1960 Mark had performed his way into big-time television. "Magic teaches tenacity and discipline," Mark says. "I would rather have my child learn magic than learn a fast draw. [His son Mike, 7, wants to be a spaceman.] One disconcerting thing, though, about being a magician—people think you can do anything. If someone runs out of gas, he expects you to wave your hand and fill up the tank." PHOTOGRAPH BY J. R EYERMAN



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THE GRASS CRAZE

BY JAMES A. SKARDON

Lawn lovers by the millions throughout America have taken the greensward to heart. Here is how to work wonders—instead of blunders—with a private pasture.

What is perhaps the largest, most durable quiz show in the nation is not on radio or TV. It heads up, instead, in obscure offices at the U. S. Department of Agriculture, at state-college agronomy departments and at lawn-supply companies across the land. In this quiz game there is only one category—grass; and one prize—a successful lawn. But this seems to be enough for the participants, who increase in number every year.

Each day tens of thousands of people take part in the quiz, pouring in their questions by mail, telegram and telephone or bringing them in personally. Many send along samples of grasses, soils, weeds, bugs, fertilizers and other materials with which to stump the experts. County agricultural agents, who are the most exposed of all authorities, sometimes are so heavily bombarded with telephone calls from front-yard farmers that, to save their voices and their sanity, they have resorted to answers recorded on tapes which are played into the phone.

The deluge of questions reflects the biggest lawn boom of all time—a phenomenon of this suburban age. With everything else exploding—population, culture, fashion—so has grass. It is literally spreading all over and has become, in fact, much more than a ground cover. It is an emotion that has blossomed into a status symbol.

Political pollster Samuel Lubell, who makes his living tramping the sidewalks of the nation and asking people questions, finds that Americans would rather talk about lawns than about almost anything else, except perhaps automobiles. In his interviews Lubell has uncovered what appears to be a pecking order among lawn keepers. Each person within a given neighborhood knows exactly where his lawn stands in the hierarchy, and each knows immediately which is the best lawn in the block.

Lubell tells of a young couple he spotted working hard on a hot Sunday afternoon on an unusually fine lawn in front of a new house. After chatting with the couple awhile he asked for a glass of water. The young wife jumped up to get it and Lubell followed to save her the trip, but just as they got to the door, the woman turned and said, somewhat sheepishly, "I'd ask you in, but the inside is in a terrible state. We've put all our time and all the money we had left after buying the house into the lawn, so the place would look nice on the *outside*."

"And what she said was true," Lubell says. "I could see through the window that there wasn't a stick of furniture in the living room. They *had* put everything into the lawn."

Our collective investment in grass is impressive. There are 25,000,000 home lawns in this country covering 4,900,000 acres. We spend an estimated maximum of $2,892,800,000 a year just on growing and maintaining grass in such areas as golf courses, airports, parks, highway borders and home lawns. We plunk down more than $80,000,000 for pest killers as well as additional sums for 4,000,000 power mowers a year (as compared with 100,000 in 1946), and for some 1,000,000 tons of lawn fertilizer.

Just what has led to the development of the lawn as an American status symbol is a matter of some debate. One authority, Victor Renner, a vice president of O. M. Scott & Sons, a lawn-supply company, considers lawn-keeping as an extension of typical American housekeeping. "Just as the Dutch scrub their sidewalks," he often remarks, "so we work on our lawns to keep our best face to the world." Others see the lawn boom as an American yearning to "get back to the soil."

Lawn nuts abound. One man in South Bend, Indiana, cuts his grass eighty times a year. A little old lady in Washington, D.C., is growing the grass she wants sodded on her grave. Some citizens are always calling up their local agricultural agents to demand that something be done about their neighbors who allow crabgrass and dandelion seeds to migrate across the property line.

Lawn owners are apt to be vastly perplexed by the bewildering array of new products the lawn boom has produced. There are chemicals to make grass grow, to keep it from growing, to kill crabgrass before it comes up, to kill it after it comes up, to wipe out any number of encroaching weeds and grasses, to kill dozens of kinds of invading bugs and grubs, and to counteract grass diseases. There are even dyes you can use to keep grass green the year around. And there are dozens of new varieties of grasses—each with its particular charm and appeal.

Grass, however, is a relatively rugged, undemanding plant which, on its own, and in different varieties, will grow almost any place. Bluegrass has spread over the cool, humid areas of northern United States; Bermuda grass has done the same in the southern areas. A simple plant, grass can also be simple to grow. One resident of an eastern suburb, for instance, turned a stubbly hayfield into a respectable bluegrass lawn merely by following established and uncomplicated mowing and fertilizing procedures.

For contrast, take the case of a resident of Old Greenwich, Connecticut. He had one of the better lawns in his neighborhood, but pride of ownership egged him on to try to make his lawn *the* best in the neighborhood. This perfectionist overseeded his lawn with a fancy but hard-to-care-for variety of grass. At first he followed a fixed program of care advocated by a lawn-supply company, but soon he began to add *more* to each step of the program—more fertilizer, more mowing, more watering, more crabgrass killer, more weed killer, more insecticide and more work. His wife complained that she was a "lawn widow." For a time the extra care and effort seemed to be paying off; the lawn grew lush and green. And the neighbors exclaimed in admiration.

Then suddenly disaster struck. One day the enthusiast noticed yellowish-brown patches of dying grass spreading through his greensward. Desperately he sent for a professional turf manager, who located the trouble. Whacking out a section of the dying turf, he showed the owner what looked like the cross section of a layer cake. There level-by-level, neatly defined and neatly neutralized, were the products the lawnsman had so lovingly applied; a thick undergrowth or thatch prevented them from reaching the roots of the grass. Strangling on its own luxuriant growth, the grass had succumbed to drought and disease. Disgusted, the owner bought a sack of eradicator and wiped out his entire lawn, grimly determined to start anew the next year on a less fancy program, featuring a plainer but hardier grass.

The turf experts preach simplicity, and usually stick to basic procedures for fertilizing, mowing and watering when they work on their own lawns. For example, Harry Meusel, of New Haven, Connecticut, who is in charge of the grass at the Yale Golf Course and the famed Yale Bowl, urges residents of the northeastern states to follow this simple plan which he uses with his own lawn: "Two pounds of nitrogen fertilizer per 1000 square feet on Labor Day, two more pounds on Memorial Day. Cut the grass long and don't water it." (In dry climates, of course, lawns must be watered.)

It is possible and usually necessary to add a few more variations to this basic theme, but the lesson to be learned is that the road to success begins with the sweeping away of the myths, misconceptions, complications and emotional nuances that surround lawn care.

The lawn-conscious home owner, primed by advice picked up at cocktail parties, from neighbors, passers-by, dealers and garden columns, often punishes himself and his lawn unnecessarily—and the things people can do to grass are often horrible indeed. They scalp their lawns because they think it "strengthens the grass." (Cutting more than a third of the leaf hinders growth; and the shorter the grass the more the crabgrass sprouts, because it likes the sun.) A lawnsman in New Haven, Connecticut, decided that twice the amount of fertilizer would make his lawn grow twice as fast. He got fast action, but in reverse. His lawn burned out in two days. (Overlapping with a spreader can also cause this—in streaks.) Another homeowner, when fungus attacked his lawn—not realizing that there is nothing that encourages fungus like dampness—poured on the water, and fungus thrived happily everywhere.

Like other fanatics lawnsmen are susceptible to promotions. The sale of zoysia grass plugs in the North, for example, continues unabated each year, even though zoysia is a warm-climate grass which doesn't take too well to cold and sunless days. The first frost turns zoysia brown.

Other "miracle" grasses are constantly being touted. There was the case of mondo "grass," which the promoters were careful to enclose in quotes because, as Felix V. Juska, U.S. Department of Agriculture grass authority, points out, it is actually a lilylike plant and not a grass. It can serve a purpose as a ground cover, but as mowing kills it, it could hardly have lived up to a promoter's claim: "Makes world's most beautiful lawn.... Order today.... You can't lose! 24 bunches $2.98!" Another promoter who found a grass, later identified as creeping bent, in the Berkshire Mountains, promoted it piously as "the same grass that Christ walked on."

Then there is the "black soil" racket. A man stops at your door and says he "just happens" to have half a load of topsoil left from another delivery, and rather than haul it back to his place, he'd be glad to sell it to you at a low price per basketful. Since, like most people, you may think that black soil is always good soil and is good for grass, you tell him to go ahead. But it usually turns out that instead of a few basketfuls, he has really

Suburbia's newest status symbol is the cosseted front lawn—simple to care for, but often doctored to death.

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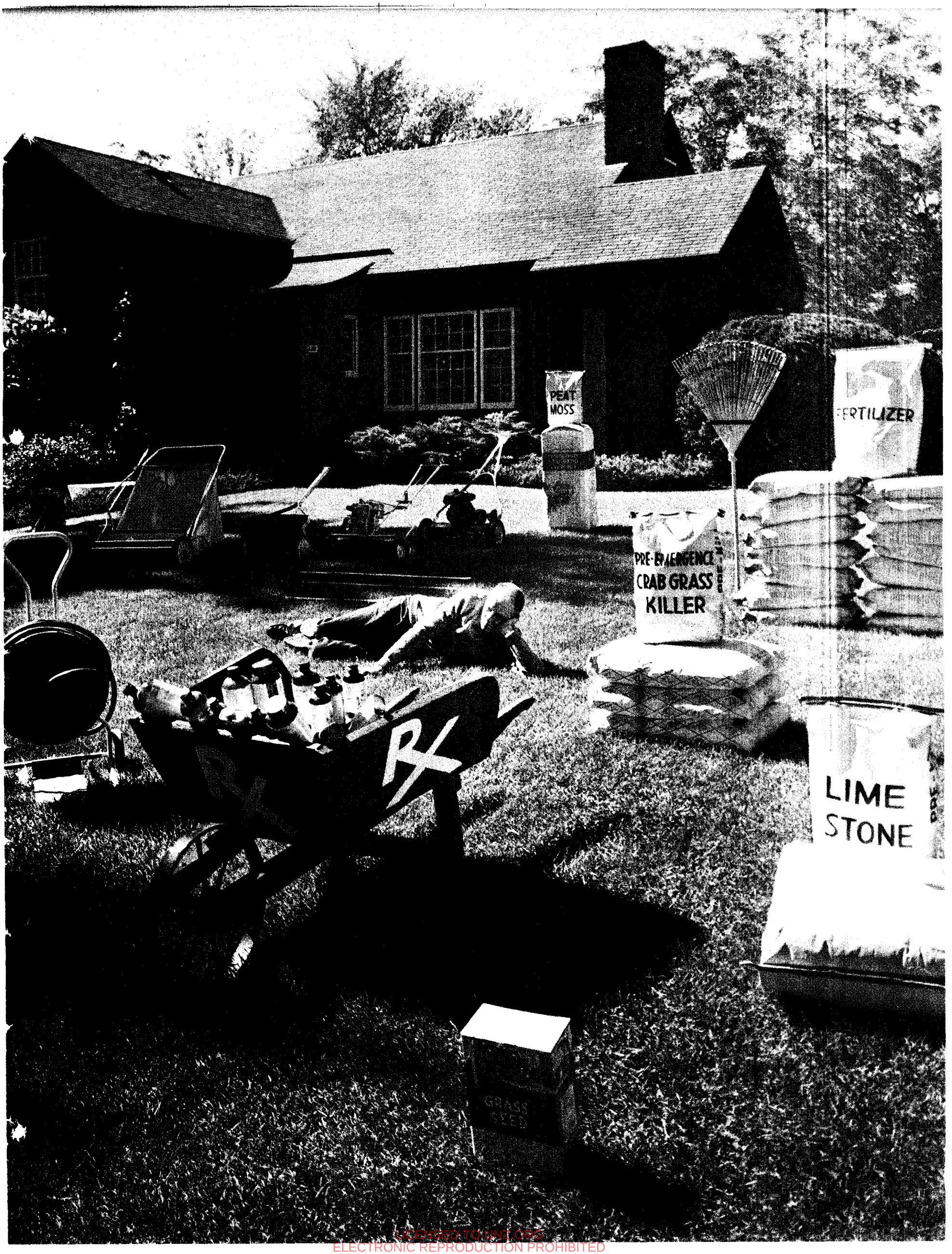

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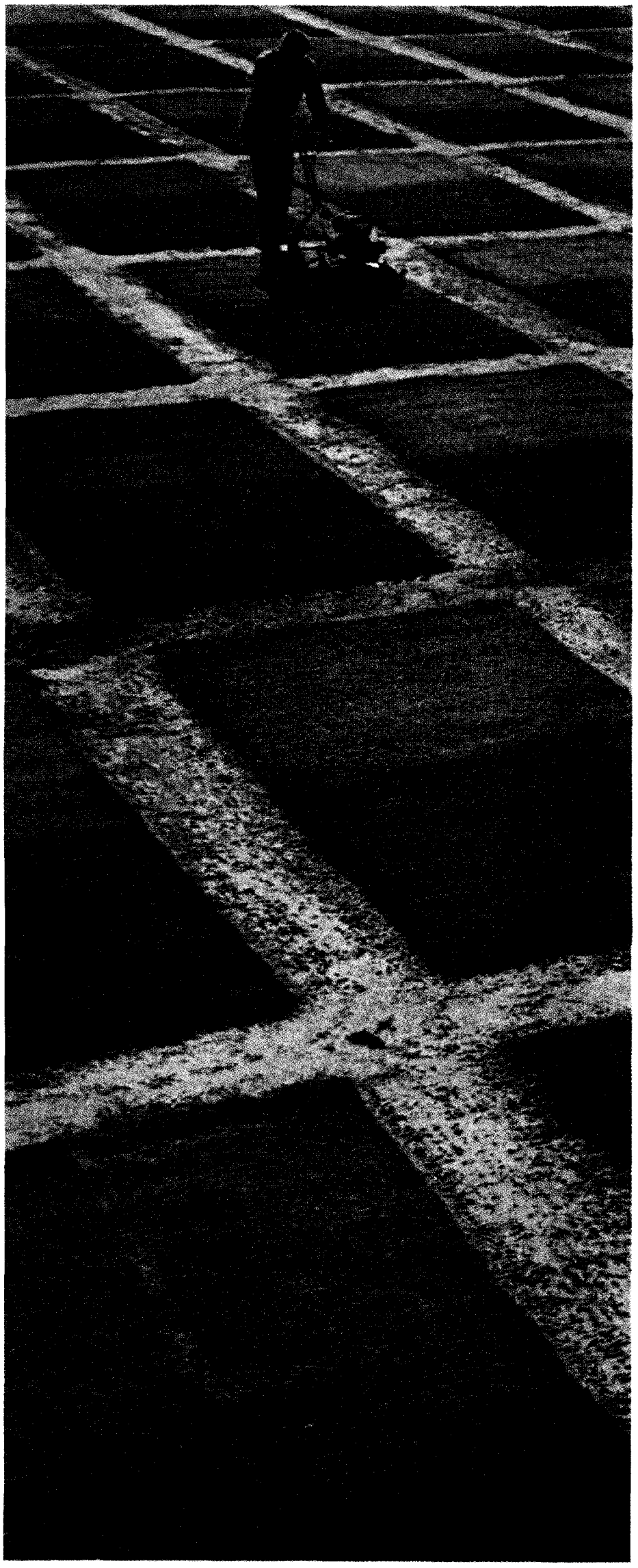

Striped grass plots at a U. S. Department of Agriculture research center show the effects of fertilizer experiments.

dumped half a ton on your lawn, and the cost is far more than you anticipated. In the end, you pay a fat sum for what, too often, is really a load of coal dust or swamp muck likely to do your lawn more harm than good.

There are other poor investments to bring added woe to the beleaguered lawnsman. The promoters of one lawn-coloring product, now off the market, claimed it would keep your lawn "green 365 days of the year," but failed to make it clear that to achieve this end you had to spray your grass every few days, because this particular coloring faded. This product was really a fungicide with some pigment added. Effective lawn-coloring materials, of which there are many on the market, contain a binder to keep them from fading. Fly-by-night sprinkler-system salesmen are another threat. A good sprinkler system has to be carefully engineered; and the Better Business Bureau urges that you deal with only a reputable firm when you set out to make such a substantial investment.

Although they are legitimate products, the so-called "lawn mats" now on the market are something else to consider carefully. They contain seed, fertilizer and supposedly everything else needed for a good lawn, in a mat which you just roll down and then "watch the grass grow." Actually, the experts point out, although these mats may be useful on such hard-to-grow-grass areas as steep banks, it can be difficult to make them lie absolutely flat on the ground. As a result there is often an air space between the grass seeds and the ground, and even the tiniest space can keep a seed from putting its roots down. The mats are also expensive.

Once the homeowner has recognized the fact that the successful approach to lawn care is the simple approach. he next needs to realize the need for timing and regularity. To achieve real success the few necessary steps must be made at the *right* time and be made *every* year. You cannot follow even the simplest lawn program spasmodically and expect satisfactory results. By developing careful, step-by-step plans and emphasizing regularity, the ethical lawn-supply industry has sold a lot of products and also made it possible for thousands of homeowners, unable to grow grass before, to have successful lawns. Several of the companies now provide neatly bagged, clearly labeled, precisely measured products covering every phase of lawn care, and designed to be applied with a spreader.

For those who want the best lawn with the least trouble, the "stripped down," or "compact," program offers the best approach. The first step is the correct choice of seed. This means (1) picking a *good* quality of seed and (2) picking the *right* seed for your area. Bargain bags of seed are likely to be mostly rye or other temporary grass with a liberal mixture of chaff and perhaps weed seeds.

Getting the right seed means getting the seed that will grow best in your area under your particular lawn conditions. Basically this means planting Kentucky bluegrass mixtures north of the Mason-Dixon Line and Bermuda grasses south of the line. The main "choice" problem you can run into in the northern sector involves picking a grass for shady areas. The best answer is to plant a mixture of 75 percent fine-leafed fescue and 25 percent Kentucky bluegrass in the shade. You reverse the proportions for sunny lawns.

A major point to remember in choosing your seed is to avoid the fancy grasses which require increased management. Bent grass, especially, can create a problem. Attractive to the eye because of its fineness and because it can be cut close, it is the type of grass used on golf greens. Bent demands and receives almost daily mowing watering and fertilizing on the golf course. Such care is usually impossible on the home lawn.

The other basic phases of lawn care which should be followed and simplified in a "compact" program are fertilizing, mowing and watering. The average homeowner tends to do too little of the first, too much of the second and the third too often and too little. The details of correct fertilizing and mowing procedures will be found on a separate page immediately following this article. But the general principles of fertilizing add up to "two pounds of nitrogen per 1000 square feet twice a year—in the spring and in the fall." The basic principles of mowing are to keep your mower sharp to prevent tearing and browning of the grass and to mow bluegrass "long," from 1½ to 2 inches.

Watering or irrigation of a lawn is a different problem in various parts of the country, but a good rule of thumb, as suggested by Felix V. Juska of the U.S.D.A., is to watch for a "blue, hazy look" in the grass and for footprints. These signs mean that the grass needs watering. Less frequent but longer waterings, which soak in at least six inches, are better than regular, shallow waterings, because they help the grass establish a deeper root growth. Contrary to popular belief, lawns can be safely watered in sunlight. Evening waterings should be avoided because the lawn, not having a chance to dry out, becomes more susceptible to fungus diseases.

If you follow the standard procedures—and simplification—that the experts advise, all that remains is to learn to recognize the most common ills suffered by grass. Weeds are the worst pests, and crabgrass tops them all. Grubs that feed on the roots, and chinch bugs, in the South especially, are the most-encountered insect enemies of grass. Fortunately antidotes are available for nearly every trouble. They are listed on the separate page that follows this article. These tips should enable you to meet a lawn problem with the answer quickly and efficiently. But you must learn to diagnose your trouble.

An Illinois resident, for example, found that new seedlings were yellowing and stunting. The trouble? Lack of fertilizer. He stepped up the amount of nitrogen he was providing, and now has a fine lawn.

A man in Baltimore got rid of his crabgrass by merely setting his mower up to a two-to-three-inch setting. He had been "scalping" his lawn before and the crabgrass had been thriving. Now he has given his bluegrass the chance to fight its own battles and it has the crabgrass almost whipped—just as it will whip other enemies when given the chance to reach its maximum strength.

For those homeowners the direct and simple approach brought results but none was so ingenious as that employed by a man in Phoenix. Under difficult Arizona conditions he had labored and achieved one of the better lawns in the neighborhood—with bright green grass set off by white circles of gravel around the trees. Then one day, after a hot and strenuous afternoon spent in manicuring, he was struck by an idea that must stand as the ultimate in simple lawn procedure. Why not, he thought, *reverse* the grass and the gravel? He did, thereby cutting maintenance to a minimum, and the result is remarkably pleasing to the eye. THE END

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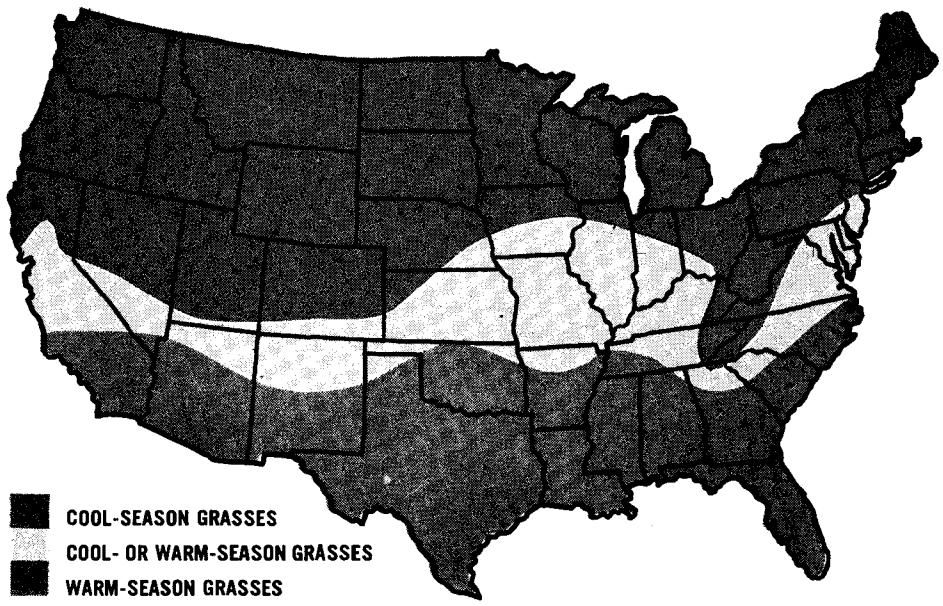
THE LAWNSMAN'S GUIDE TO GRASSES AND TURF CARE

By Arnold Nicholson



Home lawns come in two varieties—cool-season grasses and warm-season grasses. The cool-season sorts grow best in the north, when temperatures are below 80° and above freezing. Warm-season grasses thrive when it's hot. The roots survive mild winters, but the grass turns brown. There is a middle, transitional belt where either type of lawn can be grown, but cool-season grasses are most used.

Kentucky bluegrass is the principal cool-season grass. It likes sun, grows best in cool spring and fall. The Merion variety is an improved sort, vigorous when well-fed. Newport and Park are other new kinds. Good lawn-seed mixtures will contain 40 or more percent Kentucky bluegrass.

Fine-leafed fescues are cool-season grasses more tolerant of shade than bluegrass. Sunny-lawn mixtures usually contain a small percentage of Red or Chewings fescue—the best-known varieties—which is much increased in mixtures for shade. Pennlawn and Illahee are new sorts.

Bent is a creeping cool-season grass. Highland and Astoria are the most-used lawn varieties. Bent lawns are most used in the Pacific Northwest, and elsewhere may require extra care in mowing, watering and control of diseases.

Tall fescues are cool-season grasses coarser in leaf than bluegrass, but hold color well throughout the year. They also grow well into the upper South. Two improved varieties are available, Alta and Kentucky 31. Tall fescues are popular for athletic playing fields, can be thickly seeded to make a tough, wear-resistant lawn.

Zoysia, from the Orient and Africa, is a warm-season grass. Roots of the Meyer strain will survive winters as far north as the Great Lakes. Zoysia does not make seed, and lawns must be established by setting out small plants. Although coarser than Bermuda, lawns of zoysia, especially the Matrella variety, are increasingly popular in the South.

Bermuda grass is the best known warm-season grass. The common variety grows from seed. The improved sorts, such as the Tift varieties and a strain known as U-3, do not make seed, and pieces of stem or root have to be planted to establish lawns. Bermuda-grass roots often winter-kill in climates where Meyer zoysia will survive.

St. Augustine grass is vigorous, spreading and a favorite in the deep South. It must be grown from pieces of plant. Bitter blue is the most-used variety. The grass does well in shade. Centipede grass and carpet grass are other spreading grasses used for lawns in the Gulf Coast region.

Overseeding after the grass turns brown is one way to keep a Bermuda-grass lawn green through winter months. Rye grass, either annual or perennial, is most used. The fall-sown grasses die out the following summer.

Several native grasses are used for lawns that require minimum care, without irrigation, in the high plains and intermountain region. Buffalo grass is favored in the plains. Blue grama grass and crested wheat grass are other dry-land natives. Both turn brown in the hottest, driest season. Buffalo grass is brown through the winter.

LAWN CARE. The rules are simple—mow at the proper height and fertilize. Cool-season lawns should be mowed 1½ to 2 inches high. The only exception is bent grass, mowed to three-fourths-inch height.

Warm-season lawns should be trimmed closer to the ground—at three-fourths-to-one-inch height. St. Augustine and centipede grass, because of their sprawling growth, are cut at 1½ to 2 inches. A reel-type mower is recommended for zoysia, Bermuda and tall-fescue lawns.

Lack of fertilizer, or plant food, is the cause of most lawn failures. Lawns that are constantly clipped use more food elements than the soil, without treatment, can supply. The major plant foods are nitrogen, phosphorus and potash. Every bag or package of fertilizer is labeled to show the percentage of these elements, in this order, that the mixture contains. A 100-pound bag of 10–5–5 mixture, for instance, contains ten pounds of nitrogen, five of phosphorus and five of potash.

The cool-season grasses should be fed in spring and fall, when the grasses grow best. The amount of nitrogen can govern the rate of application. Three pounds of nitrogen for 1000 square feet of lawn is enough for a full year. Up to two thirds of this amount could be applied in the fall, and the balance in the spring. The Merion variety of Kentucky bluegrass is an exception and can use six to eight pounds of nitrogen per 1000 square feet per year. Cool-season lawns sometimes profit by a light nitrogen application in summer. Too much, however, may overstimulate the grass.

Warm-season grasses should be fed during the summer months, beginning with an application of perhaps twenty pounds of a complete fertilizer per 1000 square feet in late spring, and then a pound or two of nitrogen per 1000 square feet every month or so. Bermuda needs the most plant food during the summer; zoysia next. The late spring application is usually enough for centipede grass.

Fertility is important when establishing a new lawn. So is the physical condition of the first few inches of soil. Soil that will not compact, that will hold moisture but will drain enough to prevent sogginess, is ideal. Heavy soil can be lightened by mixing in organic matter, such as peat moss, cottonseed hulls and the like.

Soil that is strongly acid hinders grass growth. Most soils in the humid east are acid, becoming neutral in mid-America to alkaline in the dry West. A pH test (your county agricultural agent can advise) will determine the condition. Calcium, preferably ground agricultural limestone, will correct acidity. Fifty pounds of limestone mixed into the top few inches of every 1000 square feet is the usual recipe before planting a new lawn. A surface application of half that amount every two or three years is a good idea for established lawns.

PEST CONTROLS. Lawn enemies come in three categories: weeds, insects and diseases. The No. 1 weed is crabgrass, for which the chemists offer two methods for control. First, they have developed chemicals which, when spread on your lawn *before* the crabgrass seed germinates, kill this pest as it sprouts, but don't hurt established grass. Such *pre-emergence crabgrass killers* include chlordane, dacthal, diphenatrile and zytron (the chemicals are sold under many trade names, but always listed on the label). Several arsenates, notably calcium compounds, also kill crabgrass seedlings and seem to have a long-term killing power, once applied.

Post-emergence killers are designed to wipe out growing crabgrass while leaving certain desirable grasses unharmed. Two chemicals are in use: disodium methyl arsonate (DMA) and ammonium methyl arsonate (AMA). More than one application often is necessary and directions must be followed closely to avoid damage to the permanent lawn. Only bluegrass, Bermuda and zoysia will tolerate DMA and AMA treatment.

Weeds other than crabgrass are controlled by 2,4-D, 2,4,5 T and its chemical cousin, 2,4,5 TP (silvex). The first is a knockout for many plant pests including plantain, dandelion, pennywort, garlic and ground ivy. Chickweed, daisies and clover are killed by 2,4,5 TP. These chemicals are lethal to shrubs, flower and vegetable plants and should not be applied if spray or dust will drift to the garden. At recommended dosage they will not harm grass (and that includes crabgrass).

Many new chemicals are available to kill lawn insects, including underground grubs which kill the grass by damaging the roots. Chlordane, DDT, dieldrin, aldrin and heptachlor control almost all pests above and below ground. Arsonate treatments for crabgrass do double duty by killing grubs. Chinch bugs are best treated with diazon, trithion or ethion.

Grass diseases—in northern lawns at least—are seldom a problem for the novice. However, a highly maintained turf, such as a golf green, requires frequent treatment with fungicides. Brown patch, dollarspot and leafspot are the most common fungus troubles, and can be controlled by mercuric or other fungicides.

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EDEN 1962

PART ONE IN A
SIX-PART ALLEGORY
OF OUR AGE

DESIGN BY S. NEIL FUJITA

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LEE HALLIDAY was spirited from the county jail, half against his will, on the twenty-ninth night of his ninety-day term for contempt of court. At first he was fascinated by the hanky-panky employed by his jailers to get him out unseen. His temper shortened when O'Brien, head night jailer, couldn't or wouldn't tell him what it was all about. O'Brien escorted him beyond the jail enclave and pointed to a sedan in deep shadow.

"Must be the right car," said O'Brien. "It's where it oughta be when it oughta be. Fellow in it'll take you somewheres and bring you back." He grew apologetic again. "Honest, counselor, that's all they told me. You know I'd tip you if I knew anything."

"Joe, legal custody of the prisoner Halliday rests solely with you. You can't transfer it—me—in this haphazard fashion."

"Oh, I got my authorization in writing." O'Brien turned coaxing. "I'll fix it so you can sleep late tomorrow if you want."

Halliday laughed silently, murmured, "Judge Solcey won't like this," then walked to the car and climbed swiftly in. He could not make out the features of the man behind the wheel, but he did see a hand move toward the ignition. "Leave it alone," he snapped. "We'll talk first."

The hand drew back. "Hoskins. Attorney general's office." Halliday caught a faint edge of resentment in the tone.

"All right. What's the rest of it?"

"I'm to take you to the attorney general. He said if you didn't want to come, I was to tell you he believes it's your duty as a lawyer to come and listen to what he has to say."

"But you don't like any part of it. Why?"

Hoskins was silent for a short interval, and then he exhaled loudly. "Well, maybe it's because I'm losing sleep."

AN AMERICAN PASTORAL VALLEY CORRUPTED BY FEAR, WEALTH AND SUDDEN DEATH.

"Then let's go," said Halliday. Twenty-five minutes after leaving the jail Halliday found himself seated comfortably before a fire, alone with John J. McCardell, attorney general of California, in McCardell's tenth floor apartment. McCardell owned the gift of small talk and put it to work rather too quickly. Halliday sat loosely, his long body filling the armchair. Presently McCardell leaned back and got to business. "Lee Halliday. Thirty years old. Just six years in the practice of law. Already successful—prematurely and dangerously successful, some say. A real loner. No wife. No law partner. Rarely seen in public places. Which is to say, he doesn't fit the stereotype of the flamboyant criminal-defense lawyer, though he is one. Only a few friends, but they seem to be fast friends. And they disagree among themselves as to what's eating on him."

Halliday nodded warily. "All right."

McCardell went on. "In his second year of the practice of law, he and one of the D.A.'s assistants were each fined fifty dollars by Judge Knott for exchanging blows in court. In his fourth year he was fined one hundred dollars by Judge Maurer for contempt. In his sixth year Judge Solcey gave him ninety days for a flagrant contempt, a sentence he is now serving. You're a man looking for trouble. It would help if I knew why."

Halliday regarded him through a little time, finally saying, "A question. Have you read the trial record leading up to Solcey's finding of what you call a flagrant contempt?"

"No," admitted McCardell. "But I know Sam. He's a patient man."

"Read it," said Halliday. "Your answer's there."

McCardell's unruffled acceptance of the short answer told Halliday he had hoped, rather than really expected, that his tactic of the abrupt approach would work. "Fair enough," said McCardell, "though I must say you don't make it easy for me to offer my proposition." He paused. "However, I've put you to the trouble of coming here, haven't I?" He paused again, then turned brisk. "Halliday, I'm prepared to get you free of the remainder of your jail term if you'll spend that time on a case for me."

"What kind of case?"

"An unusual one. An investigative one. One tailored to your talents."

It occurred to Halliday that he knew little about this spare, gray man, and that little was not much help. McCardell was, at sixty, not yet too old to use the attorney general's office as a stepping-stone to the governorship. On the other hand he very likely could, by doing a reasonably good job, keep the attorney general's office till death did him part from it. He had a reputation for integrity in basic matters but, like many another politician, he protected himself carefully in clutch situations; it followed, therefore, that he used people whenever he thought he had to.

"You've got a big staff," said Halliday pointedly.

"This job needs your background as well as your talents." McCardell paused, then added casually, "And you need this chance to clean up your reputation by working the right side of the street for a change."

Halliday stiffened inwardly. This was what he had wanted to find out. It required an effort to keep his voice level. "You're asking me to buy it blind. Jail isn't that bad."

"Tell me," said McCardell abruptly, "do you owe an obligation of any kind to anyone in the Mara Valley? Think carefully."

"No need to. I was born there. I spent my earliest childhood there. That's all. No. No obligations."

"Then I'll tell you," said McCardell, "that the district attorney of Mara County is on the take. And the police force of the town of Mara is crooked. And a conspiracy has taken over that whole valley. That's the case."

"All right. It sounds good. But I won't take it."

"Halliday, I don't understand your kind! Why, man?"

"Because," said Halliday, "you brought me here to sell me redemption. I don't need to get on the right side of the street. I never left it."

McCardell put his thumbs together and engaged in a long examination of them. When he raised his gaze again, he wore a candid smile. "Sorry. I put it badly, didn't I? Let me try again. When a criminal-defense lawyer repeatedly wins acquittals for clients who appear to be guilty and repeatedly is punished for his courtroom conduct, the public begins to believe he's no better than the men he defends. This public image of the man may be all wrong, but there it is. It's the nature of things. Surely you know this. And surely you don't like it. I'm offering you a chance to change this public image. Plus, let me repeat, some sixty days of freedom."

Halliday got up, strode once around the room, then stopped at a window and brooded out upon the panorama of city and bay. These spectacular night views of San Francisco were one of the pleasures he had missed in jail.

Did he care what people said about him? Surely not, for he had never given it a thought. No, that wasn't true. He had thought briefly about it on occasion, but had always pushed it angrily from his mind. He was angry as he thought of it now. His friends said he had too much anger in him, and he knew they were right. It was a curious fact that most of this anger had drained out of him in jail; restrained from working furiously at the law, he had been forced to make a temporary peace with himself.

Gradually he became aware that his gaze had shifted toward the northeast. He was peering over the bright blob that was Alcatraz Island to the dark bulk of Angel Island. Beyond that bulk lay San Quentin Prison. Carl Makin was there. Carl Makin found no peace behind bars. During Halliday's own comfortable days in jail he had not thought of Carl; he realized now that he had used jail confinement as an excuse for not thinking of Carl, as though jail had relieved him of responsibility. How could he have permitted himself to do that? His anger returned again, directed at himself.

He strode back to his chair. McCardell wore a quiet, waiting smile. A shrewd and flexible man, not to be underestimated; he had just shown Halliday a smooth change of pace.

"Let's leave my reputation out of it," said Halliday.

McCardell inclined his head. "As you wish."

"You know something that makes you believe I'm the only man who can clean up your mess. I want to know it too."

"A simple fact," said McCardell, "but a vital one. You're the only lawyer I can find who was born in the Mara Valley."

"I just told you I haven't lived there since I was quite small. I know no one there." Halliday paused at a recollection, then added, "With the exception of one family."

McCardell's question came sharply, "Who?"

"Harvey Stillman. A San Francisco engineer. Wife and two grown daughters. They have a weekend place in the valley."

"The material fact," said McCardell, "is that you were born there. It means everything." He leaned forward. "I told you that valley is gripped by a conspiracy. And a damned strange one. I couldn't, if I were in private practice, go up there and open a law office. You can—simply because of your birth in the valley."

"You lose me there. It makes no sense."

"That makes two of us lost," said McCardell dryly. "All I know is, it's so. Halliday, there's control of competition throughout that valley. Only so many grocers permitted. So many banks. So many department stores. And on and on, all the way down the line. The same with the professions. Why? I haven't the vaguest idea."

Halliday looked skeptical. "That wouldn't work unless everyone in the valley was part of the conspiracy."

"Right. Thirty thousand people. Impossible, isn't it? Unless"—his voice turned dry again—"everybody's making

Continued on Page 76

A BOOK VERSION OF THIS NOVEL, TITLED **THE EDGE OF EDEN,** WILL BE PUBLISHED IN JUNE BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

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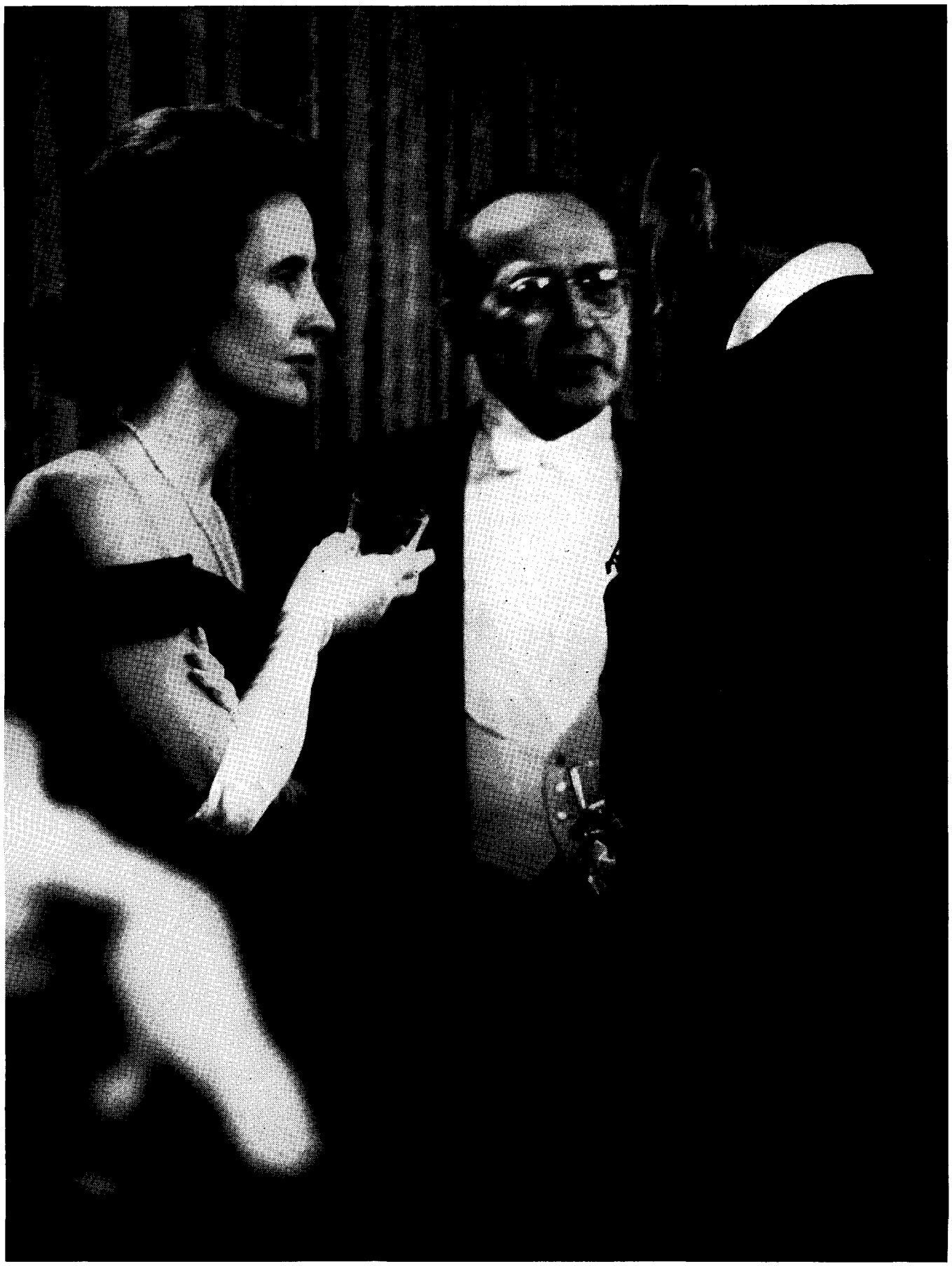
THE NEW FRONTIER WOMEN

With small-budget banquets and high-powered politics, the wives of the White House insiders battle to keep up with the sophisticated, hectic life in the Capital.

By FLORA LEWIS



Official Washington is a constant flurry of parties and state dinners. Above: Elspeth Rostow and her husband, Walt W. Rostow, State Department counselor, with British ambassador Sir David Ormsby-Gore.

President John F. Kennedy, when he called for volunteers to follow him along the "New Frontier," could hardly have found a term better calculated to attract the kind of men he wanted in his Administration. To the bright young scholars who left the quiet of university life for the hurly-burly of Washington, the phrase conjured up a vision of challenge and promise—of the opportunity to help make a better world—and they came eagerly to serve beneath that banner.

With them, and sharing the vision, came their wives. They knew, these latter-day frontierswomen, that the day was gone when the pioneer wife, in gingham dress and poke bonnet, boiled porridge for her family over an open fire and held the frightened horses when Indian marauders came screaming in. But they did cherish a mental picture of striding out to new horizons alongside their men, sharing the burdens and the exhilaration of achievement.

Camping out on the New Frontier has turned out to be very different from what the wives expected. The men stride out all right—from about seven A.M. until seconds before it's time for them to jump into a tuxedo and stride out again to an official dinner. Sometimes it is the woman's duty to tag along. But, except in the company of close friends, they have had to learn that a wife's helping hand can be most helpful when it stays discreetly out of sight.

Instead of gingham, they discovered that they needed enough gowns to outfit a TV star. Instead of porridge, they learned to make *soufflé au chocolat*, *crème Chantilly*. Instead of horses, they found that they had to check their own impulsive minds and tongues. And the main challenge they faced was the fact that here in Washington their private lives turned into a public affair, while public affairs became their private lives.

Antonia Chayes had her first taste of such a life at Cambridge, after her husband, Abram Chayes, was named legal adviser to the State Department, but before he had left the Harvard faculty. She had already given up her law practice and her job as executive assistant to the dean of the Harvard Law School and she was in the middle of feverish preparations for the move. Photographers came from the Boston papers to take pictures of the new appointee's wife as she would appear at the Inauguration Ball.

"There I was," she recalls, "my hair tied up in a scarf, wearing blue jeans and one of my husband's old shirts. When the doorbell rang, I ran down and murmured something about 'five minutes.' I started taking the rollers out of my hair on the way upstairs and managed to whip off the

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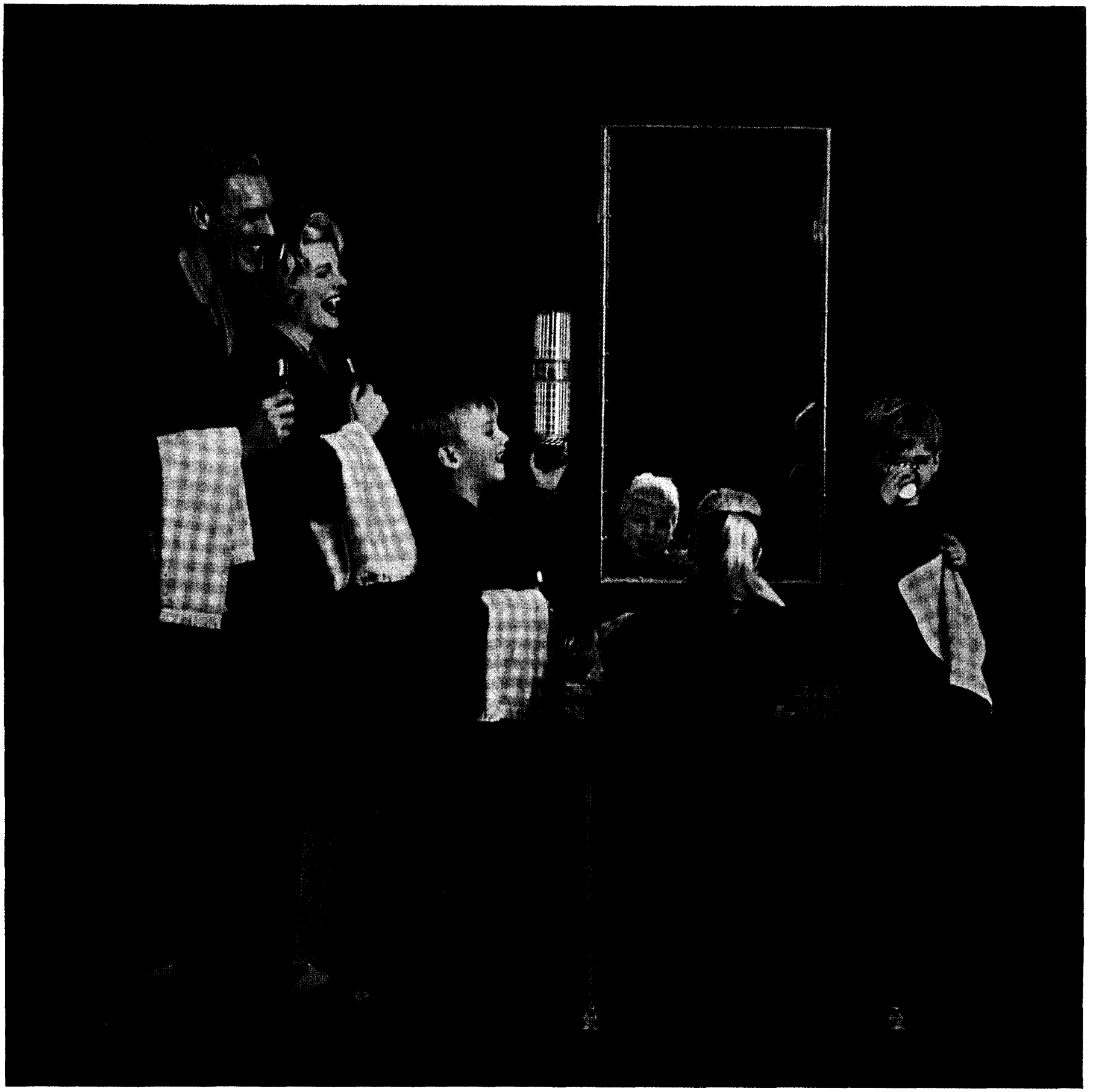

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Quiet is the word for quality

NEW FRONTIER

jeans and slip on the blue Dior copy ($29.50 in Filene's basement) by the time they had the lights set up.

"The minute the photographers from the *Globe* cleared out, I raced upstairs because there was just time to finish cleaning out the last closet and then chop the onions, pound the meatloaf and shove it into the oven before the *Herald* photographers were due. It was off with the ball gowns and on with the blue jeans for half an hour, then back into the finery again. The children seemed to think it was hilarious fun."

Toni Chayes had a different bout with the press after she arrived. She had taken a part-time research job at the White House, and a Washington paper interviewed her on how her new life was going. Casually she mentioned that one headache was the fuss of formal entertainment, since she could hardly give haphazard spaghetti parties for ambassadors. Columnist George Dixon jumped on the remark and poured out inky crocodile tears suggesting that readers send CARE packages of spaghetti for a Save the Chayeses Committee, so that the officials and "their tiny ones" could find surcease from suffering.

The resulting flurry of taunts and wisecracks directed at the Chayeses convinced the New Frontierswomen that, however accustomed they might be to voicing their opinions back in Cambridge, here in Washington they would lend their names to public remarks no more controversial than approval of the P.T.A.

It is a varied, attractive cast that stands behind the Government stars, a group of women not normally inclined to hover mutely in the wings.

There is Elspeth Rostow, slim, elegant, throaty-voiced wife of Walt Whitman Rostow, State Department Counselor and Chairman of the Policy Planning Council. She looks and sounds as though she had just stepped out of a Noel Coward play; actually she stepped out of a faculty post at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Marian Schlesinger, the wife of White House adviser Arthur Schlesinger Jr., has an exquisite sense of color and a creative taste and spontaneity that have earned her a growing reputation as an artist. Mary Bundy, wife of White House adviser McGeorge Bundy, is a warm, gracious Bostonian with active civic interests. She has a mercurial laugh and an intelligence that cuts through bureaucratic pomposity as easily as it penetrates the tricks of her four young sons. Laya Wiesner, whose husband Jerry Wiesner is White House science adviser, is a mathematician, a dark, calm, defiantly informal woman who is pretty enough to give absolute simplicity of taste and manner a sophisticated charm. Clare Wofford, wife of Harris L. Wofford Jr., a White House Special Assistant for Civil Rights and the Peace Corps, formerly worked in the State Department; and the Bureau of Intelligence and Research has recently asked her if she was interested in returning as a consultant.

Full of enthusiasm, these newcomers were all bright enough to know there would be pitfalls when they arrived in Washington; and, they admitted secretly to intimates, they were afraid. There was so much to do and so much they could no longer do, so much to learn and so much to unlearn, that inevitably they found the capital depressing at first, even though it was the same city that so fiercely excited their menfolk.

The wives' problems fell into two categories—housekeeping and head keeping—and for a number of the women, the latter was the harder to handle, especially when public affairs became the center of their private lives.

The irony of the new situation was that, with the men in the middle of Government, the women were shut out. Not only had they been obliged to abandon their own jobs; now even the old stimulating free discussion of world affairs—an important part of their family and social life at a university campus—suddenly had to be hushed for fear of leaking Government secrets. It is one thing for a group of professors and their wives to have heated arguments after Sunday baseball and beer on what the Government should do about Berlin and whether Africans are becoming shifty foes or reliable friends. It is something very different when the males present are responsible for planning large parts of the Government's policy.

The wives had to learn the hard way which questions could be asked, which policies sharply criticized, without treading on sensitive ground. During the Cuban affair, for instance, when a State Department wife was wondering about mysterious planes which the papers said had come down in Florida, her husband snapped with unusual shortness, "Don't

Photographs by Jacques Lowe

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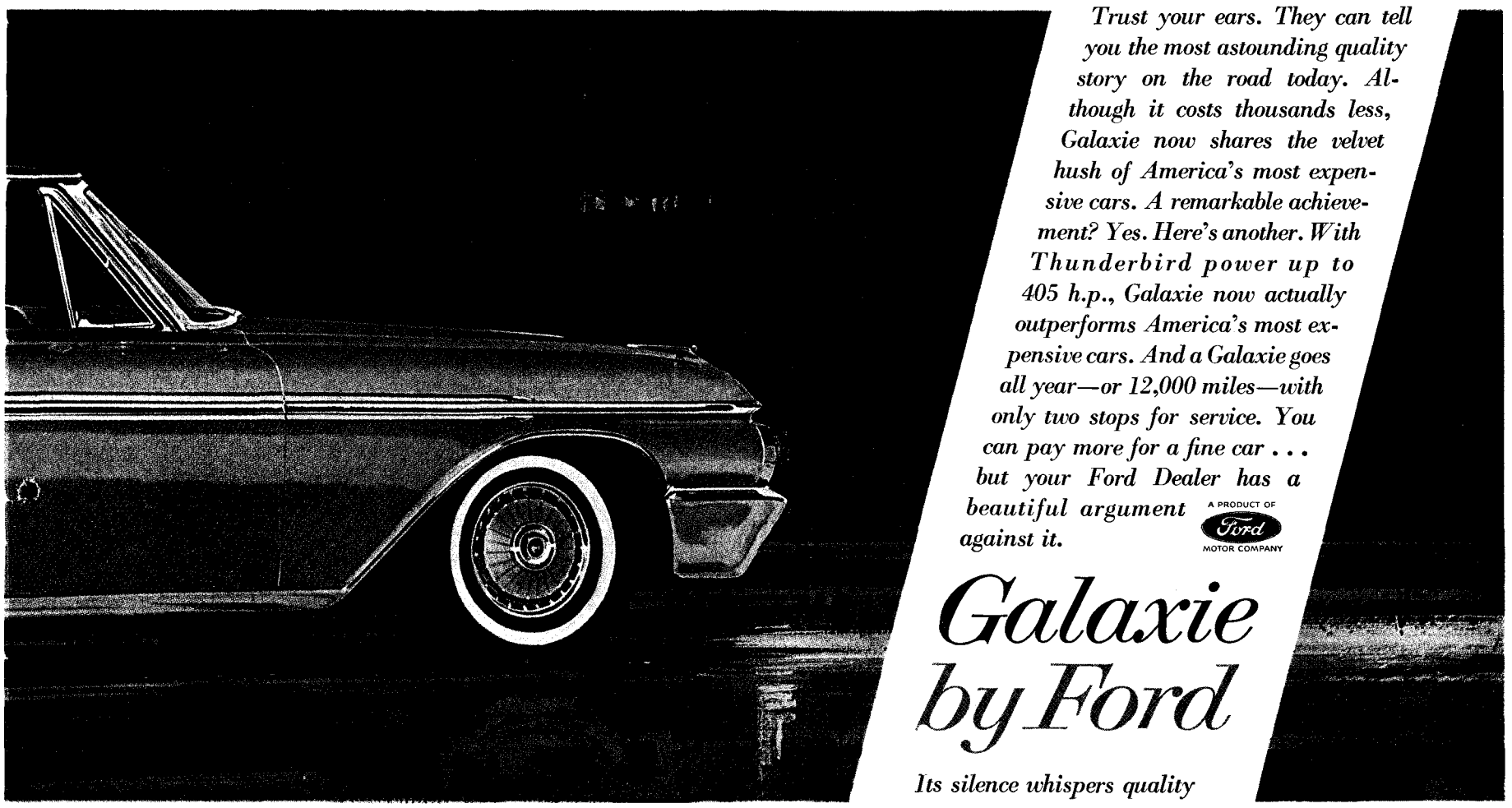
..and Galaxie has the last word



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Its silence whispers quality

Toni Chayes, wife of State Department lawyer Abram Chayes, started a storm with a remark.

ask me." And the wife of Adam Yarmolinsky, the Special Assistant to the Secretary of Defense, smarted for weeks because she spoke quickly when someone mentioned fallout shelters. Her husband is working on the shelter program, and people have repeatedly asked him if he was building one. This time, when he answered that an architect was drawing up the plans, Mrs. Yarmolinsky chimed in, "But I'm trying to persuade the architect to build the shelter above ground because I can't bear the thought of my children growing cauliflower out their ears."

There is some consolation for the women, though, in the feeling that their men do miss the old habit of shaking out ideas at home and exposing their plans to a wife's critical eye. It would be tactless to give names, but after the Cuban fiasco one high official said pointedly that the whole thing would have been better handled if a certain colleague had talked it all out with his clear-minded wife and let her pinpoint the weak spots.

Most of the time, of course, the New Frontier husbands and wives tend to agree with each other because they have acquired the same outlook over the years. A White House aide admits to only one family spat over Washington worries, and that was about dealing with the press. Murrey Marder, a Washington newspaperman who is a close friend of this family, called the man at home to ask about a development in Laos. Determined that there should be no leaks, the official said, "I don't know." His wife thought that this was dreadfully misleading and that he should have honestly answered, "I can't say." They were arguing the matter heatedly when Marder called again. To save trouble, the wife told him her husband was out walking the dog, but at that moment the husband shouted, "Who's on the phone?" in a voice which obviously carried to the newspaperman. It was so painfully embarrassing that the couple wound up roaring with laughter. The next day Marder sent her a tea cozy with a note saying it was "to protect the telephone from irrelevant sounds."

The wrangles of policy inevitably lead to arguments among men in different branches of the Administration and, because the wives have strong opinions of their own, they are sometimes drawn in. But the wives tend to sort out rather than to argue. Since their husbands' involvement makes it hard for them to talk things out in the open, the New Frontierswomen often get together in little groups to do their sorting out over midday coffee or afternoon cocktails; and the composition of these groups invariably shows precisely how the lines are drawn in any Washington dispute.

If the argument is over who should be appointed as the new head of Central Intelligence, or who should run foreign aid, two different Georgetown gardens are likely to hold two rival sets of women munching salad and working over the latest rumors in a kind of informal strategy session.

These behind-scenes caucuses are not simply a way to pass idle time; they are the former faculty wives' means of participating in the exciting swirl of ideas and plans which they are banned from discussing publicly but which nevertheless hold a passionate interest for them. Keeping abreast of world affairs, moreover, is as much a matter of necessity as of choice. Gaps in information can trip a person into blunders which may result in anything from acute embarrassment to an international incident—as Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall recently discovered.

At the famous Mount Vernon party for President Ayub Khan of Pakistan, Udall was chatting with President Ayub's daughter and mentioned that he had once climbed a certain mountain in Pakistan. But he had it wrong; that particular bit of real estate happened to be across the border in Afghanistan and hotly disputed. President Kennedy overheard the lady's complaints and saved the situation by saying, "Madame, that is why I named Mr. Udall Secretary of the *Interior*."

But even though they avoid such pitfalls, the New Frontierswomen find making small talk a peculiarly difficult chore. The earning of a college degree, with honors, has not helped them to master this special kind of politely empty chatter with strangers.

Their garden sessions are a way of compensating. Sometimes, though, they say with yearning, "I wish I were a night-club performer or a TV comedienne." A talent for taking people's minds off their work and keeping them entertained would be a valuable asset for a Washington wife.

Besides, they point out, TV stars are more likely to have the incomes and wardrobes needed for the Washington whirl. The budget is by no means the only problem of housekeeping in the homes on

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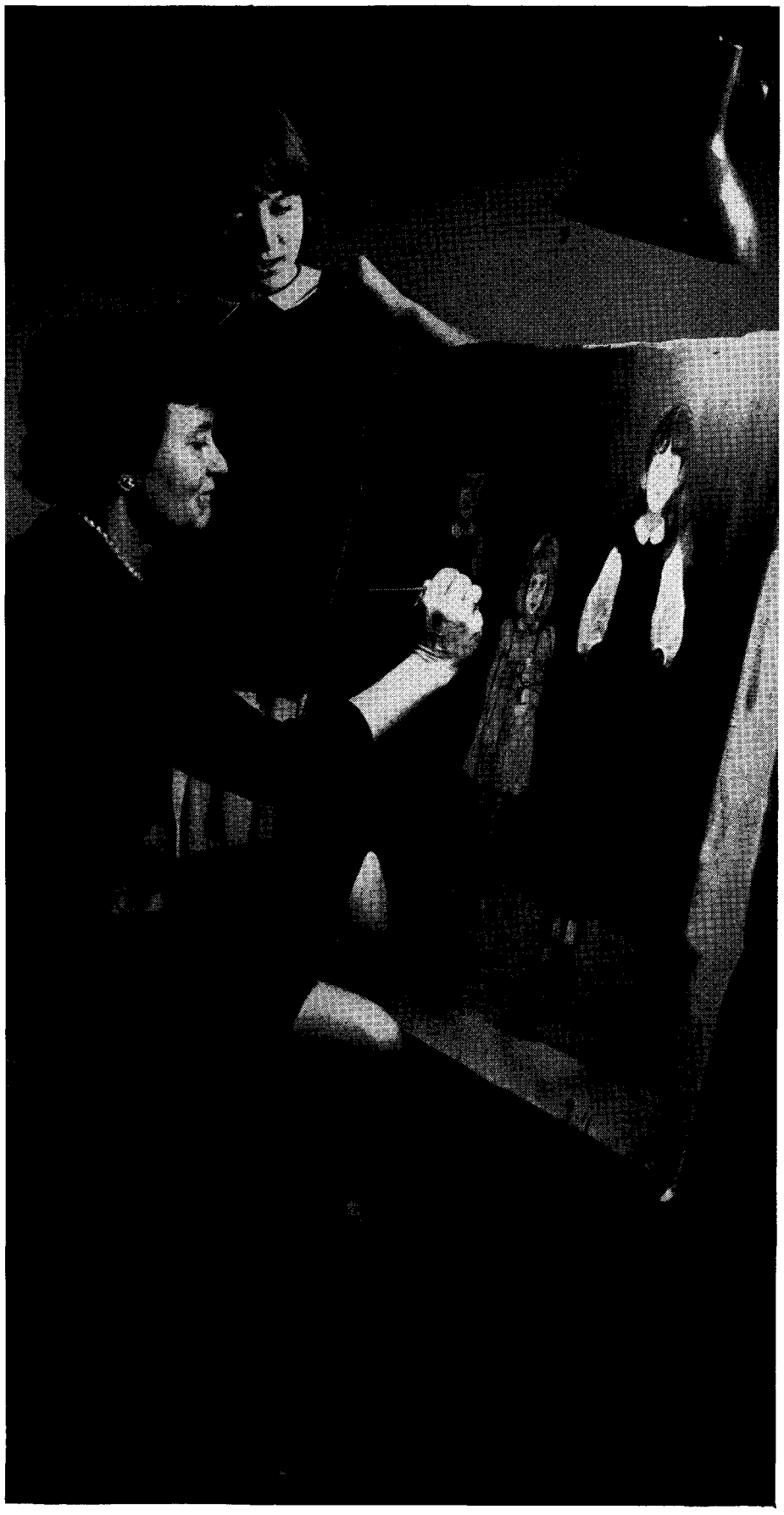

Marian Schlesinger—whose husband is White House adviser Arthur Schlesinger Jr.—and her daughter Chris. Her painting (above: FCC Chairman Minow's children) has earned her a growing reputation.

NEW FRONTIER

the New Frontier, but it is the root of many of the problems. Formal dinners have to be given, as well as attended, and giving one necessitates a regular canvass of friends for the extra crystal, silver and china needed to serve eighteen with elegance.

The ex-academic wives don't pretend to compete with official functions when they entertain, but it is intimidating to read the elegant menus of state dinners in the society columns of the Washington papers. Even if convinced that most people would rather have roast beef, peas and potatoes, the hostess can hardly bear to have it known that she could think of nothing fancier when everyone else is reported as serving, say, *Pâté truffé de Strasbourg*, *Truite en gelée* and *Caneton à l'orange*.

A low-calorie lunch enlivened with some high-level stories brought by a friend delivering eight extra place settings is likely to be the only break in a day of preparations for the dinner. It makes for scenes of comic contrast that the women relish. They figure out how much gelatin is needed so the *Aspic aux fruits de mer* won't run, and how to cram the borrowed card tables into a postage-stamp-size living room—and then they sit down over a one-course meal of dietary liquid in a kitchen glass and chuckle, for example, at the latest eruption of Mary Bundy's impish humor.

Mary and some of the other new Washingtonians had missed the "Hyannis Port Shuttle"—nickname for the commuting special from Cape Cod, where a lot of ex-Harvard people still have summer places—and instead caught a ride in the President's second plane. President Kennedy was not on board, and Mary promptly sat down behind the desk provided for him, announcing to the several officials on the plane, "Just so you boys won't start fighting over this chair, I'll take it."

One pioneer from Cambridge solved the menu problem with a foolproof beef-in-wine recipe which she serves at every party, each time under a different name. She figured that it would take about six months until she was obliged to invite the same guests a second time, and by then she could work out something new. Somehow she always happens to be immersed in a gay conversation that keeps her turned away at the precise moment when her husband bites into the same dish for the thirty-seventh time and shows it with a dirty look in her direction.

Another problem was clothes. Faculty wives with evening wardrobes adequate for three or four formal occasions a year suddenly found themselves expected to attend a dozen or more parties a week. They stack up—sometimes two receptions and then a dinner.

Frantic research finally turned up the solutions. Washington harbors an inventive genius of a dressmaker—she probably has an engineering degree—who specializes in "slip covers and convertibles." She turns out a narrow sheath, then a lace or chiffon overdress, a contrasting overskirt and an overblouse that can go with either the slim skirt or the wide one. If the basic dress wears out before its many disguises, she can make a different sheath in another color. And there are discreet little shops that sell the gowns of Washington hostesses who wouldn't dream of being seen in the same dress twice. It is possible, with tact, to find out who originally owned the gown so as to be sure not to wear it back to its former home.

The hardest money problem came at the beginning. New appointees have to pay the cost of moving to Washington, and the Government has a system of saving the first paycheck until employment is terminated. That meant no income for almost the first month, a fact which added urgency to the Boston contingent's frantic efforts to find housing. The men were too busy to be consulted, except to tell their wives to hurry because hotel life was too much of a strain on both the budget and the disposition. One husband, who spent his days on plans that may change the lives of millions of people, spent his evenings washing his own socks, incompetently.

The house-hunting wives came to think of themselves as a warring tribe out to conquer a strategic prize from the real-estate agents. The agents always won the first battle with a solemn assurance that absolutely nothing was available in the price range mentioned, no matter how high it was stretched. But if the agents were stern about money, the wives found them wildly generous with promises of prestige. No matter if the house was grim, with peeling wallpaper and a bare electric bulb dangling from a ceiling abstractly patterned with cracks, the agent transformed it into a coveted mansion by decorating it with a dazzling string of names.

"Senator Cooper lives right there," the agent would say, "and Chester Bowles lives down the street. You can peek into Justice Frankfurter's yard if you stand on tiptoe at the bathroom window, and Lyndon Johnson almost bought the house next door."

Unnerved, one wife finally made a desperate counterattack. Raising her eyebrows in innocence, she asked, "Yes, but who *is* Lyndon Johnson?"

For a while, indeed, house hunting became such a daily routine for the New Frontierswomen that they thought of little else. Walking into a White House reception one day, Elspeth Rostow couldn't refrain from looking around and saying, "Well, it is dreadfully big, and there are an awful lot of bathrooms to keep clean, but on the whole I think I'll take it."

By now, however, the new Administration families have all found homes, and little by little the wives have adapted themselves to the Washington hurly-burly. The Rostows, for instance, have a house in Chevy Chase, and Elspeth has begun teaching a seminar at Georgetown University. Marian Schlesinger is painting seriously again; Mary Bundy has started studying French, and Toni Chayes has her part-time White House job. Many of the wives have joined the P.T.A. again. They've discovered new family doctors, so there is no longer a feeling of being hopelessly stranded in minor emergencies, and they are finding their way into local community affairs.

Perhaps the ultimate proof of their acclimatization is the fact that life is rosy again for the seven-year-old daughter of one of the new White House staff officials. Shortly after the family arrived, the child's cat was run over, so when visitors asked how she liked Washington, she took to answering wistfully, "At home I had a nice house, a cat and daddy." Now she has a new puppy, and, at the end of a recent Sunday afternoon spent visiting friends with her parents, she tugged her father's sleeve and said, "Let's go home now, daddy. You promised me a bedtime story." And she meant their home in Washington.

THE END

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A PLACE THAT NEVER CHANGES

A hunter at heart, he took the high road one night to find

By Vivian Connell

The mail had followed me from Paris to the village of Orion in the Swiss Alps. I sat on the porch of the small *pension* and listened to the music of cowbells and the melody of the river in the valley below. The sunlight breathed in summer gold on the green slopes.

I opened a letter with an American stamp and a postmark in New England. It was from Professor Collinbranz, a friendly letter to say he had taken a break from Princeton, and that my son Michael was staying with him at his house in the country. Collinbranz had chosen Michael to be a special assistant in his famous summer school. It was a great honor for a student in physics to work with a Nobel-prize man, and he wrote about Michael as warmly as if he had been his own son. The postscript made me smile.

There is a river flowing down here below the garden, and Michael says it has a sound like an old Irish song.

It made me smile because Michael had spent only a few years of early childhood in his native land, and I wondered how he could remember any Irish river or any Irish song.

I listened to the river that sang down by Orion and I felt it had a sound of memory. But I knew that all rivers have a sound that brings the past into the mind. Nevertheless, I began to have a curious feeling, and it was then I noticed the letterhead name of the house in New England, *Owenbuee!* Owenbuee! I came from a village in Ireland called Owenbuee that lay on the bank of the river that was also called Owenbuee. How on earth could a house in New England come to be called Owenbuee? And now the postscript that had made me smile became a mystery that was like the chill of a distant air in the sunlight of Orion.

I tried to recall what I had read about Collinbranz when he had won the Nobel prize. I was fairly sure I had learned he was a Swiss who had come from the Polytechnic in Zurich to Harvard, and later had become an American citizen. I had never met him, but I had seen a picture of him and all I could remember was that he had a faraway look on his face. I could not remember the face, only the feeling that he was looking away into a memory. But there was no link that would explain how his house in America had the name of the village where I was born.

I tried to put it out of my mind, but it haunted me all morning, and in the afternoon I walked up by the Orion River through the Alpine valley, and it seemed to have the same sound as the Owenbuee when I walked by it as a boy at home in Ireland. I climbed to get away from the sound of the river, and walked the fields in the smell of Alpine flowers. But all I could think of was Collinbranz and the name of his house and what was the story behind it all.

Finally I realized that to get the story I needed only to write to Collinbranz. I came down the flank of the valley on a path that led past a chalet where one could get tea or a mineral drink. It was a typical chalet of dark wood with flowers in the windows, and a small green lawn with tables. There was nobody there except a woman reading a book on the porch. I walked by, casting only a glance at the chalet, and then, in the yard I saw something which, for one instant, made me think I was imagining things in the Alpine air. An Irish jaunting car!

I walked by the chalet on breathless steps and gazed at the car. There it stood, the shafts on a trestle, waiting for a horse. Here it was, high in the Swiss Alps, where there was no road, only a green cart track up the valley. The seats, slung at each side, hung waiting for passengers. It was all bleached and faded, but the wheels were sound, ready to roll. I lifted the shafts a little from the trestle, and the old car creaked. Gosh, it was

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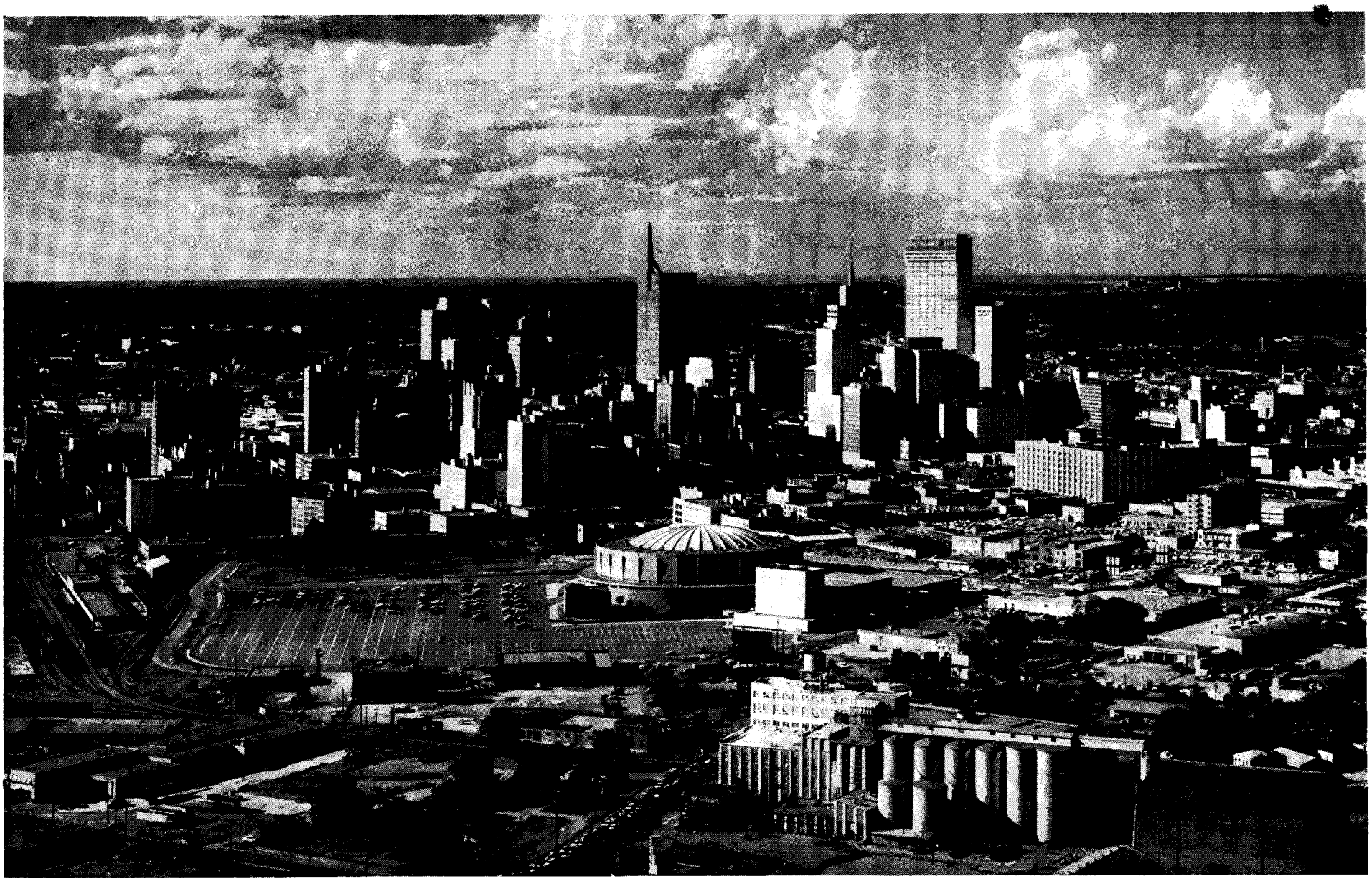
"...the water crisis is not something to be feared for the future. It is here now."

U. S. Senate Committee on National Water Resources



Dallas, Texas, "just one jump ahead of water disaster—or one jump behind"—until it went to work.

DALLAS—THE CITY THAT DECIDED

As they raised their eyes from dust clouds puffing around their feet to cloudless skies, people in the Southwest wondered if there'd ever be enough rain again.

It was 1953—second year of a drought that had four more years to go—and Dallas faced the most serious water crisis it had known in a long history of water shortages. Lake Dallas, the city's main water source, was rimmed by cracked earth that was once the lake bottom. Fishing camps once at water's edge were far from shore.

New lakes, tripling Dallas' storage, were empty. Wartime restrictions had delayed their completion until after the drought began.

In the city, lawns dried, then died, as sprinkling was curtailed. Extra firemen and equipment rushed from one brush fire to the next.

To get water—any kind of water—Dallas went fifty miles north to the Red River. The supply was adequate for the emergency—but the water was salty and hard. Even after treatment, the taste of salt remained. And Red River water was as mean as it tasted. It ate through water heaters and pipes. Car radiators were replaced at four times the normal rate. Shrubs died of poisoning.

Dallas tapped into old wells to get better drinking water. Even so, pure mountain well water trucked into stores sold for fifty cents a carton.

In 1954 Dallas made a further study of water needs and resources—one that went far beyond the immediate problem and looked at the entire Dallas metropolitan area in the year 2000.

From this came the Dallas Water Plan, which provides water growth faster than projected metropolitan area growth. Unless there is a drought far worse than any the city has ever experienced, the entire area will have an abundance of water for the next 50 years.

The price—nearly 150 million dollars. This will buy lakes and dams to store water; pipelines and pumping stations to get it to the city. It will buy purifying facilities and sewage systems to reduce downstream pollution. The people of Dallas are paying the cost—through a rise in water rates averaging 34%. They pay willingly because the increase is actually an investment. They know the cost of water shortage is at least as great as the cost of water development.

Looking at it another way, Dallas really is buying more than water development alone. The assurance of abundant water provides growth

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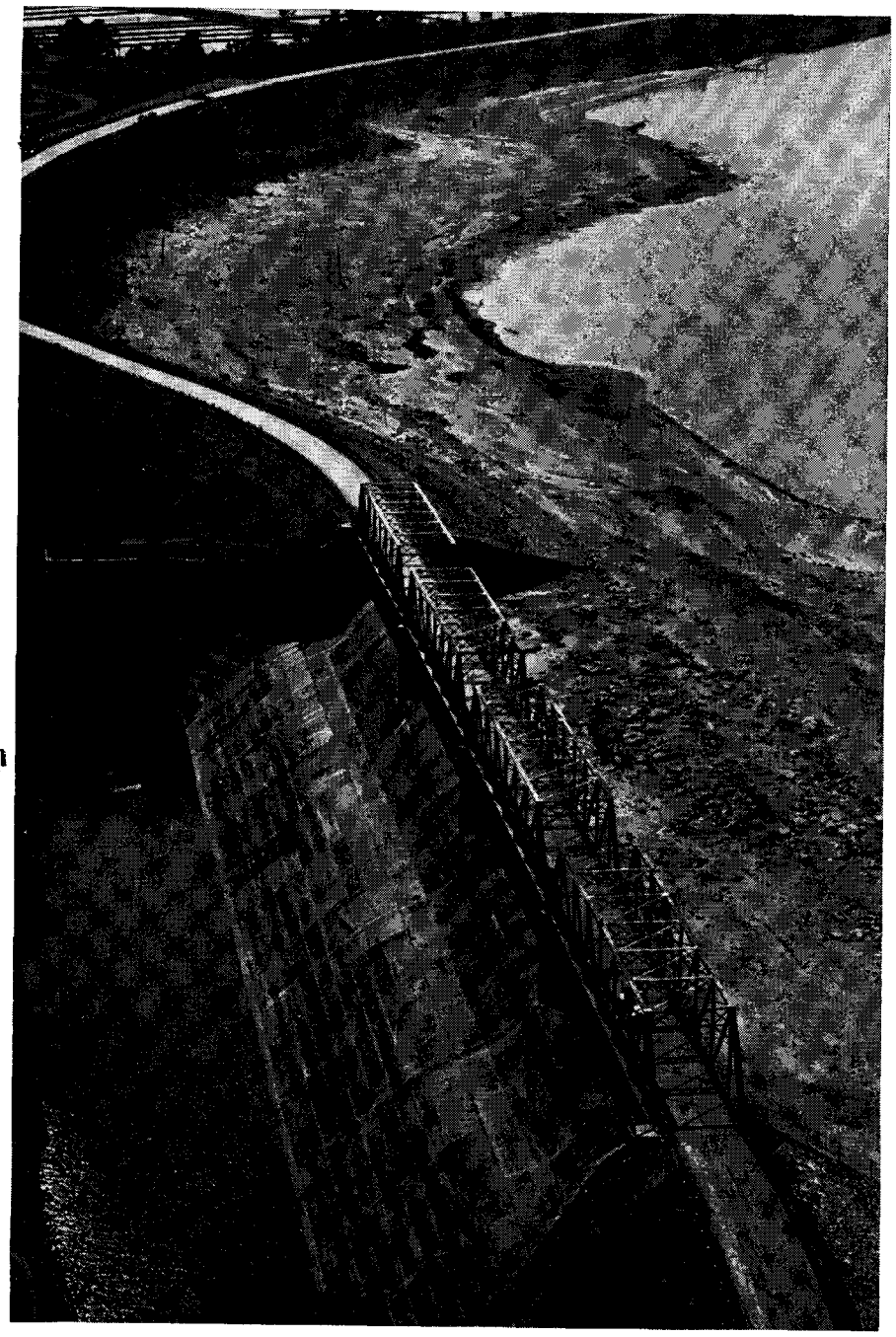

Lake Dallas, city's principal water source in early fifties, shown during drought. Even before the drought, the heavily silted reservoir was being enlarged by building another dam downstream. But lack of rain brought on a water crisis.

The old dam, now useless, sits in the middle of a greatly enlarged Lake Dallas—renamed Garza-Little Elm Reservoir. But its capacity is still too small for the growing city. Additional sources, some now completed, will triple the water available.

NOT TO DIE OF THIRST

for industry and more jobs for Dallas residents. It also attracts new industry and employment.

Water shortages are not restricted geographically. The facts are shocking. In a recent year of subnormal rainfall, one quarter of our nation was rationed for water. Shortages exist even in areas where rainfall is abundant, for there water is often shamelessly polluted. Over 90% of our rainfall is allowed to run off. Yet, by 1980, we'll need twice the water we're using today. Our margin of safety grows thinner daily.

Will there be a water crisis where you live? Or will you do something about it before it happens? For information on the nation-wide water problem, write Dept. D, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.

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PLACE alive! I nearly jumped off the ground when I heard the voice of the springs. And then I knew. It had a story. It was trying to tell it to me. I put down the shafts gently and I came around the chalet to the gate. I looked across at the old lady, lost in her book. Then, above her head, in fancy, painted lettering, I saw the name of the chalet: OWENBUEE.

I walked across the lawn, and the old lady peered at me through her spectacles." I spoke in French. "Madame, may I please ask your name?"

She took off her spectacles and looked at me with clear blue eyes, as young as those of a girl. There was a very faint smile on her face, and I knew she had guessed I did not come as a customer to the tea garden. Suddenly I heard myself answering my own question.

"I know," I said, "it is Collinbranz."

"Yes, that is my name."

I pulled the letter from my pocket and spoke again, "I got this letter today from a house in New England. The name of the house is Owenbuee, the same as this chalet. Would that letter be from your son, madame?"

"Yes." She put away her spectacles. "Come and sit down. I'll give you some tea." She studied me. "You look Irish. Perhaps it is your voice."

"Yes, I am Irish. So, I know an Irish jaunting car, though I cannot guess how it got here, in the Alps of Valais."

She called, and a young country girl came out and she ordered tea and then she searched me with those blue eyes. "Ah, so you have guessed there is a story behind that old jaunting car?"

"Yes." I paused. "But the strange thing is that I felt a story moving all day in me, before I ever saw the car or read the name on this house. I've been haunted by the sound of the river Owenbuee at home in Ireland, as if I were trying to remember something. . . .I am an author, and I guess an author has a sixth sense about things."

Now the blue eyes sought into me like cold beams of light. "You have a sixth sense anyway. You see, my husband was Irish, and he had a sixth sense, or a compass in his soul, and it led him from a village in Ireland to Orion in Valais."

I knew I was near it now. I could feel it almost touching. But one thing puzzled me. I said, "I don't understand one thing—how an Irishman can be called Collinbranz."

"That is a name from both our names. I was Branz, and when he became a Swiss citizen, we joined our names, because we were joined in all things. His name was Collin."

Suddenly I had it, and I leaped out of my chair, and almost shouted. "Cooney Collin! The man who drove away."

She smiled and signed to me to sit down and spoke in a quiet voice as if to calm me. "Yes, he was Cooney Collin. But you could not have known him. You are too young."

"No, but I remember the story, how Cooney Collin, the jarvey, drove his white horse and car out along the moonlight road one night and never came back again to Owenbuee. It haunted me, as a child ——" Now I felt strange and suddenly I knew something I had never known. "You know, I think I followed him when I left Owenbuee. Along the very road he went away. . . . Maybe I followed him, in my dream, on his way to Orion, in Valais ——"

"Have some tea," she said, "and I shall tell you all the story, because you come from where he came, and also because you will understand." Suddenly she looked at me. "But why does my son write to you?"

"Because my son Michael is working with him, on the summer course. In fact, Michael is staying with him now. It is all very strange, but things like this always happen to me, so I don't feel them strange any more."

STAGESTRUCK AMERICANS:

The Rise of Community Theaters

BY JAMES MAXWELL in the Next Post

Once again those blue eyes looked into me as into a crystal.

"I can see that. Things come and find you. But you must know what to do when the great thing comes. Ah—I have written down all the story of Cooney. When our son became famous, I felt it best the family story should be there if anybody wished later on to write his biography. I don't need to read it to you. I know it all by heart. But you know the place Cooney came from, and you must know the beginning of the story?"

I listened for a moment to the Orion River in the valley, and it brought me the sound of the Owenbuee, and then quite clearly I remembered the night I first heard the story of Cooney, the man who drove away. I told her slowly, as I remembered it. "I was coming back along the bank of the Owenbuee one moonlight night with Tim the Poacher. We had been fishing trout with a silver rail, and I had caught my first trout that night. I must have been eight or nine years old. We took the lane to the village, and the moon shone on a small white cottage in a field. It was empty now, and the thatch was all blown and bleached in the wind and rain. I asked old Tim, who had lived there, and he took out his clay pipe and sat on a stone and told me it was the house of Cooney Collin, who one night had driven away from Owenbuee and had never been heard of again.

"Cooney's father, Cooney the jarvey, had died when Cooney was eighteen years old, and then he was alone. He carried on his father's trade, and stood every day by the village forge, and was hired to drive people to weddings and funerals and cattle fairs. All day, waiting behind the white horse, he would read books about foreign lands. He had a dream in his face, old Tim the Poacher said, and he never seemed to be in Owenbuee at all. Sometimes he would look up from his book, and look out along the main road to Cork that led to the world, and he would say, 'One day I'll take that road.'

"One fine moonlight night he came back from a drive to a wedding, as if

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he were going home in the usual way. But he took the high road to Cork, and was never seen again in Owenbuee, nor ever sent word home. And that is all I know, and yet the story always haunted me, of the young man who drove away long before I was born. But what happened to him after he left Owenbuee that night, or how he got to Orion, all that you must tell me, please."

She looked at me for a long time, the mountain blue very far away in her eyes, and then she told me the story, and it had become so much a part of her that I could almost see her driving up the Cork road with Cooney on that night long ago.

"Cooney," she spoke slowly, "always knew that he would go away from Owenbuee. He did not know why. He only knew he had to go. On that day he was at a wedding at a farmhouse up on a wild mountain, and there was dancing and piping, and the sun was golden on the purple hills. Then suddenly, Cooney remembered that it was his birthday, that he was twenty-one years old, and that he was alone. Just alone. He said that, over the noise of the piping and the dancing, he heard that bare word *alone* like one stroke of a hammer on a tombstone. He could not remember the end of the wedding party, and could not remember driving down the mountain road to Owenbuee. All he knew was that he had to get on the high road and go to ——"

She paused, and then I asked, "To some place in particular?"

"No. Not to a place. To a person. But he did not know who she was, nor where she would be."

"Go on, please."

"He drove into Cork, and found a livery stable, and fed his horse, and slept on the straw by the horse, and at dawn he set off on the road to Dublin. He had hardly any money, but along the road to Dublin, day by day, he would find a passenger who gave him a few shillings to ride some part of the way, and that paid for bread and milk for him, and hay and corn for old Paddy, the white horse.

"On the last night before Dublin, Cooney slept with old Paddy in the barn of a farmhouse, and early on a bright and sunny morning set out for the capital of Ireland. It was at nine o'clock that he drove into a small village south of Dublin and saw a lady and two children standing outside the railway station with a pile of suitcases. The lady looked lost and anxious, and Cooney pulled up and asked could he drive them anywhere. The lady said she had just missed the train to Dublin, where she had to catch the boat for England. There was no cab and no jarvey in the village, and the trains were few in those days, and the children wanted to ride on a jaunting car, and the lady, who had a sense of fate always in her, said they would ride with Cooney to Dublin. The children were afraid they would fall off the side of the car, like most people who get on a jaunting car for the first time, and Cooney drove from the passenger seat, with a child holding on to each arm.

"Soon, they were all friends, and suddenly, as they came into Dublin, Cooney asked Lady Clankyle, for that was her name, where she was going on her journey. She said to Orion, and Cooney said, 'I'll drive you there.'

"She laughed so much that old Paddy stopped, and then Alastair, the little boy, clung to Cooney's arm, and cried out that he wanted to drive with Cooney all the way to Orion. Then Lady Clankyle looked at Cooney out of her gray eyes and asked him if he knew that Orion was over the sea, in Switzerland.

"All he said was, 'I am going to drive you there.'

"Cooney said the whole world seemed to stand still in that one long moment, and then she said, 'Very well. You will.'

"The children sang with Cooney, but Lady Clankyle was very quiet, and they drove to the Shelbourne Hotel and she took rooms for them because now she would have to sail next day, when she had got a passport for Cooney, and arranged for his horse and car to cross to Holyhead in the cattle boat and meet them on the other side of the Irish Sea."

The old lady looked down the valley at Orion, as if she had just come back there from Ireland.

"Now, we knew Lady Clankyle here in Orion. She had met her husband, the Laird of Clankyle, climbing here, and they spent their honeymoon in Orion, and when he died she came back every year with her children. She was a painter, and went out painting all day long, while a girl looked after the children and taught them French. That year, Monsieur Perret, the owner of the Orion Hotel, had hired me to care for the children, as I was training to be a schoolteacher, and could also speak English. So, we were all waiting for Lady Clankyle, when we got a telegram from Dublin that she would be several weeks late, but to hold her rooms, and pay me, and she would arrive. A week later Monsieur Perret got

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PLACE a letter, saying that she was driving all the way in an Irish jaunting car, and would want a room for Cooney, the jarvey. I had to look up the word in a dictionary to find out what she meant by a jarvey. And that was the first time I heard of Cooney.

"From time to time Lady Clankyle would send a post card from someplace in England, then from France, and all the month we waited for her to arrive, we talked of nothing but the Irish jaunting car that would drive up at last to Orion. The last post card came from Geneva, and for several nights I hardly slept, hearing the sound of a jogging horse, and all day I kept looking down the valley.

"That Sunday, after the post card came from Geneva, was the day of a saint, and there was a small fete in the village, and dancing and music on the place in front of the hotel. Some of the girls wore Valais costume and were pretty as dolls. The sun was going down behind the peaks, and I was looking past the dancers, when I saw the white horse coming up the valley road. I shall never forget the shock of seeing him, and when I tried to call Monsieur Perret, I had no voice, and could only point.

"Monsieur Perret came and stood by me as the jaunting car came up slowly. Then suddenly the fiddler saw the car, and the music stopped, and the dancing, and the whole valley stopped in absolute silence as the white horse came up and Cooney reined him on the edge of the crowd. High on the driving seat, was Cooney, the last light of the sun on his face, on his fair hair, and he looked slowly around at all the people with a strange smile, and then he looked at me.

"He looked at me as if he knew me, and I have never before or since had such an exalted feeling as when I felt his eyes recognizing me. We all stood there in silence, and suddenly Cooney flicked his whip on old Paddy's neck and said, 'Go on, Paddy, talk to them.'

"The white horse tossed his head and gave a whinny, and I can still hear the wild roar of laughter from all the village. Then some of the men shouted and gave a cheer, and suddenly everybody rushed, and lifted down Lady Clankyle and the children and carried the suitcases into the hotel. Monsieur Perret called me over and introduced me to Lady Clankyle, and then Cooney strolled up and looked again into my eyes with a look of wonder, as a boy looking at a saint in a chapel, and nodded his head in silence, and I knew what he was saying to me in his silence: *I found you!*

"All the people came around to shake hands and welcome Lady Clankyle back to Orion, but the children, Alastair and Sheila, took me down to watch Cooney unharness old Paddy. Cooney pulled handfuls of grass and wiped the leather stains from him, then watered him at the fountain and turned him into the hotel field, where he rolled and rolled to get the dust of the long road out of his skin, then settled down to graze like a horse that is home at last.

"Then began the wonderful days. Lady Clankyle would go out painting all the places where she had been on her honeymoon, with a look in her gray eyes that haunts me on this very evening. And the children came out with Cooney and me, riding the white horse in turn, and singing the Irish songs that Cooney had taught them on the long journey. Then we were cutting the hay in the high fields, and Cooney would go and take a scythe and work all day, and because he was a countryman, could do all the things on a farm, and he was very tall and strong and handsome, and the menfolk here admired him and said he was a true Valaisian.

"Cooney was very shy with me, and I was shy with him, for I was only nineteen years old. We would go walking in the evenings, but we never even did hold hands, because love was such a mystery in us, it was like a spirit in the air. Then one evening, as the light turned from gold to silver on the peaks, Lady Clankyle called me up on the porch of the hotel, and took my hands, and seated me close to her, and looked at me with all that haunted light in her gray eyes, and spoke in her soft Highland voice.

"'You know why Cooney had to come to Orion?'

"'Yes,' I said.

"'Soon I shall be going away. But Cooney will stay. You know that?'

"'Yes.'

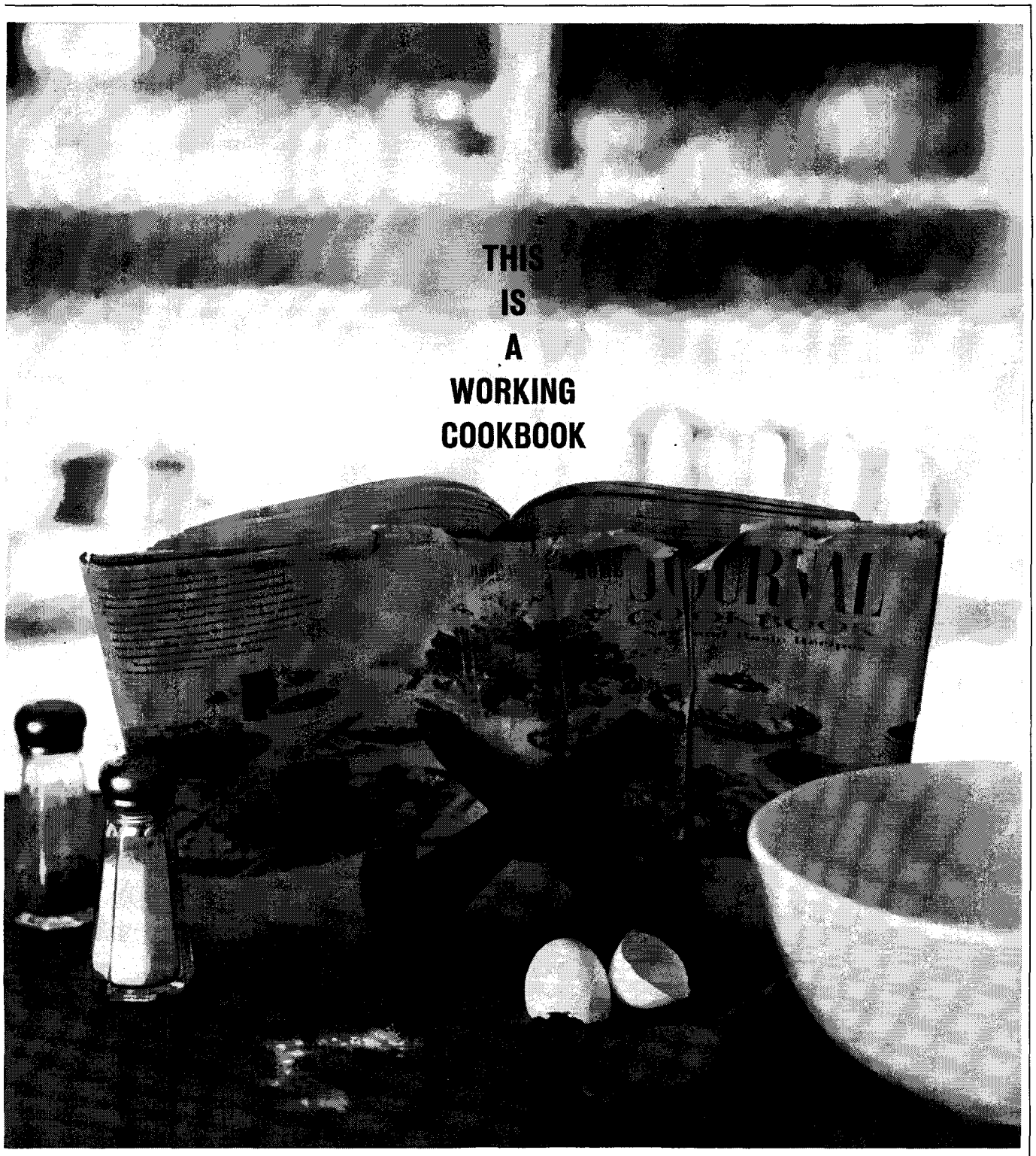
"'Have you both talked about things, my dear?'

"'No.'

"'I could stay one more month, if you could be married in that time.'

"'Married?' I asked, and I felt my hands cold. 'But I am at training school, and I must be a teacher, and ——'

"'I know all that, my dear. I went to see your parents this afternoon. None of that makes any difference. You must go on working and get your diploma, and then teach here in the school, and Cooney



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work that little farm your parents are going to hand over to him. You will have the money—a hundred pounds—that I shall pay Cooney for bringing us here, and that is all you need to start life on, because you have love." Then she paused a long time. 'I'll never forget the moment Cooney said, "I'm going to drive you there," when I told him Orion was over the sea. I knew I had to bring him. I could not understand —— Now I know. Just as I knew I had to come here to meet my husband. Now go and find Cooney and bring him to me.'

"I found Cooney, and then we talked with Lady Clankyle on the porch and arranged to go with my parents in the morning to see the *maire* of the commune and get all things in order for the marriage. Then Cooney and I went for a walk around the lake in the pine wood, and I felt all light, as if I walked on wings that had a cold dew on them, like the silver mist on the lake, and when at last Cooney kissed me, it was all cool like the mist. All I could feel, walking around the lake, was, *This is not for us. It is our love. But it is not for us.*

"I could not explain the feeling until, just one year later, when our son was born, here in this chalet. I saw him in the first light of the morning, and I knew then: *This is why we met, this is why we loved, to have this child.* Then I nearly died. It was a hard birth, and the doctor said I could not have another child. But I felt that I had all my children in the one son in my arms. We called him Matthew, after Matty the Rhymer, some old country poet in Owenbuee who had taught Cooney to read poems, and books about foreign lands, so that he would know he had to go from Owenbuee to come to Orion.

"I taught in the school here, and Cooney worked the farm, and in the summer we would make a little money giving rides on old Paddy to children visiting Orion, and we saved all our money, so that Matty would have a fine schooling for we always knew he would become a great man. When he was seven, he showed his genius for figures, and then we sent him down to school in Rion, because Monsieur Gallon and I did not know enough to teach him at the school in Orion. Steady as a climber on a mountain, he worked his way to a scholarship at the Poly in Zurich, and from that to Harvard, where Laplong, the great physicist, invited him after a visit to Zurich." She sighed. "And the rest of his story belongs to the world, I suppose, but all that made him, all the sunlight of love that grew him, all the faith and belief that made him strong, that belongs to this place, to this chalet, to Cooney."

"And to you," I said gently. "When did Cooney die?"

"Five years ago. His body lies down in the graveyard, but ——"

She looked at the chair by her hand. There was nobody sitting there. But I did not feel it was a vacant chair. I pulled the letter from my pocket and looked at the scrawled signature.

"Yes, 'Matthew,' but it looks more like an equation than a signature. I will have something to tell your son when I answer this letter, and something to tell my son."

"Did not Matty tell you he came from Orion, when he wrote to you here?"

"The letter followed me from Paris. He did not know I was here. It was only chance that I came to Orion. I have not met your son. The letter comes because my son is staying with him. But now of course I shall meet Matthew, the next time I go over to America."

The light was gold and fading on the peaks, and she looked up at the sky. "Come," she said; "I always go and say good night to the old jaunting car before I settle down for the evening."

She was very straight and proud as she walked around the chalet with me, and then we stood in silence looking at the old jaunting car. Then she pointed at a great white rock in the corner of the field. Four old horseshoes were hanging on pegs on the rock.

"That is where old Paddy is buried."

The evening was so full of light and feeling that I could not say anything. She went over and rubbed her hand on the shaft of the car, and she spoke in a dreaming way. "When Matty got the Nobel prize, he came down here from Stockholm. I wondered if he knew all that Cooney had done for him, if he realized what great love and faith had nourished him. Then Matty looked at the old car a long time and then he said, 'All this figuring to get a ship to a star. But my old dad knew his way without any figuring at all.'

"It was the first time I saw Matty cry since he was a child. His tears blessed me. I put my cheek on his and let his tears flow down with mine. I had peace then. All the love was there alive, and going on, going on, forever ——"

I took her hand to lead her back, and the light was all brimming and moist in the evening. THE END

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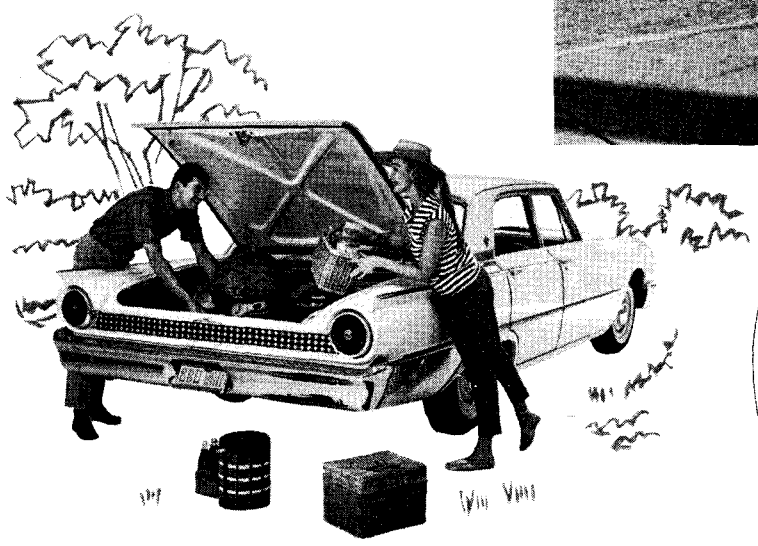

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WE WASTE A MILLION KIDS A YEAR

CAN OUR SCHOOLS BRIDGE THE GAP?

By MARY CONWAY KOHLER and ANDRÉ FONTAINE

How well do we prepare our youngsters for adult responsibilities? Here is the second in a three-part series on America's "social dynamite."

Today everybody attacks the schools; they are blamed for everything from our second place in the space race to juvenile fads. Part of the reason for this is that the schools' job is changing faster than school people are ready or able to admit. Perhaps because there is no other agency that reaches all youth everywhere in the country, the schools are increasingly given the responsibility for everything that happens to kids up to the age of eighteen or so.

This trend is speeded by the curtailed place of the family in a child's world. More and more parents haven't been able, haven't known how or haven't cared enough to give their kids the kind of training, discipline and information they need to get along in the world's most highly sophisticated economy. Nor, in many places, have they been willing to pay the cost of having the schools meet their increased responsibilities.

A few broad-thinking school people have accepted the new responsibilities and, against great odds, have opened up exciting new ways to bring light into the frustrated and aimless lives of a generation that increasingly feels unwanted. Most have not. Thus the schools' failure is one of a complex of causes that is leading us to waste a million kids a year.

These wasted youngsters are both dropouts and high-school graduates who have learned no skill that any employer wants to buy. They are wasted because we neither keep them in school nor give them jobs.

One of the weakest links in our educational chain is the failure of present methods to reach about 20 percent of big-city children. They never learn what they could—even of the three R's. Also at fault is our outdated vocational education. Historically, vocational schools have been a kind of dumping ground for students who couldn't make it in the academic courses. Historically, too, such schools have been designed around the ancient fifty-fifty formula—half the time spent on academic subjects, half in the shops. In most schools the academic half is taught with the same methods used in the traditional academic courses—the very methods the trade-school kids did not learn by, which was why they were "dumped" in the first place. Because many of these youngsters can't master the academic half, they are denied the shop half they so urgently need. No attempt is made to temper the academic method to the student's ability; rather, the method is held inviolate and the student made to conform—or quit. So more than half of them quit.

In response to their own aspirations and the demands of industry for higher skills, vocational teachers have been seeking higher-and-higher-type students and have been trying to give them higher and higher skills—which is fine. But in the process, they have screened out a whole group of youngsters who could profit by the kind of shop training that vocational courses offer.

Many of the boys who are screened out of vocational courses could spend useful lives in the relatively unskilled services like dry cleaning, shoe repairing, home-appliance repair, or working as countermen in diners or lunchrooms. According to the U.S. Department of Labor, the service trades will be needing more and more workers during the next decade. But with very few exceptions trade schools don't teach these minimal skills.

Actually, the vocational schools are in a straitjacket—the straitjacket of the law. In order to receive reimbursement under Federal vocational laws—the Smith-Hughes and George-Barden acts—a state's program must conform to the fifty-fifty formula and to other provisions of the acts. Too many states slavishly follow the Federal formula even though it does not meet their individual needs. The Federal money amounts to a mere 20 percent of the total spent on vocational education, but the states and communities feel they must have it.

These criticisms are general, and generally true. There are, of course, exceptions to them—and also to the specific criticisms that follow.

The first exception is that all over the country the schools are graduating from their commercial courses girls who can go out and get jobs—as file clerks, typists, general office workers. (Of course, we are right on the brink of losing thousands of such jobs a year to automation. One company, for instance, has built, but not yet marketed, a machine which types letters from dictation. Already electronic billing and payroll machines are performing tasks which formerly employed many thousands of girls.)

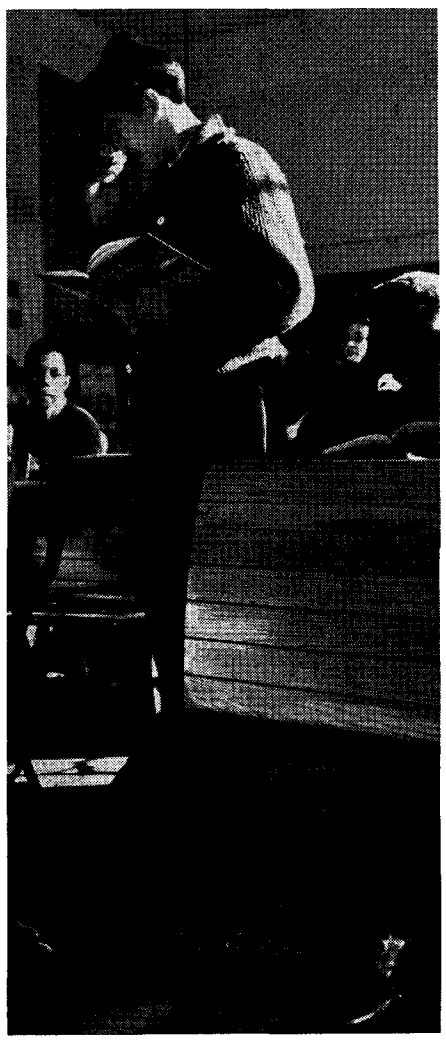
Not quite so widespread but almost as effective have been high-school courses in "distributive education"—salesmanship, merchandising and so on. Much commercial and distributive training is given by what is called work-experience education—that is, the student works half time and goes to school half time. Such training requires the cooperation of businessmen in the community and, in most places, gets it. Usually two students share one job, one working while the other goes to school. And usually the dropout rate from this kind of training is negligible—eight out of ten graduates remain with the firm that trained them. Three fourths of all students in these courses are girls. Indeed, our whole school system seems to fit girls better than boys.

Perhaps the worst indictment that can be made of vocational schooling is that it often exists in a kind of fairyland that has not much relation to the real world of work. The equipment is often obsolete. New York City has a school to train youngsters to work in restaurants and lunchrooms. The school was recently visited by an official of the Delicatessen and Restaurant Countermen Union, who reported:

"The building is close to 100 years old and . . . looks its age. The classrooms do not have the necessary equipment for food training. There is no similarity between the kitchens . . . and an up-to-date (restaurant) kitchen except that they all have stoves and sinks. The students are not aware that their training took place in an atmosphere that is entirely different from the real business practices, and as a consequence, having built false confidence, they are actually worse off than before."

One measure of the ineffectiveness of this training is that there are usually about 5000 food-trade jobs available in the city, according to the union official, but no trained workers can be found to fill them.

The vocational-training program that receives the most money from the Federal Government—one third of the total—is agriculture. As a result, some rural high schools offer no other curriculum. Yet so great has been the drop in the farm population that only one boy in ten can expect to get a job on the farm. The other nine will have to go to the city to find jobs they haven't been trained for—and join the ranks of the lost million.



New York's Haaren High School: Students divide their time between shopwork and the struggle with classwork.

Los Angeles junior high-schoolers learn industrial skills in shops equipped like modern plants.

Photographs by Wayne Miller

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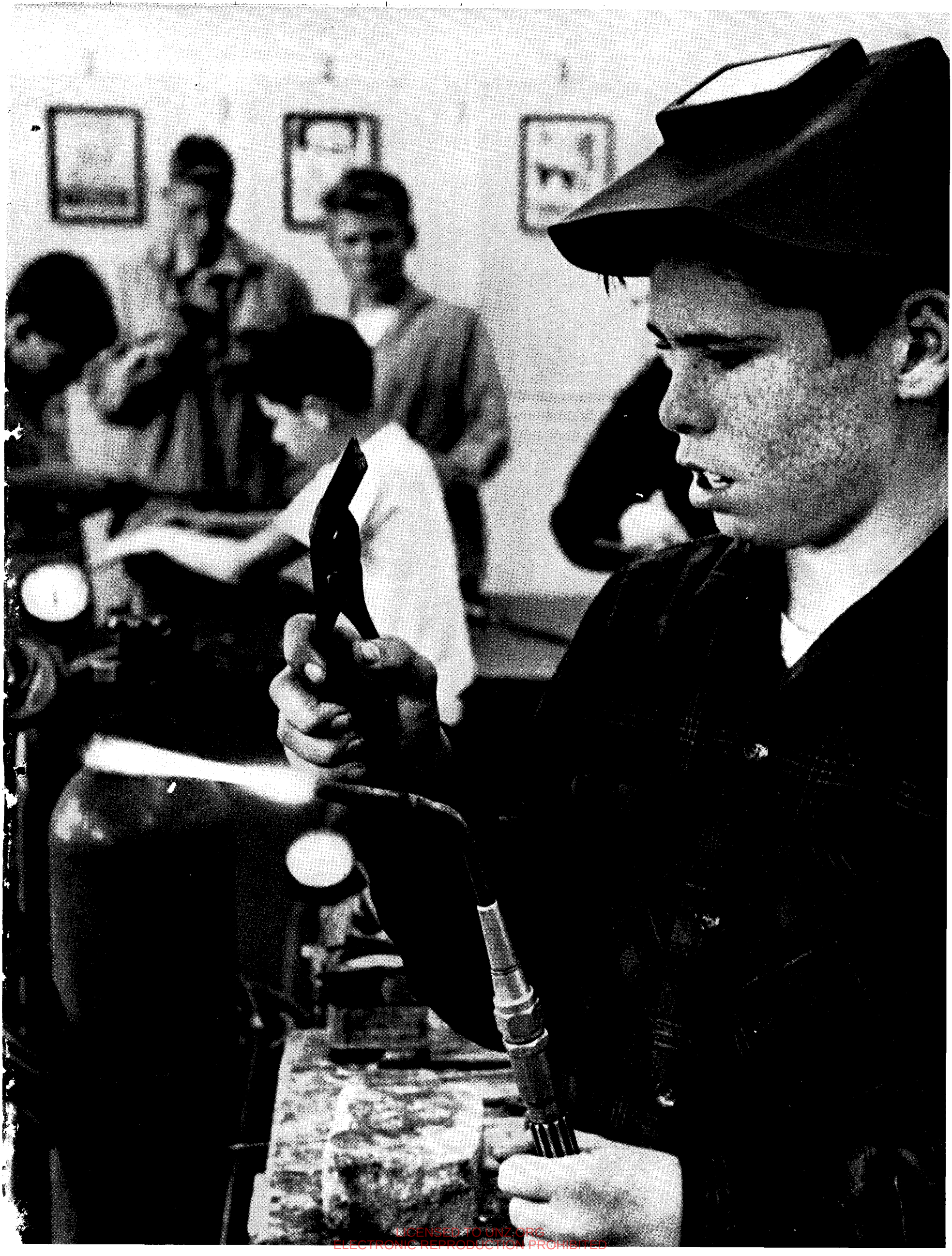

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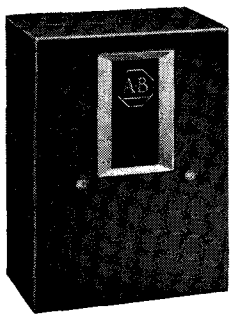

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"Often school training doesn't

One New York trade school teaches boys electrical installation work. Most jobs in this field are in construction, and in order to get them most youths have to be members of the union. But the local union doesn't credit trade-school training toward apprenticeship or accept students into the union upon graduation; so the graduates can't get into construction work.

Union restrictions place other obstacles in kids' way. For example, some of the top-flight trade schools give students first-class training in plumbing. The course takes three years. But graduates can't get a job in most places unless they join the union, and to become journeymen they have to go through apprenticeship. This takes four to five years, during which they learn all over again what they learned in trade school. Hence it takes eight years to become a plumber.

Often in the trade schools the sequence of training does not tie in with the practical world. As a result, a student who doesn't finish the full course can't get a job in the same trade at a lower level of skill. For example, New York has a school teaching auto mechanics. In the senior year, after students have mastered the most intricate repair jobs, like automatic transmissions, they learn body and paint work, which requires less skill. If body work were given in the first year, boys who can't manage the more complex work and drop out would at least have some skill they could sell. As it is, they have nothing.

A report in *The New York Times* stated that there was an immediate need for 140,000 auto mechanics to take care of the nation's 74,000,000 motor vehicles. Moreoever, if we are to maintain the present ratio of one mechanic for every eight-seven vehicles, we need 40,000 new men each year—these in addition to the 140,000 needed to make up the present deficit. Yet the nine New York City vocational schools that train mechanics graduate only 400 per year, and similar schools across the country obviously fail just as badly to meet the need.

All these shortcomings of an archaic vocational system result in the shocking fact we mentioned earlier: More than half the kids in our vocational schools drop out before graduation.

The national picture is given by Associate Superintendent of New York City Schools Morris Krugman: Of every 100 youngsters of high-school age, eighty-eight go to high school, and of these, forty-two drop out before graduation. So fifty-four out of every 100 teen-agers do not get a high-school diploma—and today this diploma is required for almost every kind of skilled job and for most apprenticeships in the trades.

Russia does much better than we in letting children from age seven on explore different trades to learn first-hand what real work is like. In their regular playtime after school they go to places called Pioneer Houses that are run by the Communist Party or by trade unions. One of the largest, in Leningrad, has a technology section which includes a shop for aircraft engines, the study of aerodynamics, gliders and model airplanes; a transportation section with shops for motors, railroads, shipbuilding and city electric transportation systems; a communications section for work in radio, telephones and telegraph equipment; an electrical-power section with five laboratories; a photography and motion-picture section with darkrooms; a machine assembly and construction section; a laboratory for house-painting techniques; a machinist, pipe-fitter and installations section; a graphics and a carpentry section. To run the place, there is a large full-time staff, most of whom are young teachers and scientists getting their graduate degrees.

But while the Russians may do better in this area than most American schools, they don't do better than all. For there are individuals and communities—and even whole school systems—that have found answers to parts of this huge, complex problem. If the best of their solutions were adopted by cities and towns everywhere, the whole problem would be on its way to solution.

Three vocational schools in New York City, for example, have a course in oil heating that shows what can be done when an industry and the schools work together. The boys are taught all about oil-heating equipment and its repair. The industry has a major share in recruiting the

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relate to the practical world."

teachers, in deciding on the curriculum and on what equipment will be used to teach the youngsters.

When the boys are graduated, they are placed as trainees with oil companies for six months; at the end of that time they are put on the job, admitted to the union and, other things being equal, are set for life. They are so well trained that most oil companies are eager to get them. This is the kind of organized, logical transition from school to work that could be arranged for the millions of youngsters if industry, unions and schools worked together. These boys waste no years in aimless floundering.

Two communities on opposite coasts have two different approaches to the problem of vocational training, both good. One is in Rockland County, New York; the other in Los Angeles.

The Rockland system is unique in the country. It is an example of what can be done when a whole community gets together under the leadership of some unusually enlightened school administrators to tackle the problem of putting youngsters on the path to useful work.

The training is handled by a separate group, the Board of Cooperative Educational Services. This board contracts with the eight school districts in the county to supply vocational training, but there is no central vocational high school. The training is given in seventeen different courses, ranging from landscaping and mechanics to hotel-and-restaurant food service. A student goes to his regular school for academic classes in the morning, then takes a bus to the school or job which gives his particular vocational training for the afternoon schedule, then buses back to his own school again for extracurricular activities. In this way the vocational work is not downgraded, and the student retains his feeling of belonging to his own high school. The youngsters are not taught with made-work, or in make-believe situations. The building-trade students build houses. One man put up $16,000 for materials, and in two years the students built for him a house that, with land, was appraised at $36,000. They have just completed an entire school and clinic for physically handicapped children.

For the course in service-station operation there is, as part of Nyack High School, a shop where anyone can take his car to be washed or repaired, provided the work offers a learning experience for the students. The course in beauty culture runs two regular beauty shops where women of the community have their hair done. At the school for the physically handicapped, the food-trade students learn quantity cooking in a kitchen as well equipped as that of any restaurant.

Thanks partly to this program, only 20 percent of Rockland County students quit high school before graduation, approximately half the national average.

The success of the program results in part from the cooperation of industry, unions and the county's leading citizens with the schools. The Cooperative Board is composed of five top-flight business and professional men. Local businessmen have joined in by giving jobs to trainees, by helping place them after graduation, by advising on new techniques or trends in their industries. Thus the courses are realistic; kids aren't trained in skills that nobody needs. Unions in that area, recognizing that the schools can help train the young people their crafts need, have helped with money, work and information and have supplied most of the teachers. The teachers average eighteen years of work as journeymen in their trades. The electricians' union has subsidized the teachers' salaries; the carpenters' union gives two prizes each year to the top students, automatically accepts graduates into its apprenticeship training program, cuts the initiation fee from $125 to $20 and gives the graduate credit for one year of apprenticeship.

Los Angeles has taken quite a different approach. It has faced the fact that today the place for teen-agers in the world of work is getting narrower and narrower. So it has decided to try to keep them in school. California has established a system of free public colleges—mostly two-year—in which the youngsters get the technical training that prepares them for jobs.

The Los Angeles program is based on the idea that every student is entitled to a balanced education, plus

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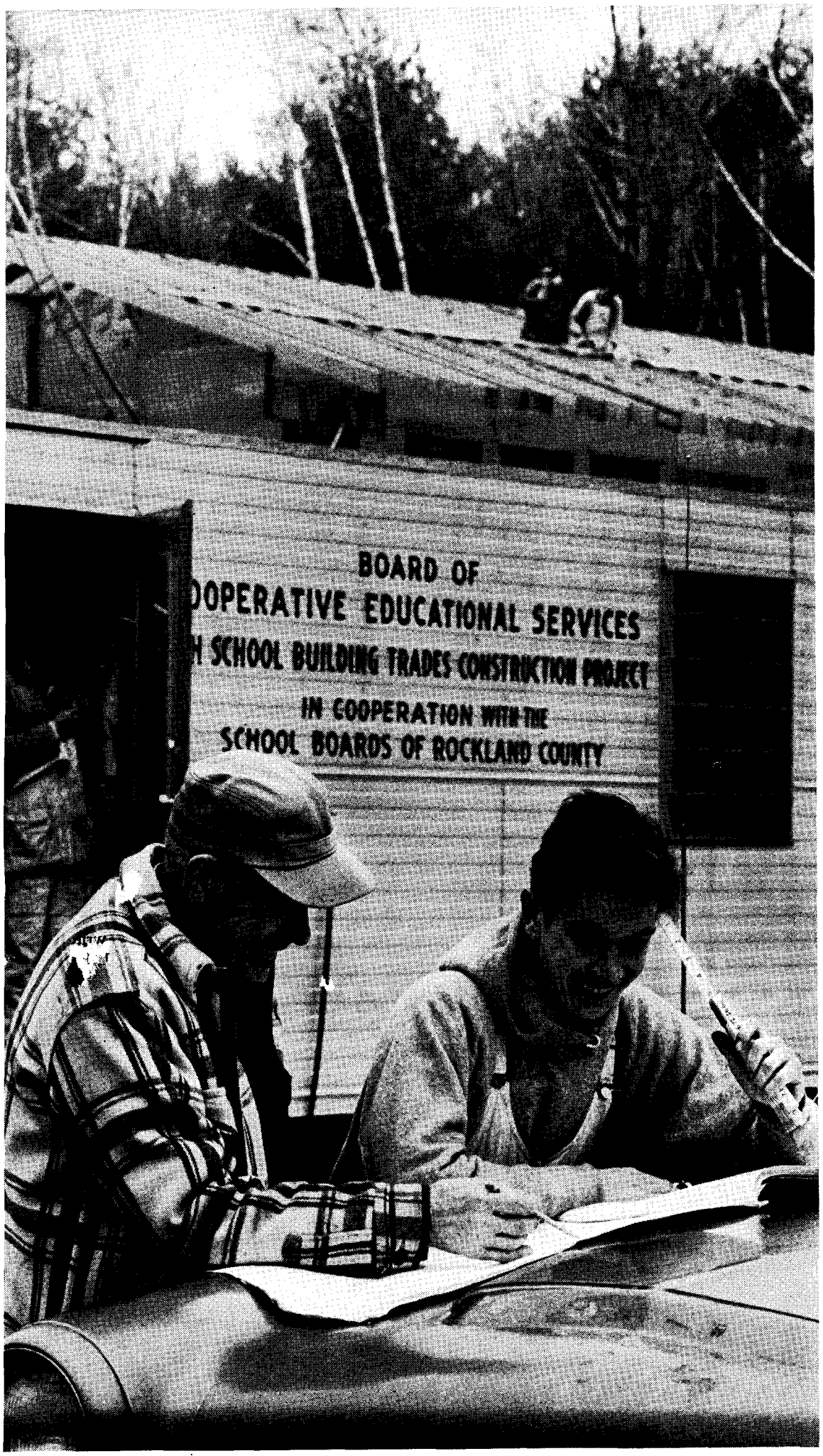
"... what a community can do to put youngsters on the path to useful work."


BOARD OF
OOPERATIVE EDUCATIONAL SERVICES
H SCHOOL BUILDING TRADES CONSTRUCTION PROJECT
IN COOPERATION WITH THE
SCHOOL BOARDS OF ROCKLAND COUNTY

This New York community's system, "unique in the nation," offers real work for its students, who recently built a school and clinic for physically handicapped children.

some introduction to a specialty. In implementing this plan the curricula of the high schools were widened to include six new "major sequences." These are planned programs which give a student the usual English, social studies, math, science and so forth, and also two or three years of practical shop work. In the high-school industrial-arts sequence, for example, this means two semesters each in three different shops or four semesters in one shop and two in a different one selected from auto mechanics, electronics, industrial crafts, industrial drafting, graphic arts, metal or wood. This sequence is for boys who want to explore different careers in industry. The five other major sequences are equally broad.

Graduates of certain of these sequences have the requirements to get into college. But school officials recognize that many youngsters are not going on to college; hence, the industrial-occupations shop courses in the last two years are advanced enough to give the students a basic groundwork in trade skills. In metal shops, for example, they build their own mechanized barbecue grills, motor scooters and patio furniture. By letting them build things that are valuable to them, Los Angeles keeps them in school until they get a diploma. On graduation some go into apprentice training, which they couldn't do without a diploma. The result of this kind of course is that these youngsters are not lost to the trades as they would be in most other cities.

One of the inconsistencies in American education is that a child must decide in the ninth grade, at thirteen or fourteen, what kind of course he's going to take: academic, vocational, general. Or have the decision made for him, which is what usually happens with the wasted million. But fourteen is too young to lay out a lifetime career, and Los Angeles has made a provision for this too. School officials believe that youngsters in the seventh, eighth and ninth grades, more than any other age group, need shops for the exploration of their interests.

In the seventh grade, boys are required to spend ten weeks in each of the different shops, and they may not go back to one until they've been in all. The shops are quite complete; in electricity, for example, boys of twelve build radios for themselves. The students installed and repaired a complete intercom system for one school. None of the work is make-believe; the kids know what they're doing is useful; they see it being used.

All these programs are designed for the normal youngsters. But what about the 20 percent who don't learn by our usual methods?

Los Angeles has special schools for them. The school administrators have learned that these youngsters are of two kinds: those who are socially maladjusted and have developed some learning block, and those who have never been reached by usual teaching methods or have background problems so severe they can probably never realize their full capacity. They first go to a special class where their trouble is diagnosed and they are given a course of training that is almost like a private tutoring school. When the difficulty is eliminated, they are sent back to the regular classes.

Students in the second group go to one of six special high schools, of which Andrew Jackson is typical. Jackson is a campus-type school with buildings grouped around a central lawn on which the students gather at lunchtime. The atmosphere is relaxed, the teaching flexible. Here the boys learn the simple trade skills: In the leather shop they learn to make and repair shoes; in agriculture, to raise and market chickens and to handle other farm tasks.

Many of these students can hardly read, write or figure. They're taught these things in relation to their shopwork. A boy in leatherwork, for example, gets practice reading the instructions on a can of shoe polish. Thus the shop teachers help the academic teachers in their job of remedying the boys' learning blocks.

A few hundred miles north of Los Angeles, in Richmond, a plan was started this year that may open a door to a whole new level—what the experts call a "track"—of high-school vocational education. The plan is an attempt to take the average boy, the Drifter who isn't going to college (described in the first article of this series), and

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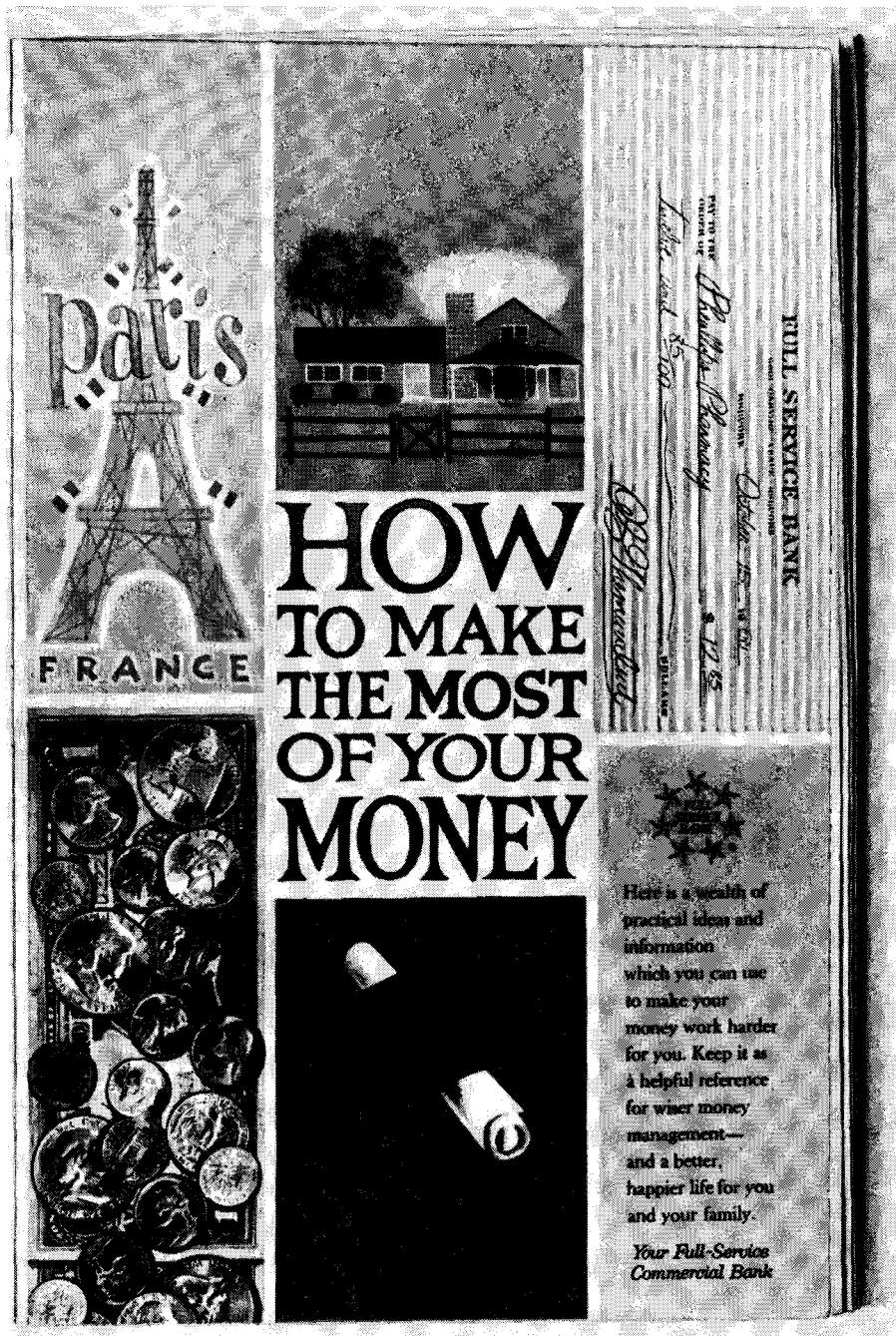
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"The students know what they're doing is useful because they see it being used."

Rockland County, N.Y.: Student mechanics, beginning a trade which has openings for 40,000 additional workers a year, tackle any job offering a chance to learn new skills.

make him into one of the highly skilled technicians that our economy needs so badly to back up every engineer.

The four-year colleges don't think it's their job to supply these technicians, said Marvin Feldman, vice president of San Francisco's Cogswell Polytechnical College, which worked out the plan. But these technicians are needed by the thousands to fit in between the engineer and the skilled craftsman—to translate the math and the theory of the former into the concrete terms the latter can handle. Last summer Feldman trained Richmond math and science teachers in exciting new methods which may persuade these average high-school students to go on to the kind of technical schools that train technicians.

These new approaches in Los Angeles and Richmond—and some imaginative innovations in other California cities—help give that state the fifth-lowest dropout rate in the country, 24 percent. But Wisconsin has the lowest of all, with only 7 percent, and one thing that helps is the remarkable school system in the city of Milwaukee.

The underlying philosophy of the whole system in that city is that a youngster must not be allowed to fail. This idea is implemented by a whole series of techniques which we have not space enough to describe here. This is especially pertinent to the problem of the wasted million because the thing that all dropouts have in common is failure in school.

There are many reasons for it: Some youngsters can't learn by words but only by touch, sight or body movement; some never learn to read; some can't understand the language or the middle-class idioms used by teachers; some have emotional problems that prevent learning. Most of them start on a pattern of failure in the early grades, are overlooked by too-busy teachers until perhaps the eighth, when they are confirmed in their failure. Still, there are imaginative, understanding people who have found ways in which to salvage the abilities of even these youngsters.

One way it can be done is demonstrated by the Washington Trade School in Detroit: The first unexpected thing about this school is that it accepts anyone as a student so long as he's fifteen or over and wants to learn. It doesn't make any difference whether he has a college degree or has flunked out of the eighth grade; if he wants to learn a skill, they'll teach him. And in the process they teach him the three R's too.

When a boy enters, he's treated like an adult; it is the most serious school we've ever seen. If a boy hasn't gone beyond second-grade arithmetic, he's given special treatment and may spend weeks on nothing but arithmetic until he catches up. All boys are taught more or less individually in small classes, and teaching is usually built around the work they're doing in the shops.

There's a deliberate split between a student's ability in the academic courses and his skill in the shop. He may be reading at the fourth-grade level but able to keep up with eleventh-graders in the machine shop; he is treated according to his ability in whichever sphere he's in. Thus the boy who knows self-contempt because he can't read will learn self-esteem because he can machine a bearing within a tolerance of three thousandths of an inch.

Most of the teachers have earned their own livings in the occupations they're teaching; most are qualified to teach both shop courses and academic work.

The school teaches metal trades at all levels, and the time a boy spends there is flexible. He stays until he achieves his level of skill. Said Ronald Fraser, the principal, "We try to make the best mechanic possible out of every boy, but always before he leaves he must have acquired some salable skill. Moreover, we won't teach a trade in which our young men can't get a job."

These are only a few of the places in the country where excellent, pioneering work is being done to save the lost million. Yet all of them together reach only a relative handful of youngsters and do not contradict the hard fact that for the nation as a whole we're still wasting our most precious resource.

Next week, in a final article, we shall deal with some of the other underlying causes of this dreary situation and point to some further remedies.

New York: At a high school of fashion industries, students design, produce and sell their own creations.

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TIMELESS IDAHO

"If those doggoned pioneers ever had taken their creaky old wagons off Highway 30," says an Idaho official, "people would think a lot more of this state now."

He could be right. Then without even a name of its own, Idaho was to overland pioneers only an expanse of long, dry and tiresome miles en route to lush Oregon farm valleys or golden California streams. Following the convoluted banks of the Snake River, the settlers pushed on west as fast as they could. Alkaline southern Idaho they left to sun-wizened Indians and a handful of fur traders insulated against the climate by hopes for profit. Northern Idaho—the mountains, the splendid canyons, prime timber and rushing streams—they did not even consider.

Nor has Idaho often been considered by the millions who followed the pioneers. They speed through on Federal Highway 30 or the Union Pacific Railroad, both of which follow closely the route of the pioneers, from Fort Hall, baking in the southeast corner of the state, to Payette and Weiser, only a quarter of the way up the western border. They fly over the state in jet airliners, crossing Idaho but never stopping there. Idaho is left, its beauties unseen and recreations untested, in the same position as the girl whose piano lessons were wasted because nobody ever asked her to play.

Geographically, Idaho is what remained after Oregon, Washington and Montana successively gained statehood and took desired bits of territory with them. The remnant is a shapeless blob: a skinny corridor south from Canada to the 48th Parallel, a northeastern boundary meandering among the remote summits of the Bitterroot Mountains, a squarish bottom, and an indecisive western boundary crossing deserts, high plains, canyons and timberland. Turn the map as you will; there's no particular pattern to Idaho.

Nor are there usable generalities for it. Idaho wants more people and doesn't want them; has been overlooked and overadvertised; needs water but can't use another drop, looks one way to one resident and entirely different to the next. Featureless and lovely, high and low, forested and treeless, abandoned and promising, this is a sparsely populated Western state with a broad outlook, a Johnny-come-lately with a rich history, a commonwealth which invites description and depletes adjectives.

Some people fall in love with Idaho, and some are driven nearly out of their quivering minds by it.

Water problems bedevil the state. Any visitor tooling across the southern valleys in summer will agree that Idaho needs water and more water. Irrigation already has transformed 2,750,000 grubby desert acres to productive potato, hay, fruit and timber lands. More water could work a corresponding transformation on additional millions of acres. More dams would help, but the problem is too severe to be solved by dams alone. In 1961 thinness of the snow pack in the mountains threatened drinking-water supplies. Subnormal precipitation for a couple of years has left key irrigation reservoirs so low that farmers in adjacent areas may expect only half a crop. Towns built by rich gold strikes have languished and died for lack of water, while other areas now flourish merely because they lie low enough to share in irrigation. Most Idaho enthusiasts today are likely to point out dams and irrigation canals first, the mysterious and shimmering mountains only as an afterthought.

But at the very moment last June when Gov. Robert E. Smylie was warning southern Idaho of still worse water shortages to come, embattled Bonners Ferry in the northernmost county once again was attempting to keep its feet and streets dry while the flooding Kootenai River made its annual spring effort to wash the whole town downstream. Bonners Ferry won this year, with a foot to spare on its elaborate dikes. But don't speak to its residents about water shortage.

The need second only to water is more people. With a population of only 662,000 in 83,557 square miles, this thirteenth-largest state has plenty of room for industrial sites (as the state takes pain to emphasize), elbow space for families who work in industries and square miles of unused agricultural land. But the population is spread so thinly that taxpayers have trouble supporting schools, highways and assorted social services. Almost always when a forest fire breaks out in the thick pine country, or when the Kootenai floods, reinforcements must be brought in—soldiers from Canada, fire-fighting Indians from the Southwest or residents of Washington and Oregon—to man the shovels and tote the sandbags. Somewhat wistfully, boosters assert to industry that workers are more contented here and work better, because they need not commute far. Generally, this is true. But just for the inevitable contrast, most of the 4300 regular employees at the National Reactor Testing Station of the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission—Idaho's largest single employer—have a considerable trip. Each day, by subsidized bus, they go the sixty-five miles each way between Idaho Falls or nearby towns and the butte-ringed reactor sites on the desert near Arco. It's a long drag on a hot day in a bus.

Dozens of Idaho towns have lost population in the last few years. Although the state as a whole has gained, the percentage of increase is below the national average and well below most of the West. Many of Idaho's most promising young people are leaving for the cities as ranching operations grow larger and more mechanized. The movement away is abetted also by depressed employment in mining and logging, and is slowed only slightly by numerous jobs now available in potato processing, fertilizer production and similar industries. Each year a few people do move to Idaho, and a handful of famous people have chosen Idaho as a second home—Bing Crosby, the late Gary Cooper and the late Ernest Hemingway. But thousands of Idahoans leave to make their fortunes elsewhere.

For all the need of people, the lack of them in some ways helps the state. Much of Idaho's charm lies in the very fact that it is nearly empty. Lakes Coeur d'Alene, Pend Oreille and a dozen others are among the most beautiful in the world, partially because they're not overrun. Idaho highways—excepting the monotonous artery, U.S. 30—are mostly two-lane, somewhat narrow, and safer for people accustomed to mountain driving than for nervous flatlanders. But with a couple of exceptions they are most attractive. They are not jammed with traffic. The towns they touch are small towns, the vistas from their summits are of unpeopled wilderness, the inns along them still not too busy to be friendly. People, littering the camp grounds, setting forest fires, dirtying the clear rivers and tossing sandwich wrappers out of car windows, won't do any of this a bit of good.

Despite the treeless vistas of southern Idaho, the state actually has 21,000,000 acres of forest land, much of it Federal property. Rich in fir, Ponderosa and white pine, larch, red cedar and hemlock, Idaho's forests account for 5 percent of the nation's marketable timber. Forest industries employ approximately 12,000 persons; employment, however, is held down by mechanization, market fluctuations and recurrent strikes.

Lead, silver and zinc still provide the bulk of the $67,000,000 annual mining income; but phosphate rock, used chiefly in fertilizers, is the only mineral to show recent and substantial increases in production. Rich though the state is in such exotics as cobalt, beryllium, perlite, garnet and antimony, few of these contribute much to the economy. Neither does gold, the historic magnet. Although a gold rush in the Clearwater and Lewiston areas was responsible for the state's original settlement (the rush drew back eastward in 1860 many of the prospectors who had failed to get rich in California), the metal is now unimportant to Idaho. In eight years during the 1880's it brought $50,000,000 to northern Idaho; in 1959 it contributed only a third of a million and last year less than a sixth.

Beside Federal Highway 10, which winds from Montana to Washington along a mountainous route, Idaho's best-known mines still are evident: the Sunshine, now driving a new shaft 1720 feet below sea level; the Lucky Friday; the Vulcan-Galena; the Bunker Hill, largest in the state; the Page; and the Star. But these primarily are copper, lead and silver mines, more noted for their respectable production records and for repeated labor turbulence than for color and legend. The visitor who knows where to

Jack R. Simplot, one of Idaho's leading industrialists, on the sun-gilded Salmon River. The state is "a fisherman's paradise of rich streams and outsized trout."

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How this wildly beautiful state preserves a slow-paced, independent way of life.

By WILLIAM L. WORDEN

In the Craters of the Moon, grotesque outcroppings from another age stand in an 80-square-mile lava field which has been designated a national monument.

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meanwhile, back in the crankcase...

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"Economically, this is a state in waiting."

IDAHO look still may locate in Wallace, Mullan and other mining towns a few uncommunicative but adept gentlemen dealing out the cards in back rooms and wearing diamonds to prove that they do it well. But no pokes of gold drop on the tables beside the silver dollars. Over the mining towns lies an aura of sadness; there may be profit in digging up phosphate rock for fertilizer, but, compared with gold mining, it isn't much fun.

One small sheet-metal shop in southern Idaho is interested in gold, however. It manufactures a curious underwater vacuum cleaner with which skin divers expect to suck up free gold from between the rocks on the bottoms of Idaho rivers. And maybe they will.

An appraisal of a state must be somewhat like the memory of a woman: Minutiae are far more important than definitive facts. She walked in a certain manner; she let the dinner burn to listen to a birdsong. What matter whether her arithmetic was right or her geography reliable? So with Idaho—as indeed with any place which is to be wishfully remembered—the size of the wheat crop matters less than that there is a filling station beside a curving highway, and that at the station a casual soul recently pumped gasoline for a living but spent his spare time composing a book of fantasy about a philosophic whale. (Rather a good manuscript, too, although I doubt it found a publisher.) The nuclear reactors near Arco are important, but for interest, they can't compete with an ancient, angry buck beaver I saw making his improbable way through the bone-dry volcanic ash of the Craters of the Moon National Monument, also near Arco. Ousted by some young whippersnapper more attractive to lady beavers, he was intent on getting to a new home in another stream a few thousand yards away.

It all is part of Idaho. To be sure, this is no backwoods state. A Boise newspaper nonchalantly reports a supper dance complete with an ice carving as a table feature. At the great resort of Sun Valley the famous and lookers-at-the-famous can get any drink in the bartenders' manual at any one of a number of fashionable inns. I remember another bar, elsewhere in the state, whose proprietor had received complaints about the quality of his martinis. So he devoted an entire evening to improving his technique, with two bemused and delighted customers as nonpaying guinea pigs. Frankly, I thought he improved as the evening progressed, but perhaps he himself was disappointed. At any rate, he didn't come back to work for three days.

Of course, important things happen here. Improvement in potato processing has created an entire new industry devoted to precooking and packaging potatoes—potatoes French-fried and frozen, potatoes chipped and frozen, potatoes reduced to an unrecognizable state by dehydrating. However repugnant all this may be to a stubborn reactionary who likes his Idahos baked in their own hides, it is profitable, job-creating and comforting to a state too long dependent on cyclical forest and mineral industries. But this noisy business fails to quicken the pulse as does the sight of a thousand sheep champing their way alongside the main highway at Hailey while herder's dogs and a horse-drawn wagon trail behind. Not all the old ways are lost.

For the record, nearly 1,500,000 sheep still find their grass in Idaho, and shorn wool production approaches 11,000,000 pounds a year. On the rich meadowlands of the Palouse country, in remote Sawtooth valleys and elsewhere, graze more than a million cattle, the state's biggest source of farm income—$192,000,000 last year.

Inez Robb, the columnist, is an ex-Idahoan. (So is journalist Ernest K. Lindley; the late, great Walter Johnson, prototype for famous baseball pitchers; actresses Phyllis Booth and Marjorie Reynolds; commentator J. K. M. McCaffery and industrialist Donald Kirk David, now with the Ford Foundation.) Periodically Miss Robb writes of her Idaho as a land of continuous jam sandwiches and village pleasures. That's the way she sees it. To another it may be, in capsule, a pair of Appaloosa horses, sure-footed and extravagantly spotted, on a nearly vertical meadow along the lower canyon of the Salmon River—not economically important but splendid.

The fertilizer factories and vital river dams may be viewed or ignored, as one chooses; but nobody is likely to forget a certain old man who makes jewelry from sagebrush—or the "village" of Jesus Urguides, hiding behind some of the finer homes in Boise. The village is a square of shanties, built originally to shelter immigrant Basques, brought to the United States to replace the vanishing native-born shepherds. Few Boise residents know that the village, now used by Spanish transients, exists.

Idaho's affection for the late William E. Borah helps illustrate its character. His constituents so admired his ultraconservative, isolationist outlook that they returned him repeatedly to the United States Senate, even though he seldom came home to mend a political fence or consider a local problem. The same state not too much later elected to the same position a guitar player and singer, Glen Taylor, notable mainly for ultraliberal views and as a vice-presidential candidate with Henry Wallace's short-lived Progressive Party in 1948. Idahoans named a 12,000-foot mountain after Borah, plus schools and streets. Taylor, defeated in a subsequent election and now living in California, is seldom remembered at all.

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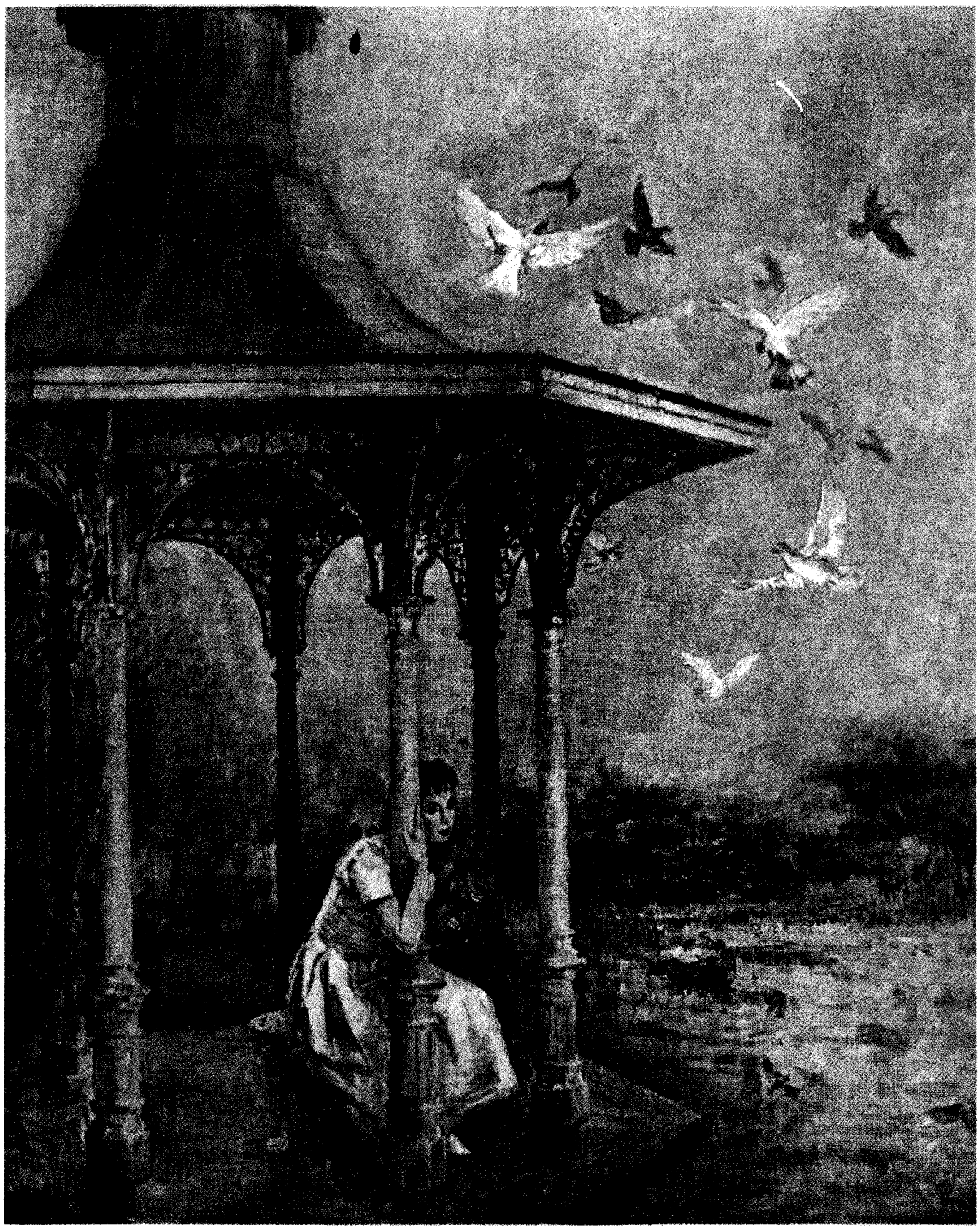

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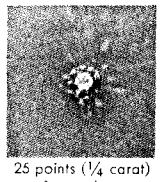
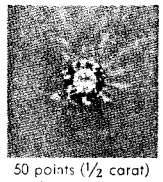
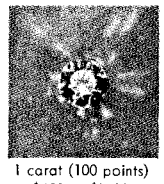


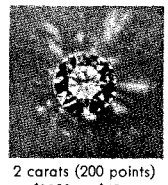
25 points (1/4 carat)
$65 to $320



50 points (1/2 carat)
$160 to $500



1 carat (100 points)
$455 to $1500



2 carats (200 points)
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"A place of progress where butterflies dry their wings on a mountain road."

IDAHO Nor, sadly, is Chief Joseph, who used Appaloosa ponies and a handful of warriors to stand off a large United States Army force for months while he tried desperately to take his Nez Percé women and children away from the threat of reservation life to freedom in Canada in 1879. Military students still study the tactics he devised.

A brand-new highway, cutting through a primitive area east of Kooskia, follows the Lolo Trail on which Chief Joseph and his people whipped back and forth across the Bitterroot Range to confound the army. Passable but still to be finished, this highway will provide a new artery from Montana to the Columbia River valley. Perhaps somewhere along it some memorial to Joseph's feat eventually will be erected. It might even be as stirring as a monument now on the North Idaho Indian Agency headquarters near the village of Lapwai. Erected to Dr. Archie Phinney, an Indian and superintendent of the agency at his death, the memorial is inscribed with Phinney's own words:

> While the Indian people are drifting toward the complete loss of racial and cultural identity . . . my biggest achievement, I think, has been to preserve my Indian personality and integrity, having both meaning and élan in modern life. To have Indian blood in one's veins is of little moment when one does not know and feel the traditional Indian life, its language, ideology, folklore, etc.

Idaho has thousands of surviving Indians—Bannacks and Shoshoni, Nez Percé and Pend d'Oreille, Lemhis, Sheepeaters and Blackfeet—and they help shape its character. So do its 8000 Basques, the largest Basque group outside the Pyrenees, with their heritage of pride and their curious sports, such as throwing heavy rocks as far as they can.

Idaho is a place of progress—with butterflies drying their wings in the dust of a mountain road; a country with Mormons carefully farming and storing their individual supplies of food as the church directs, and of logs plunging down the Clearwater River in one of the nation's last regular log drives, photogenic and wasteful. To some people Idaho must be the garnet-flecked sands of Payette Lake, and to others it is best typified by a lovely Boise city park, donated *in toto* by Harry Morrison, whose world-wide construction company, Morrison-Knudsen, stubbornly maintains headquarters in Idaho although only a minute fraction of its heavy construction work is done there. Morrison started contracting on a Boise irrigation canal in 1906 with little more equipment than a team of horses and a Fresno earth-moving slip; he's never seen any good reason for moving.

For hunters Idaho is a land of deer, bear and the rare bighorn sheep still to be shot in the wild canyon of the Salmon River. For fishermen it's a paradise of rich streams, the haunt of the implausible Snake River sturgeon hauling his seven-foot length through waters barely deep enough to cover him; the home of outsized Kamloops trout in Lake Pend Oreille. Boatmen remember the white water of the Salmon, horsemen the pine-scented mountain trails.

But to others, it's different still. From lonely Mountain Home airbase, sun-seared or frigid according to season but seldom really comfortable, jet bombers and tankers of the U.S. Strategic Air Command take off and land monotonously, while the families of the fliers fervently curse the unpalatable water, the isolation and the weather. Along the baking roads from Nevada and Oregon, the migrant families—fruit pickers and sheep-shearers, potato sackers, beet thinners—move in their ancient sedans bulging with children; they see Idaho as just one more pause on an endless road.

All this is Idaho.

So are the shipments of ladybugs, brought in and loosed by seed-crop growers to war on aphids, mites and worms without destroying pollinators, as insecticides often do. So is the pleased Glenns Ferry rancher who found an ample supply of water, nearly boiling hot, when he drilled a well to 1400 feet. It will do just fine for irrigating crops, he believes, after he has cooled it off in ponds. So is the sheriff of Owyhee County, in the southwestern corner of the state, who admits that there are portions of his county he has never seen. He says, "I don't think anybody else has ever been there, either. Not even ranchers on horses." But where he has been, traveling by horseback, plane or four-wheel-drive truck, his biggest problem is cattle rustlers who butcher steers on the lonesome range and ride off in trucks with the meat. It isn't quite the Old West in Owyhee, but it's close.

Almost alone among Western states, Idaho still has not interested large industries. Nor has it garnered what it considers its fair share of the tourist's lovely dollar. The state often feels cheated when Federal funds are distributed or permanent defense bases established. Economically, this is a state in waiting. Perhaps lumber and plywood prices will get better; perhaps someday the price of gold will rise and make mining it worth while once more; perhaps more needs for cobalt may develop; perhaps cattle values may increase. Industries and individuals eventually may realize what a nice place it is. Perhaps the state somehow can induce tourists to stay longer than three days—the present average—and to get off that unfortunate Highway 30, which goes straight through the state and misleads all the way.

I first saw Idaho more than a quarter of a century ago, and the principal thing I remembered when I went away was that a frying highway had dipped suddenly into a tree-shaded town. At its edge, a pretty girl sold cold drinks and boxes of ripe cherries from a roadside stand. The shade was cool, the fruit was delicious, and the girl had a certain way of turning her head when she smiled. Since then I've watched forest fires in Idaho and have been fascinated as game protectors shoved cantankerous beavers in parachutes out of airplanes in order to colonize forest lakes and streams. Log drives on swirling rivers, floods, ski slopes and talks with Basque sheepherders have drawn me back.

This year I went once more, through the back country and up the newest highway, across the passes and into a dozen towns, looking and listening. Bear and moose still were there, bluebirds and wild orchids in the mountains, dancing streams, high miles of wheatland, flat sagebrush plains. In Salmon an Episcopal clergyman, the Rev. M. S. Sheldon, said, "This still is a mission and I ride a circuit, about forty miles one way and thirty the other. But it's a wonderful country, and the church is growing. We're within $2000 a year of being self-supporting now."

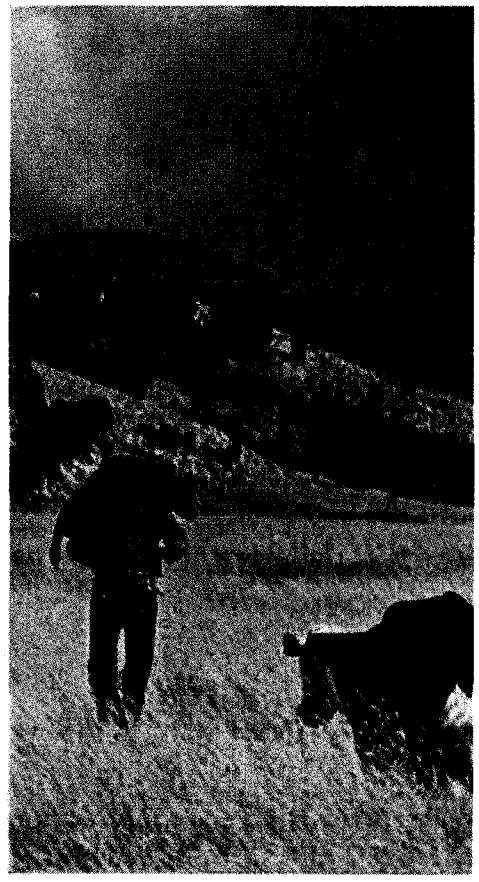
In Arco a salesman said, "Oh, things are changing fast. A few years ago this was just a little place; one morning I got bitten by a muskrat, right on the main street. But there are three or four thousand people here now."

An official said, "We'd like to tell visitors more about the country away from Highway 30, but we have to be careful. Most of the motels are on that route, and they all have owners who vote."

Governor Smylie, who once practiced law in Washington, D.C., said, "I kept track of how much time I spent moving the body from one place to another and concluded that I had about forty years left to live and did not want to spend ten of them in taxicabs. That was the weekend I decided to come home to Idaho."

At the end of this year's trip, as before, I took away certain impressions: a marmot, whistling and diving into a burrow on a mountainside; endless serrated peaks of the Sawtooths; Morrison, the builder of great dams, working at his desk in his shirt sleeves and less difficult to meet than a corner grocer; Indians playing baseball at Lapwai; countrymen and officials never too busy to stop and talk about their own land. The typical Idahoan, if he exists, appears to me to be a tall man, much too smart to be in a hurry.

If there was a pretty girl selling cool fruit beside a highway, I failed to notice her. But that does not indicate that anything about the state of Idaho has changed too much during a quarter of a century. Only, sadly, that I have. THE END



Stanley Basin: In an ageless tableau, cattleman Sherman Furey returns a lost calf to the corral.

Photographs by Joern Gerdts

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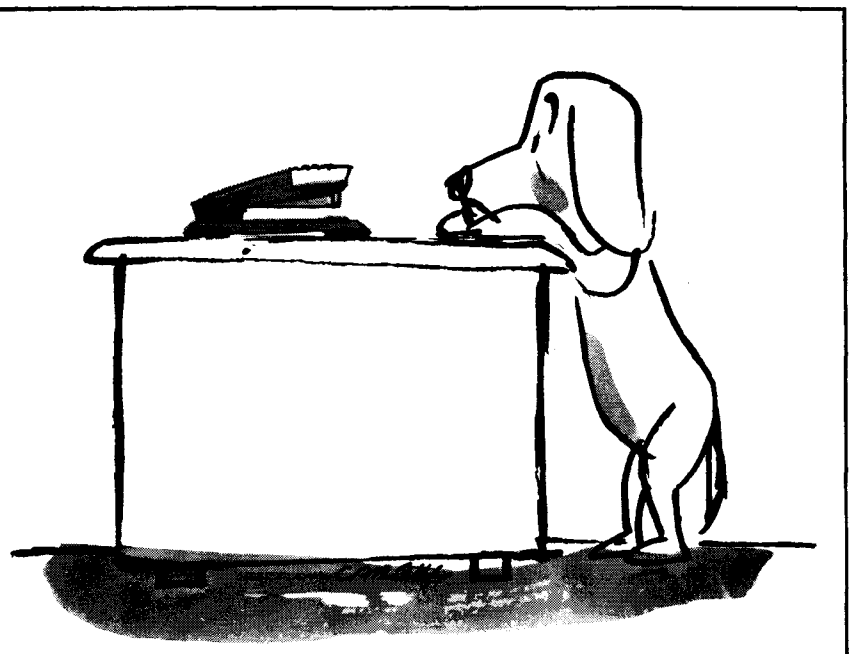

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continued from page 35

money out of it. More likely, most of them don't know they're being manipulated. And those who do know are afraid. Afraid of their own officials. Of men like Paul Pinkley, their district attorney."

"Let's back up a bit. Who put you onto this?"

McCardell seemed a little reluctant. "Two of San Francisco's biggest corporations tried to establish branch outlets there. They never had a chance. Every way they turned they ran into a machine working against them as unobtrusively as that electric clock on the mantel keeps its time. Finally they went to the district attorney. He wasn't even civil with them." McCardell saw Halliday's change of expression. "These are smart, tough outfits, Halliday. They fight their own business battles. They know better than to come to me unless they've got a legitimate complaint. And they do have."

"Proof?"

"You'll see the file if you take the case. But for a persuader meantime, let me tell you what happened to Hoskins, the fellow who brought you here."

Halliday nodded, sensing a buildup of wrath in McCardell.

"I sent him up there to smell around. With a good cover as a direct-mail advertising salesman, which he once was. They toyed with him for a few days. Then the Mara police framed him. An old setup: molesting a woman in a theater. He had to reveal his identity to escape jail. That was all they wanted, of course."

"The woman?"

McCardell shook his head. "A local woman. No record. No chance to sweat her for the truth."

As McCardell went on, the wrath in him broke through. His voice held the venom of a man determined to settle a score. "I called the D.A., Pinkley, and ordered him to investigate the frame-up. He wasn't even civil with *me!* Had the gall to suggest I check deeper into the morals of my investigators before I hire 'em."

"I've got the same gall," said Halliday. "How can you be certain Hoskins isn't one of the kind with compulsively straying hands?"

A snorting sound came out of McCardell. "He has a wife and four daughters. To him this assignment was a vacation from women. And I can't blame him too much for what happened, Halliday. I shouldn't have sent him. This thing is way over his head."

"So," said Halliday, "they'll be waiting for your next man."

"True, unfortunately."

Halliday smiled. A grin, rather, and one that held no friendliness. "It seems," he said, "that we can't leave my reputation out of this after all. You hope they'll not suspect you of sending a lawyer who, as you unfortunately suggested, works the wrong side of the street."

"A reasonable hope," said McCardell mildly.

"Agreed," said Halliday. "Let's settle something. If these two corporations are as big as you say, they have batteries of expensive lawyers. I won't fight their fights and earn their fees for them."

"I'm not asking that."

"But you are." Halliday gave him a cool stare. "Your complainants allege a restraint-of-trade conspiracy to keep them out of the valley. They want evidence to take to court."

McCardell engaged in another prolonged study of his paired thumbs while his mouth took on the shape of his candid smile. "From where you sit, you're right. If you take the job, I'll not ask you to work on either complaint."

"All right. I'm your man. First off, I'll take no parole. That would give you and Sam Solcey a club over me. It's got to be a commutation to time served."

"No problem there."

"And I won't take a formal appointment from you, or go on your undercover payroll. I operate entirely in my own way, on my own time, whether it takes six or sixty days."

McCardell was startled. "That I can't see. Why?"

"Two reasons. I want to be able to walk away from this if I like what I find in the valley. And I might—you sound a little too sore at that D.A. The second reason is personal."

"I can't go that far," said McCardell firmly.

"All right. We forget it."

McCardell stood up. His voice was tight. "I still don't know what's eating you, Halliday. You get a good thing, you have to foul it by pushing too hard."

Only one American in every two knows how to drive a car well— and she usually sits in the back seat.

Herbert V. Prochnow

Halliday rose too. He knew he had the game won. "You tried a grifter's pitch on me," he said without rancor. "You deserved pushing, and you know it."

The older man opened his mouth, then closed it and made a curt, upward gesture with an arm. "Enough of that. If you went up to that valley, how would you go about it?"

"I'd go for the jugular—the guiding intelligence behind the conspiracy."

"Good. We've made a deal. But don't think you're going up against a bumpkin. That man, whoever he is, has detached the Mara Valley from the state of California in all except the strict legal sense."

"You got a name for him?"

McCardell shook his head slowly. "Could be the D.A., Pinkley. The corporation people—a supermarket chain and a bank, by the way—think it's a lawyer named George Spencer, chairman of the county planning commission. Hoskins won't even guess, but says an old man they call Tom Able Trock once wielded a lot of power. Take your pick."

"All right. When do I go free?"

"Tomorrow. And Halliday"—McCardell's tone hardened—"you've made it easy for me to disown you."

"Fair enough," said Halliday. "And if I break up the conspiracy, your bank and supermarket chains get their branch outlets, don't they? Then who gets the credit?"

"We share it."

"No we don't. You get the credit. I get a fee out of your crybaby corporations—a big fee. You tell 'em so."

Halliday took the Redwood Highway north out of San Francisco. Soon after crossing the Golden Gate Bridge he swung off on a road to his right that led him to San Quentin Point and the great

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EDEN prison squatting there beside the bay. He drew from guards and clerks the nods due a familiar visitor; he also drew small smiles that told him they knew where he had just spent thirty days of his life.

As he expected, this was also uppermost in the mind of Carl Makin. The little man hurried into the visitors' room, crabbed into his seat and peered up with an eagerness Halliday had never before seen in him.

"Ninety days you get," he said. "Ninety days and you're out in thirty. You made yourself a deal, huh, counsel? What kinda deal you make?"

"A clean deal, Carl. How are you?"

"How am I? How's any man in here that don't get no mail and no visitors either when his lawyer makes the bucket? Don't ask, counsel."

"I should have written. I'm sorry."

"O.K., O.K." Makin tried to mask his eagerness and could not. "What's a clean deal? It's knowin' the right guy, ain't it?"

"No, Carl. Nothing like that."

"So O.K. It's nothing like that. The thing is, you found a way to spring yourself. You c'n spring somebody else too."

"Things just aren't that way, Carl."

Makin stared in disbelief, an expression that gradually gave way to defeat. Halliday waited and talked quietly, as he had done so many times before. When presently Makin stirred, a sour grin shaped his mouth. "Anyhow you learnt somethin'," he said. "You got a taste of how it is bein' inside."

It came to Halliday that Makin was obscurely pleased that his lawyer had gone to jail. Carl Makin was not a criminal. He was a poor devil who simply survived, but always as a loser. He was a big loser now, serving time for another man's crime.

"I got a taste," agreed Halliday. "Let's not talk about me, Carl."

"O.K., O.K." Makin turned to the passive sullenness that was one of the few weapons left to his kind. "You get ninety days and do thirty. I get seven years, and I gotta do 'em all. I can't make these last two, and I ain't gonna try. I'm through pilin' up good time. I'm gonna cut loose and let 'em know an innocent man's got a right to fight back. . . ."

Halliday's mind closed out the words as Makin rambled on with threats. A change in his tone brought Halliday's attention back. "What did you say, Carl?"

"I said I saw her picture in one of the San Francisco papers the other day. Lookin' down that snotty nose of hers. Runnin' a benefit for some hospital."

"Mrs. Stillman?"

"Who else, counsel? Who else's lies put me here?"

"She didn't lie," said Halliday patiently. "She was mistaken. But she can never be blamed enough for making her cook identify you too. That second eyewitness identification was what convicted you, Carl."

"Yeah, yeah. That bony slut of a cook. She lies, and then she ups and dies on me. You shoulda got to her, counsel."

"I tried." Emotion thickened Halliday's voice. "I tried as hard as I knew how. Somewhere I missed something."

"It's O.K., counsel. You know that." Makin was studying him covertly. "Listen, counsel. You're big stuff now. Plenty guys here in Q ask me about you." He paused, then lowered his voice. "A man like you that's big stuff and knows people in the right places—hell, they expect you to ask favors of 'em, and I mean more favors than just savin' you a little county-jail time. They wouldn't think nothin' of stretchin' a point for a guy like me, if you asked it."

Halliday stood up. He knew—and dreaded the thought—that Makin would keep pressing the point every visiting day for months to come. It was Halliday's purpose, if he succeeded in restoring the Mara Valley to the state of California, to ask that the state of California surrender to him this least of its prisoners. Not a covert deal, but an open parole to Halliday's custody.

"I'm sorry, Carl. It's out of the question. I'm going now. I'll leave some money for you."

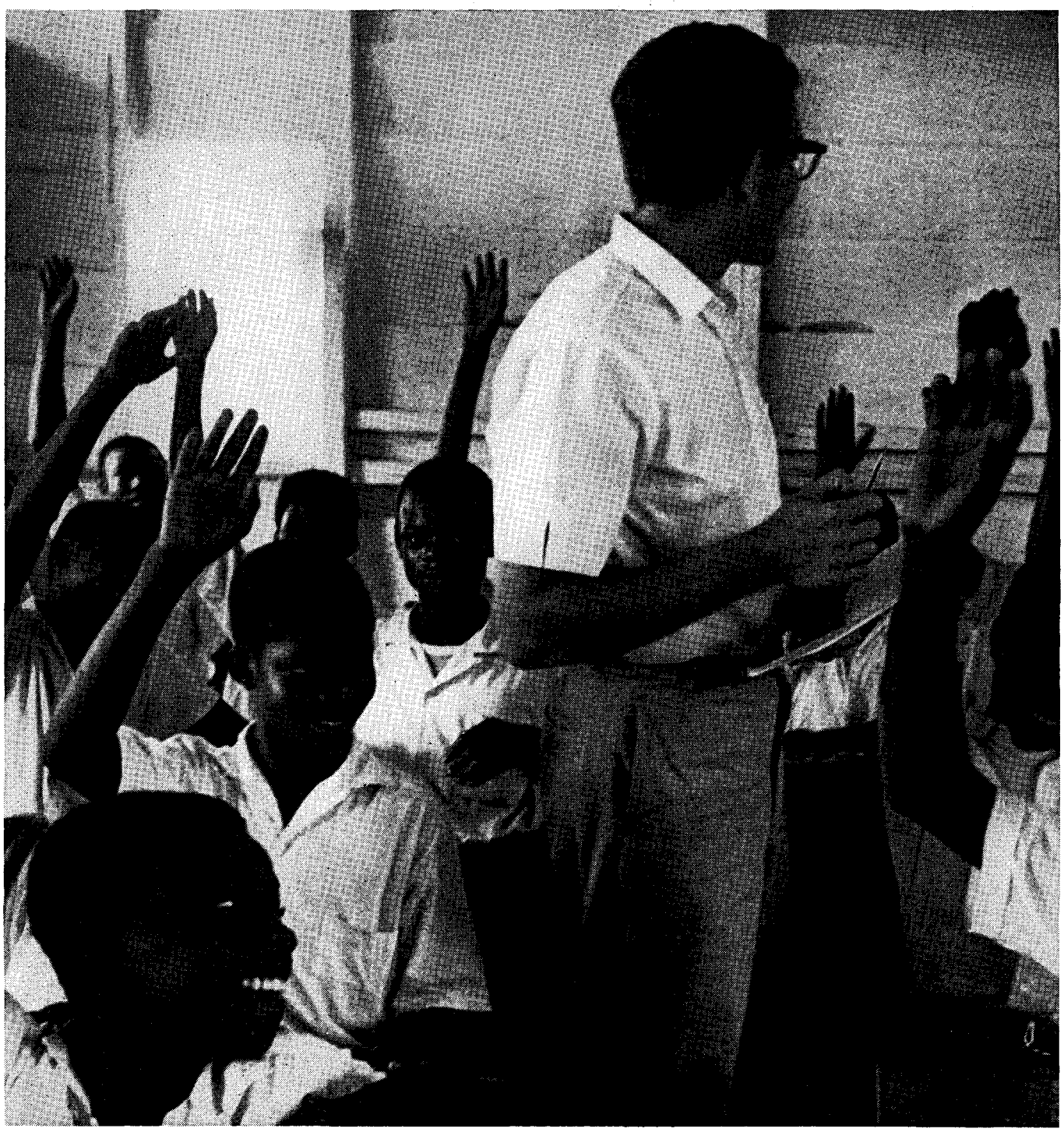
Makin slowly got up, again encapsuled in his shell of hopelessness. "See you next visitin' day, I guess?"

"I'll be here."

Out again in the warm March sun, he got into his car, returned to the highway and headed north. Two hours later he skirted the county-seat town of Mara at the broad mouth of the Mara Valley.

He kept going on the winding, two-lane highway that served, his map told him, as the only road traversing the full length of the valley. Twenty-five miles north of Mara the dark ridges that bounded the valley began to pinch in, and the road began to twist and climb. This was the valley's northern limit. Halliday explored some side roads, turned around and drove back at a more leisurely pace.

He had wanted simply to get the look and feel of the valley before setting about his task. The Mara River tumbled out of



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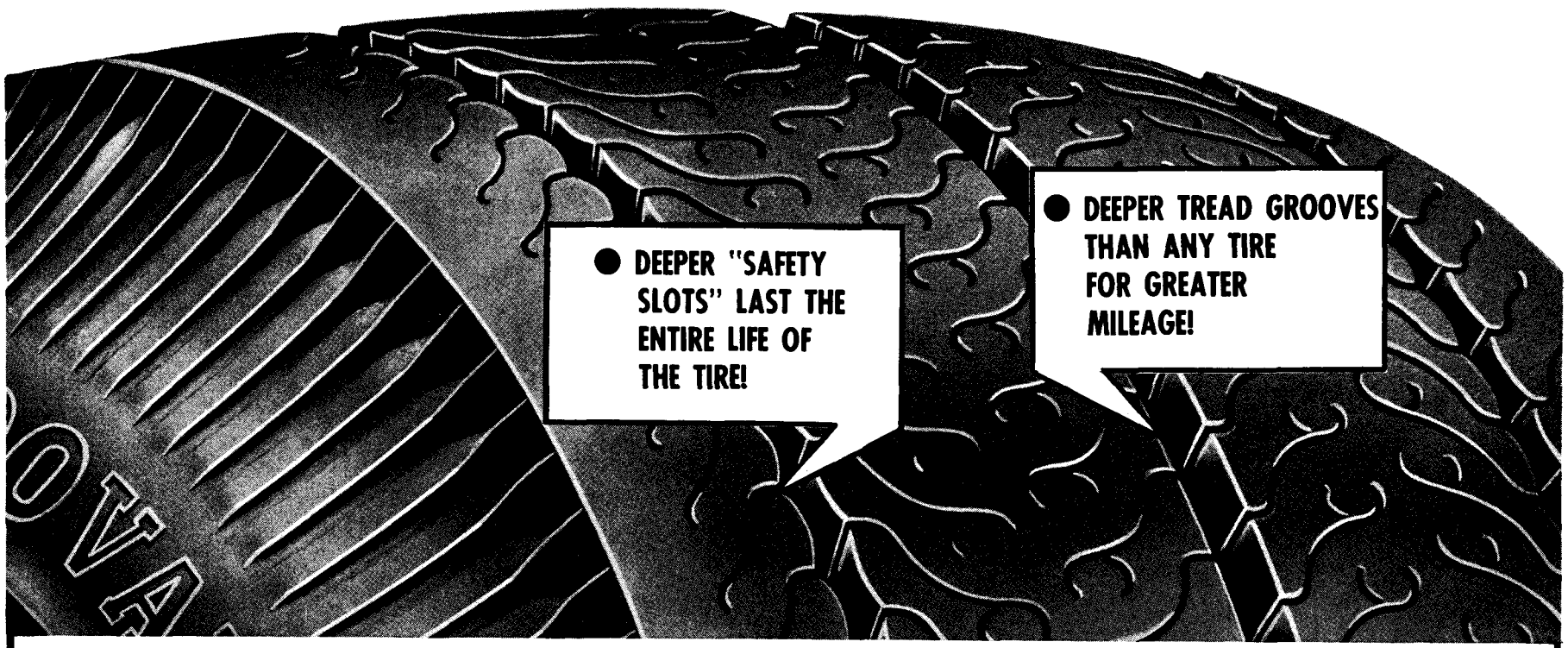

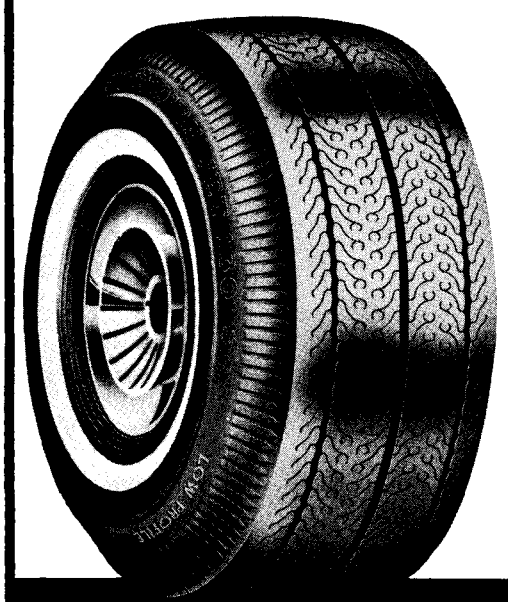

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NATION-WIDE ROAD HAZARD GUARANTEE

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EDEN the Trinity Alps and ran, clear and sweet, down the east side of the valley floor. And on this valley floor man had made his contribution. Halliday drove past miles of orchards aglow with pink and white blossoms; past miles of vineyards, the vines hard-trimmed and still dormant; past whitewashed fences and poplar-lined private roads and big, handsome homes set in clumps of eucalyptus; through small towns that were clean and green and serenely restful. Truly, if somebody had taken this valley away from the state of California, as John McCardell claimed, that somebody had snatched a rare jewel.

Halliday cut to a loafing speed at the northern edge of Mara town, puzzled by he knew not what. Then he got it. The approach to every other small city in California was heralded by billboards and scurvy drive-ins and third-rate motels. Not Mara. One moment he was in orchards; the next he was in town—a tree-shaded, compact little city with a surprising number of apartment buildings on its rim.

He sought out the newspaper office. There a moon-faced man's manner remained friendly after he examined Halliday's card, but his eyes sharpened. He heard Halliday out, shaking his head occasionally and after a time with finality.

"You'd waste your money advertising," he said. "Places like that aren't allowed in the valley. But just to satisfy yourself, you ought to inquire at Trock's."

"What is Trock's?"

"The Trock companies. Trock Realty, you'll want. In Trock Tower. Down the street on your right." He added with innocent conceit, "Mara's new skyscraper. Twelve stories. You must have noticed it."

Here too Halliday made a point of showing his card; here too he got shakes of the head. He made one more stop, at the county clerk's office to pick up a copy of the Mara County master zoning ordinance. Then he drove back to San Francisco.

That night he read the ordinance and was astonished. He read it again, held by the excitement of discovery he had felt in the valley. It explained much that he had seen that day; it also created for him a compelling mystery that had to be penetrated.

Something else had happened too. Strictly as an exploratory tactic, he had set out to inquire about valley property. Now he knew he had to find and buy a place on that western ridge. He had fallen in love with the valley of his birth.

The following Friday he got an early start and reached Mara before ten. He registered at the Mara Valley Inn, an elderly but comfortable place on the edge of downtown, and left his bag. Then he drove again up the sun-soaked valley that so delighted him.

It was late afternoon when he got back to Mara and made his way to Trock Tower. The woman remembered him; she seemed surprised at his return. When he began to speak, she shook her head, smiling, and turned from him; in a few moments she was back, a man behind her.

She addressed the man rather than Halliday. "This is Mr. Halliday, Mr. Trock," she said. "I told him last week that the zoning law doesn't permit weekend places in the valley. He didn't seem to understand."

Hoskins's vague report in the attorney general's file mentioned two Trocks, father and son. This had to be Hugh Trock, the son, a man of perhaps thirty-five with a bland, tanned face and an athlete's gliding stride. Halliday was aware of Trock's quick scrutiny. It was an assured glance; underneath it lay either indifference or arrogance, Halliday could not tell which.

"It's quite simple, Mr. Halliday," said Trock. His voice was brusquely hurried. "The zoning law reserves all lands outside of the incorporated towns strictly for agricultural and related uses. Weekend places and summer homes are classed as residential zoning, and therefore barred. Sorry we can't help you."

"I'm afraid," said Halliday, "there's been a misunderstanding. I don't want to buy a weekend place. I want a place that I would physically occupy only on weekends."

"Same thing."

"Not at all. I want acreage too. Enough that I can raise a crop. So naturally I want agricultural zoning—in fact, would insist upon it."

He had Trock's full attention now. "What kind of crop?"

"Christmas trees."

"Christmas trees!" Trock gave a short laugh. His voice turned curt. "Halliday, I know who you are. I've tried to be courteous with you. Now let me tell you something for your own good. Keep your smart legal subterfuges out of Mara Valley."

Halliday was aware of movement in his right corner vision. Thirty feet away, a man sat at a window overlooking the street. Halliday saw a shock of white hair and a still face of striking benignity.

"No subterfuge, Mr. Trock," said Halliday. "Timbering is defined as an agricultural pursuit by the state code, which

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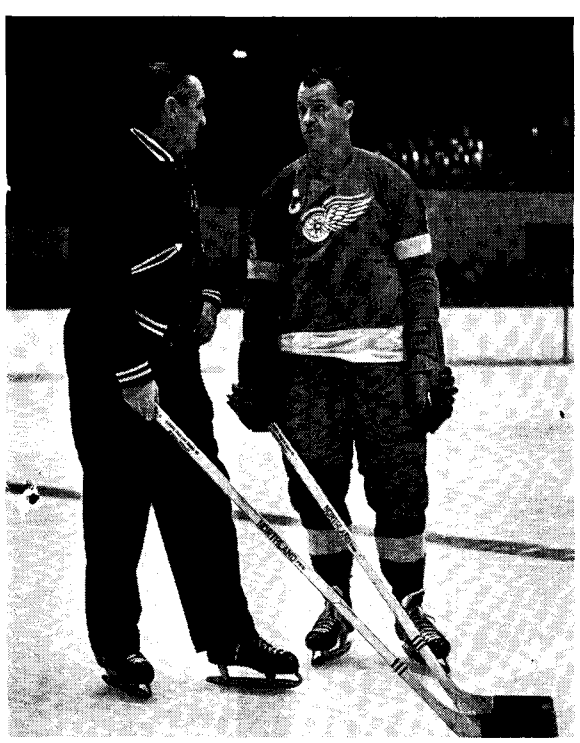
Why Sid Abel's Detroit Red Wings drink tea, the hot refresher



"Tea jugs, a heating rod and quart-size tea bags are standard equipment with the *Red Wings* when we hit the road," says Abel, shown at left with Gordie Howe. "No matter where we're playing, we have ourselves a cup or two of hot tea before the game, and tea's always the first thing on the list between periods."

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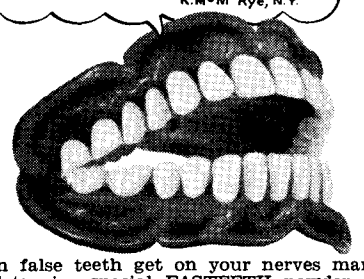

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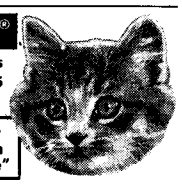

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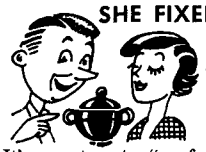

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EDEN of course supersedes the county zoning ordinance. California law also makes trees a crop, whether cut at maturity or as Christmas trees."

Halliday saw uncertainty flash across the bland eyes, then complete confidence flow back; yes, there was arrogance in this man. Trock snapped, "It doesn't matter. There's no land on the market. And there'll be none."

"Then," said Halliday, "I'll have to try another way."

He lifted his gaze briefly to meet that of the white-haired man and walked out.

Halliday was a block away from Trock Tower when a powerful Italian sports car caught his eye, and he recognized the trim blonde behind the wheel as Anita Stillman. He stopped, then rapidly retraced his steps when he saw her park and enter Trock Tower. He found her standing at the counter where he had stood a few minutes before. She was talking to Hugh Trock.

"Lee Halliday!" she exclaimed. "What on earth are you doing here?"

"Trying to sink a root in the valley of my birth," he said, watching Trock, "and not having much luck."

The annoyance on Trock's face changed to faint surprise. He put a thoughtful stare on Halliday.

"Wonderful!" said Anita. "You can start sinking one by coming to my party this evening. First barbecue of the season."

"You've just won yourself a guest," said Halliday. He saw Trock's stare harden.

Anita Stillman danced across to Halliday in slow turns, her bare legs white and slim and supple. Her right hand held high a shot glass of some dark liqueur. As she reached his chair, she seemed to stumble; hand and drink flew toward him. He knew the three other people in the room were watching this; contrarily he would not let himself react.

Anita caught herself at the last moment, swooping the glass safely upward; not a drop spilled. Her eyes gleamed merrily down at him. "How'd you know I didn't really lose my balance?"

"A guess," said Halliday. "Good dancers seldom do."

"Dancing is one thing I *can* do," she said. Her smile returned. She offered the glass. "*Kahlua*. It's coffee liqueur—wonderful."

"Thanks, no."

She perched on his chair arm, took a sip, then reached across him to set the glass down, her cheek almost brushing his mouth. "It's funny," she said. "You under a Stillman roof, I mean. Anyway ——"

"Tell me," he interrupted, "how did your parents manage to get this weekend place?"

"Sh-sh," she said. "We never call it a weekend place, even though that's what it is. We call it the main farmhouse."

"Why?"

"Something about the law. There was trouble about it when we first wanted to build it. Everything was fixed up, though, because my mother's people were an old valley family."

"You call it the main farmhouse. There's another one?"

"Oh, yes. We've owned the orchards around here for years, and a man and his family work them on shares."

"I see."

"I was going to say," Anita went on, "that anyway dad wouldn't be too sore at you. He's over it, or pretty much so. But mother—how she gloated when that Judge Solcey sent you to jail! She'll never forgive the way you cross-examined her. And Sue —— You remember my younger sister, Sue?"

"Vaguely. She was at the trial just one day, as I recall."

"Uh-huh. She was a kid of sixteen then. Now she's through college. The bright Stillman daughter." It was said without envy. "Sue's dying to meet you, just because mother hates you so."

"The fascination of evil, no doubt."

"Huh? I guess."

Again she brought her face close to him as she retrieved her liqueur. She sipped it, glancing about the room. When she turned back, her eyes held a too-bright gleam. "Hughie doesn't like you," she said.

Across the room, Hugh Trock had turned his back full to them and resumed talking to George and Helen Spencer.

NEXT WEEK IN THE POST

FALLOUT ISLAND

A NEW STORY BY ROBERT MURPHY

Halliday said, "Trock didn't want you to invite me."

She tossed her head. "It's my house and my party. I told him so. But I'm afraid he'll try to pick a quarrel with you."

"Why?"

She hesitated. "No reason. He just does sometimes, when he's had one drink too many."

"He hasn't had one too many."

"Huh?"

"He has acted tight all evening. He's not. His eyes are sober."

She squeezed his arm and said, "Gotta remember I'm hostess. Be right back."

He watched her cross the room, pick up the Spencers' empty glasses, and go into the kitchen. Hugh Trock followed her, forgetting momentarily to play his little game; his stride was lithe and straight. Helen Spencer's gaze followed them both out of sight. The older woman had been watching Anita all evening, her eyes sharply speculative.

Helen Spencer saw Halliday's eyes on her and smiled an invitation to join her. He rose and smiled back but did not accept.

He went out the door at his end of the room and found himself on a south terrace. The strong March wind had a bite to it; it was this wind, coming up unexpectedly, that had driven the barbecue indoors. The night was full of sighing sound.

Well, he told himself, thanks to Anita Stillman he had lost no time encountering one of the men suspected as the controlling intelligence in this valley. George Spencer was, it seemed, not only chairman of the Mara County Planning Commission, which administered the county zoning law, but attorney for the Trocks. A thickset man, just short of heavy; a reserved expression; maybe forty, maybe forty-five. He seemed indifferent to the party gaiety and showed a pompous coldness to Halliday. No yeast in him. His wife was something else, handsome and sleek and at least ten years younger than he. Friendly, but in too calculating a way for Halliday's taste; there had not been a time all evening when he had not seen self-interest in her eyes.

Halliday gathered that Trock and Anita had been going together for some time; did it follow that Trock was attracted to unstable women? Halliday recalled Anita as he had first seen her, a girl of nineteen and a minor prosecution witness at Carl Makin's trial. She had testified that she had come home—the Stillman home in San Francisco's Sea Cliff section—to find her mother and the cook beaten, bound and gagged by the two robbers who had invaded the house. She had enjoyed testifying. And afterward she had flirted with Halliday—even after his angry cross-examination of her mother. In the years that followed, Halliday had encountered her occasionally and found her eager to be friendly; he had also been aware of her restless adventuring, often on the edge of trouble, in San Francisco's café society.

Halliday returned to find Anita again dancing by herself, in slow turns with eyes half closed. She must do this often, he thought, as a release from discontent. In her white shorts and trim blouse, she was all sweet grace. He crossed over and waited in her path, so that she slow-whirled naturally into his arms. At that moment his shoulder was slapped, not gently.

Trock stood there, rocking a little and smiling in a charming way. "I claim," he said, "a lover's priority."

Halliday was certain he had not heard aright. Involuntarily he said, "You what?"

"You heard me, Halliday."

Halliday looked at Anita. She was staring in fascination at Trock. After a moment she tore her gaze away and shook her head slightly at Halliday. He turned on his heel, aware that Helen Spencer across the room had missed none of this.

After one turn around the room Anita broke from Trock's arms and walked rapidly into the kitchen. Trock followed. A good three minutes later he emerged alone, a drink in his hand, and came straight to Halliday. The drink was palest amber—at a guess, a lot of water and very little Scotch.

"You scum," he said. "You deliberately misunderstood me."

"If I misunderstood you, I apologize. But it wasn't deliberate."

"It's not that easy, Halliday." Mockery came into Trock's voice. "We're a simple, rural people up here. We can't cope with a filthy criminal lawyer from the city. We won't even try."

Halliday laughed shortly. "You're a simple, rural man?"

"Of course!" Trock relished that. "Very simple. Very rural. Ask anybody."

"All right," said Halliday. "Maybe you are. A less simple man would have known Christmas trees are an agricultural crop. But I'm not trying to take your girl away from you. So we haven't anything

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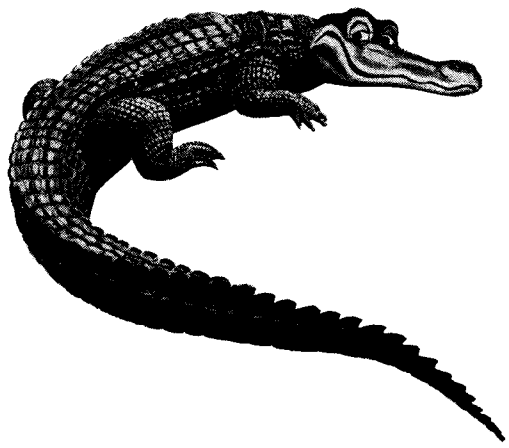

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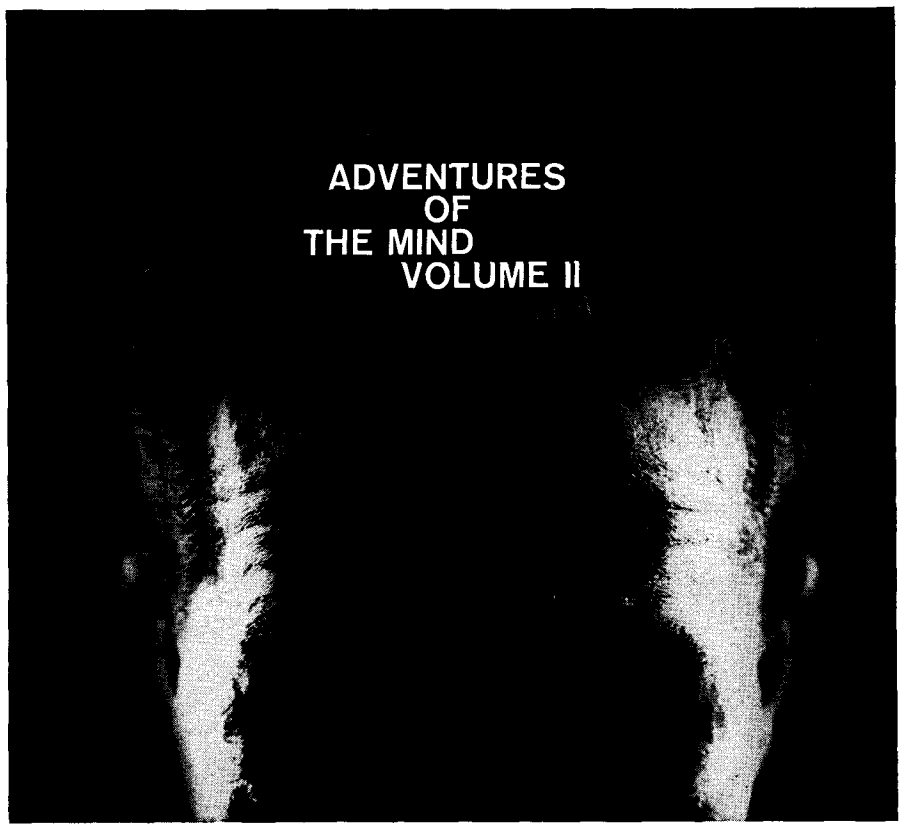

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EDEN

important to quarrel about, have we?"

All at once Trock's self-control, which had seemed such a definite part of the man, began to leave him. His mouth tightened; his voice thickened. "There'll be no quarrel. Because you're getting out. Not just out of here. Out of the inn. Out of Mara. Out of the valley."

"That raises a question. Do you speak for all of Mara Valley?"

"Get out!" said Trock. "You'll see. Get out."

Halliday regarded him through a little time, fascinated by the change in the man; it was almost as though Trock were goading himself. Halliday said, "I'm going to let you run me—because you're a featherweight, a nothing. But not far. I'll be at the inn. If I'm not wanted in the valley, let someone who speaks for the valley come tell me so."

He waited for the flare of violence or raging words, but neither came. After a time Trock turned away, set down his drink and walked out the front door.

Halliday waited till Anita emerged from the kitchen. Her face was taut but dry-eyed.

"I'd better go, Anita."

She looked around for Hugh Trock, then questioningly at Halliday. He shook his head. "Please don't," she said.

"Thanks, but I'd better."

Halliday said a short good night to the Spencers. Anita accompanied him to the door. "I'm sorry," she said. "It isn't a very good party."

"I enjoyed it," he said.

She shook her head. "Everybody's edgy. Me too. Good night, Lee."

He had reached the door of his car when he heard rapid steps behind him, and he spun around.

"Now, Halliday!" said Hugh Trock.

Halliday had no time to dodge; in fact, he didn't even see the first blow coming. Its swiftness, and the explosion in his head when it found his cheek told him Trock's appearance of athletic fitness was no façade. He was knocked back against the car and took another blow to his head as he lunged forward. He got both arms around Trock, used his superior height to lift the man off his feet, then slammed him against the car. Trock's head hit the car top. He went limp. Thus quickly was the senseless attack over.

Halliday dragged him away from the car and sat him down as he began to resist feebly. He was still down and shaking his head when Anita ran up. She stood over him.

"Hughie, you idiot!" she said. "You livin' idiot!"

Halliday ran a hand over the back of Trock's head and found no blood. He said, "You all right, Trock?"

"Get away from me!" He struggled to his feet as the Spencers hurried up.

Spencer came straight to Halliday. He spoke with the flat voice of a man accustomed to authority. "I suggest you leave at once, Halliday."

"I'll go," said Halliday, "when I'm satisfied this man is not seriously hurt."

"I said I was all right!" shouted Trock strongly. "Get on your way!"

Halliday moved to his car. Anita followed him.

"Don't go," she said. "Please!"

"I'll stay if there's a reason, Anita."

"I——" She hesitated. "Oh, I'm sorry. About everything. Good-by, Lee."

At the hotel he took the first volume of Sandburg's *Abraham Lincoln: The War Years* to bed with him and found it a wonderful antidote for the uneasiness that would not leave him; he read late and slept late. He was half finished with breakfast in the coffee shop next morning when the hotel clerk called him to the telephone.

"This," said the voice on the line, "is Paul Pinkley, district attorney for Mara County."

"Yes?"

"I want you to come down to the sheriff's office and give us your version of events leading up to the Stillman suicide. One of my assistants will meet you there."

"What the devil are you talking about?"

"Anita Stillman's suicide, counsel. Haven't you heard?"

"I've heard nothing."

The voice turned hard. "That figures for a known troublemaker like you. You push in where you're not wanted. You provoke a fight that tips a disturbed girl over the edge and causes her to kill herself. And, of course, you don't know a thing about it!"

"Poor Anita."

"What's that?"

"Nothing. Speaking as one lawyer to another, Pinkley, I trust you're being very sure of your facts when you blame me for Anita's death."

One thing that's really top secret in Washington these days is how to balance a set of books.

Dave Murray

"Oh, I haven't publicly blamed you, counsel. Let's just say the facts speak for themselves."

"I'll be at the sheriff's office," said Halliday. "I'll be at your office too. I want a look at you."

Halliday covered the five business blocks from inn to courthouse square in long, driving strides. The sheriff's outer office stood empty. Halliday moved toward a murmur of voices beyond. The murmur ceased, and the sheriff filled an inner-office doorway. This man was big—big in the calves, big in the bottom, big in the chest, big hands, a big, round head. And no older than Halliday—perhaps even a year or two younger.

"I'm Lee Halliday."

"Uh-huh. I'm Joe Schmidt. Come in."

Schmidt turned sideways and remained in the doorway while Halliday passed him, letting Halliday get just within the room before he said, "This is Miss Lois Dupree, the deputy D.A."

Halliday looked into a pair of level brown eyes that astonished him with the intensity of their dislike. She sat in a straight chair beside the sheriff's own broad chair, a woman in her middle twenties, trim and crisp and stiff-backed; she sat there and looked at him and didn't even nod.

"Sit down, Halliday. This won't take long." Sheriff Schmidt moved between Halliday and the girl to his chair. He nodded toward the stenotypist. "You don't mind that?"

Halliday remained standing. "Not at all," he said. "Provided, of course, I'm furnished a copy of the transcript."

"You will be, naturally," said Miss Dupree.

TO BE CONTINUED

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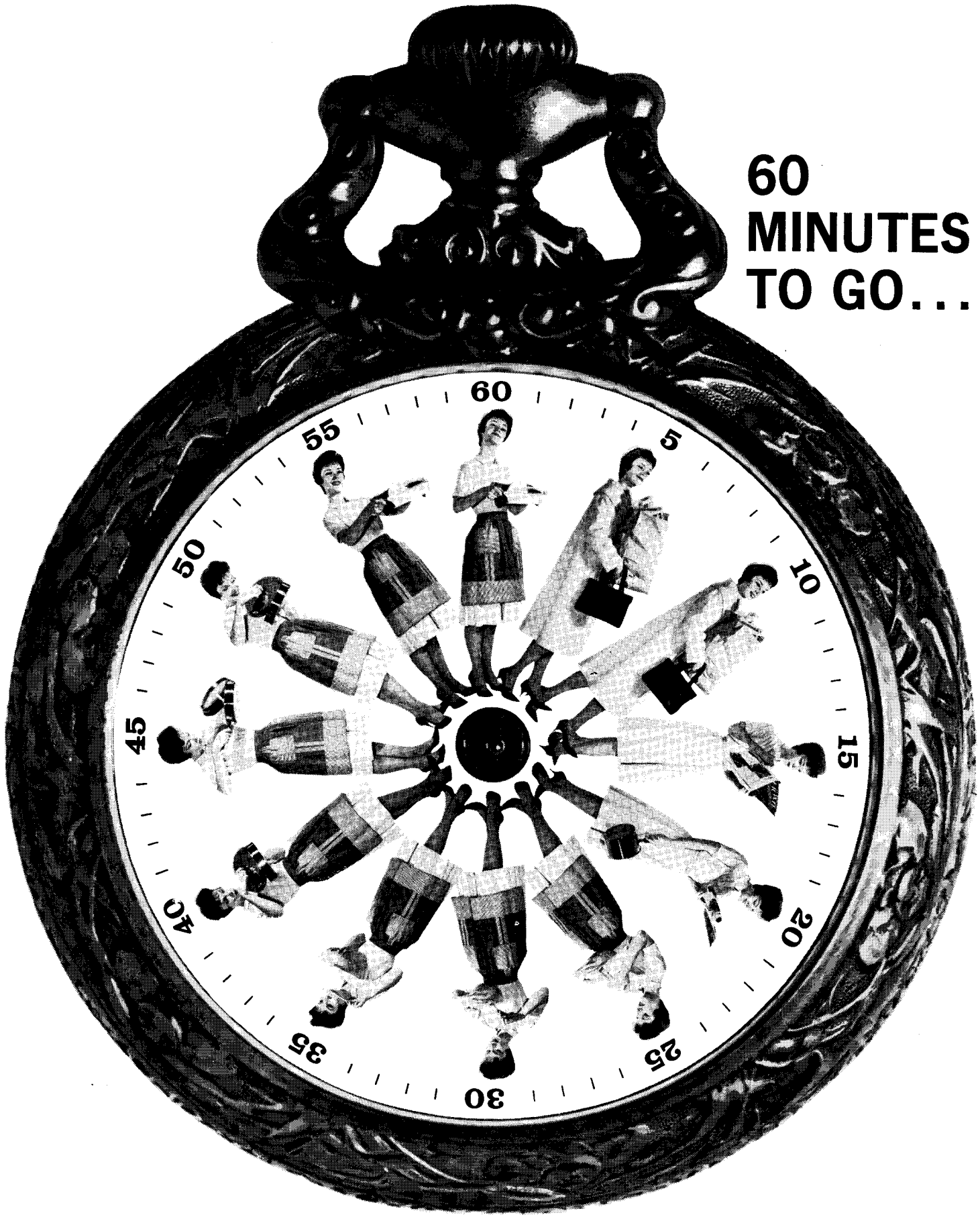

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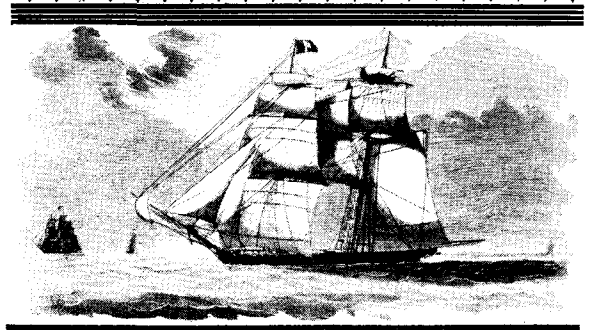
THE GREAT MOLASSES LOVE AFFAIR



STOLEN MOLASSES AND YOUNG LOVE—AN ODD MIXTURE INDEED, BUT AN EXCITING ONE.

BY MERLE CONSTINER

PAINTING BY JOHN FALTER

Early in 1821 Mr. Partridge, elderly senior partner of the tiny Boston Spice & Sugar Company in East Boston, took a fast ship for Santo Domingo. Revolt was paralyzing that little country, tying up its export, and Boston Spice & Sugar was committed to deliver 100 hogsheads of its finest molasses to the Navy Yard, across at Charlestown. The contract, drawn up months before, expressly stipulated that the molasses be Santo Domingan. Now, it must be delivered in two weeks, which seemed an impossibility. Mr. Partridge, valuing Navy patronage above all other, laid down a desperate plan. He would take ship himself, even at this late date, to see what he could do. Young Mr. Jeffrey Spires, junior partner, would sit on his tall stool by his tall desk and wait.

Steaming incessantly with energy, Jeffrey was not a natural waiter. His boyhood had been spent as a waif on the docks, and because of an almost fanatical interest in spices he had acquired a knowledge in this field amounting almost to wizardry. It was this talent, plus a small life savings, that Mr. Partridge had wisely taken into the firm. With Jeffrey, the company had doubled its prosperity. Until this contract disaster, the future had looked very bright indeed. Then, out of nowhere, the whirlwind started.

It was on the second day of Mr. Partridge's absence that Mr. Gilpin, the bookkeeper, came in from lunch and said, "I hear a Santo Domingan brig lies at Tremaine's Wharf."

Jeffrey stared. A craft from Santo Domingo, any craft, could mean molasses. He scooped up his hat and whipped out into the street.

Tremaine's Wharf, not far from the foot of Milk Street, was not a commercial wharf but a shipyard devoted to repair and rigging. Hammering and bawling and clanking filled the air. The ship, when he found her, was a beehive of workmen. He stood on the dock by her gangway and gazed at her in distaste. She was a good-sized brig but about the most dilapidated he had ever seen. More than that, there was something frightening about her; it was almost as though he were looking at the ghost of a pirate craft, risen from a murky seaweed cavern. Her name was *San Cristobal*, and she displayed the English flag. All at once he was aware that a man was standing behind him and had been standing there for some time. He turned.

The man was bumpy faced and grizzled and dressed in filthy seaman's clothes. There was an air of violence about him, and an air of authority.

"You are interested in my craft, sir," he said in a harsh voice. "Why? I am Captain Nulty."

Jeffrey introduced himself. "I represent the Boston Spice and Sugar Company. May I ask you one question? Do you have molasses?"

After a moment Captain Nulty said, "I do indeed."

"What sort?" asked Jeffrey. "In what quantity?"

"A hundred and three hogsheads of Santo Domingo's best," said Captain Nulty curtly. "Come aboard and we'll talk it over."

They went up the gangway, aft along a deck littered with cordage, into the captain's cabin. The cabin was as squalid as its tenant and his vessel. The bedclothes on the bunk were in a greasy rumple, and in a corner a circle of bluebottle flies fed on a moldy gobbet of salt pork. Jeffrey and his host sat down at a small table.

"How did you get it out?" asked Jeffrey curiously.

"With difficulty," said the captain. "Now I must tell you one thing. I want a flat two thousand dollars for the lot and will not haggle."

Jeffrey was stunned. This was about a third above the normal price. Tensely, he thought it over. Finally, he said, "Sold."

"I will deliver it to you next week. You will pay me then."

"Not next week," said Jeffrey. "Tomorrow."

"Those are my terms."

"How long have you been in port?" said Jeffrey.

"I've seen no Santo Domingan arrival listed in the shipping news."

"We were listed under Antigua," said the captain. "I've been in port sixteen days."

Suddenly Jeffrey was uneasy. Cargoes coming into port were disposed of in two ways. They either came in on direct consignment or were auctioned on mercantile docks—immediately, in open sale. There was something shadowy here.

"Captain," he said amiably, "I do not understand this. But I know one thing. You have no molasses."

There was a tomblike moment of silence.

"Well, it was worth a try," said Captain Nulty, suddenly grinning. "I had it, but I sold it. I thought perhaps I could mortgage my vessel, buy it back, and turn a nice profit. In my world it's dog eat dog."

"In my world, too, I'm afraid," said Jeffrey. "To whom did you sell it?"

"To the lady that owns this shipping yard, Mrs. Tremaine. She lives in a big house with an iron fence on Cambridge Street, three doors beyond Middlecot."

"Thank you," said Jeffrey. He arose and left.

Marlborough Street had gone into Cornhill, and Jeffrey was on Court before it occurred to him that the captain had said a remarkable thing. He had said that Mrs. Tremaine, not her manager, had bought his cargo and had given Jeffrey not the company address but the address of the Tremaine residence. He had no idea of what he might run into, and didn't enjoy his mission, but he had no choice.

Slaty clouds hung low over the town, cooling the air with the promise of needed rain, graying the big homes along Cambridge, deepening their lawns to emerald and cutting out their chimneys in chalky white. The Tremaine house was two stories of granite, blocky and severe, behind a huge six-foot iron fence. It didn't look exactly

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forbidding, but it didn't look cordial to strangers. As Jeffrey approached, he could see a small group of people in a garden at the rear. He swung open the iron-rod gate, circled the house by a brick walk, and joined them.

A large greenhouse had been built out from the stable, and in its ell was a pergola, its trellised sides meshed with grapevines. Just within the pergola sat a man and two women. The man was elegant, middle-aged, and wore glasses with lenses hardly as large as a sixpence. He was eating a little cucumber sandwich. Of the females, one, a girl about Jeffrey's age, ebony-haired and in coral muslin, was shockingly beautiful. The other woman was perhaps in her sixties, gentle faced, and in decorous dove taffeta.

He knew the man by sight. He was Mr. Edgemont, the widowed Mrs. Tremaine's manager. Quietly Jeffrey identified himself, and told them of Mr. Partridge and the contract, and of Captain Nulty. He omitted the captain's trickery. This girl stirred him so deeply that he kept his eyes averted from her as he talked.

When he had finished, the older woman said, "I am Mrs. Tremaine. This is Miss Caswell, my niece. And this is my friend, Mr. Edgemont. Of course you can have it. We're glad to help."

He looked at the girl and she was radiantly happy for him. He later learned that her name was Melinda, that she was the daughter of a Salem merchant captain, and that she was making a two months' visit.

"Thank you," he said gravely.

They beamed at him, all of them.

"I don't understand how you happened to buy it," said Jeffrey. "Captain Nulty said he came here to your house."

"Yes," said Mrs. Tremaine. "He did. The *San Cristobal* had been storm battered and he was in distress. He had no money to repair her. He came to me personally, because he thought as a woman I might understand his situation. I bought his entire cargo of molasses, not only to defray his repair bill but also to give him a little cash on hand. He owns the brig himself and was facing ruin. Naturally I consulted Mr. Edgemont. Mr. Edgemont offered no objections."

"I offered no objections," said Mr. Edgemont, "because Santo Domingan molasses is much valued at the moment."

"I made Captain Nulty a price of two thousand dollars," said Jeffrey. "That's about a third over the normal market. I'm making you the same proposition, of course."

"No indeed, you're not," said Mrs. Tremaine. "We'll be satisfied with the normal price."

"Let's halve the difference," said Mr. Edgemont. "Every transaction should show a profit. Let's call it seventeen hundred and fifty dollars."

"Sold," said Jeffrey, smiling. "I'd like it as soon as possible, so I'll meet you in your office tonight and settle it officially, if it's convenient."

"Quite convenient," Mr. Edgemont replied.

Suddenly, more than anything in the world, Jeffrey wanted to hear Miss Caswell speak. He turned to her and said, "Beautiful day."

"Yes," she said shyly. "But I think it's going to rain." Her voice was golden and her words were wondrous. He knew he would never forget this moment. And to show her high intelligence, it did rain, instantly. A zephyr of tiny raindrops struck into the grape leaves with a faint rattle.

Mrs. Tremaine arose. They nodded a friendly good-by to Jeffrey, and went into the house.

So this is love, he thought, *hello and good-by.*

All the way back to Boston Spice & Sugar he was in a daze. He could never repay Captain Nulty. An experience with Miss Caswell plus 103 hogsheads of Santo Domingan molasses.

That evening, before he left his desk, he wrote out the draft:

Pay Tremaine & Company, on order, seventeen hundred and fifty dollars no cents, and place same to debt of The Boston Spice & Sugar Company. One hundred and three hogsheads Santo Domingan molasses. Jeffrey Spires.

He wanted to get it over, finished, before there was any slip-up. As he wrote, Mr. Partridge's face loomed in his mind, dominating it for an instant, but he blotted it out. Then, still in a happy haze, he celebrated with a supper at a little German bakeshop, an enormous platter of steaming ham hocks and corn-meal dumplings.

It was early night, and the light rain had softened into vaporous, obscuring mist when Jeffrey came again to the waterfront. The Tremaine Building sat flush at dockside, immaculate in clean brick, one story, twenty-two windows long. The office was in the fore end; the remainder was warehouse and storage. Golden lamplight gleamed from the wet panes of the office. Jeffrey pushed open the door and entered. Mr. Edgemont sat behind a desk, studying a ledger. He smiled as Jeffrey walked toward him. Jeffrey laid the draft on the desktop.

"Thank you," said Mr. Edgemont. "When shall we deliver it to the Navy Yard?"

"Deliver it to me, tomorrow," said Jeffrey.

"If you say so. But why?"

"I want it where I can keep an eye on it. And could I take a look at it—I mean now?"

Mr. Edgemont picked up a lantern. He adjusted its wick and lighted it, and they went out onto the dock, into the mist. "I haven't the warehouse keys," he said.

They went down the side of the building, and Mr. Edgemont held his lantern to a window. Cupping his hands to the glass, Jeffrey peered inside. Dimly, he saw row after row of great casks. "Yes, indeed," he said comfortably.

"Do you know something?" said Mr. Edgemont. "I wish you were with us, here at Tremaine." His voice vibrated with emotion. "I've never seen such a cautious man."

Next morning, all morning, Jeffrey was away from the office, on the wharf, bidding on a cargo of ginger and cloves new in from Sumatra. The molasses arrived just after he left, was stored in the rear annex, which was the storeroom, and awaited him on his return. All afternoon long, at intervals, he went down the passage to feast his gaze on its presence.

It was two days later, about eleven o'clock in the morning, that Mr. Scawen appeared. He drove up in a small heavy cart with two husky cartmen and came in with a slow lithe walk. He was dressed in the mode of a gentleman, though in sleazy fabric, and his long honey-colored hair was well groomed. He was courteous, almost diffident, but as tough as whitleather. In his hand he held a folded towel.

"May I have a glass of water?" he asked.

Jeffrey got him a glass of water.

"Thank you," he said. "Now will you follow me?" He left the office and went into the passage, Jeffrey at his heels. At the end of the passage he opened the door, and they entered the storeroom. He seemed entirely at home. Now he went to the nearest hogshead and examined it with pleasure. Pasted to the top of each hogshead was a paper label, red printed on white, which said RODRIGUEZ MENDOZA C.ÍA. SANTO DOMINGO. He wet the towel from the glass of water and spread it on one of these labels. "What are you doing?" asked Jeffrey.

"Wait," said the man. When the label became saturated, the man peeled it off. Beneath, stenciled on the wood, was a black arrowhead, about four inches long, formally delineated.

"Hello, what have we here?" said the man. "Mr. Spires, what do you make of this?"

"You know me," said Jeffrey quietly. "But I don't know you. And what is that thing?"

"I'm Tom Scawen," the man said, "an agent for the British government, a paid assistant, you might say, to His Majesty King George the Fourth. This stencil, as you should surely know, is the broad arrow, the official identifying mark placed upon all British government ordinance and stores. I have trailed this molasses for three months. It was stolen by a Captain Nulty from a Royal Navy warehouse in Antigua. False labels have been put on to hide the insignia."

"What could this mean?" asked Jeffrey.

"Confiscation, prosecution and prison, at worst."

"At best?"

Scawen looked amused "I don't know. They expect me to handle these things correctly, but bless me, I don't know. I've inquired about you people. You seem to be honest and decent enough. Who do you deal with in Santo Domingo?"

"The Guanahuma Company."

"I suppose, just suppose, that if you gave me an order on them, for precisely the same quantity and quality, it might do. But this is quite

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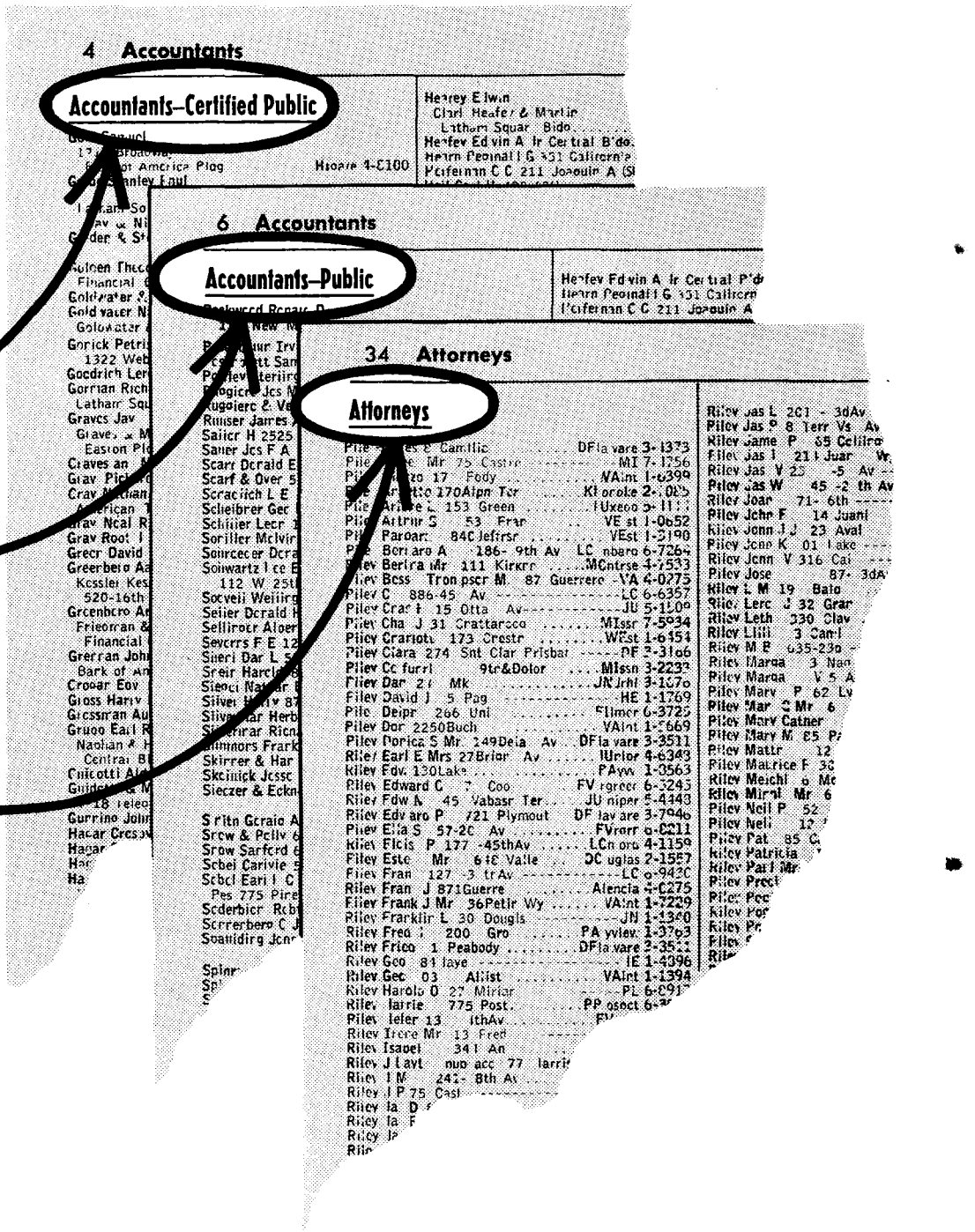

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LOVE AFFAIR

serious and I'll have to think it over."

"Where are you staying?" asked Jeffrey.

"At the Brass Eagle, on Southack Street," said Scawen. He went to the back door, opened it and called, "Men!" The two cartmen came in. They rolled a hogshead out the door. Through the window Jeffrey saw them load it onto their cart.

"And now, for the time being," said Mr. Scawen suddenly grim, "I must ask you to leave the other hundred and two casks just as they are. I've got you rather properly, I'm afraid." With that, he left.

Alone, Jeffrey got bucket and cloths and began removing labels. He removed nine—each with its broad arrow—and gave up in anger. In an explosion of action, he grabbed his hat and made for the waterfront.

He reached Tremaine's Wharf in a panting lope. *San Cristobal*'s berth was empty. Idlers told him that Captain Nulty and his brig had cleared in haste for Montevideo.

Because he dreaded going back to the office, back to Mr. Gilpin, back to those ghastly hogsheads, he walked. He walked flagstone streets and cobblestone streets and glazed-brick streets. A great lonesomeness came into him, and because he was starved for the presence of a friend, and because all his life he had been too busy to make friends, he found himself thinking of Miss Caswell, and turned west on Cambridge. Then he was facing the Tremaine front door and rapping its knocker.

Miss Caswell herself answered. "Why, it's Mr. Spires," she said softly. "Do come in. How have you been?"

"Not too good," said Jeffrey, entering.

She led him from the hall, through a large room papered in rose and gray with pictures of Flemish landscapes. At the rear were sliding double doors, through which they passed into an intimate, gemlike back parlor. The walls here were painted a lucent moss green, the rug was lavender, and the fireplace tiles were lavender. By the tall window stood a delicate cherry spinet, glowing like an ember in the cherry-colored sunlight. They seated themselves decorously, looked at each other, and waited. Finally he said, "Miss Caswell, I'm in terrible trouble."

"I'm so sorry," she said shyly and meant it.

Embarrassed, he was mute. Up to now, no one but Mr. Partridge had ever showed him any sympathy.

"I hope you didn't come to me for advice," she said, troubled. "No one would ever think of asking me for advice."

"Not advice," said Jeffrey. "Advice won't help. Nothing will help. I just had to talk to somebody and I thought of you."

"I'd be happy to listen to your troubles," she said. "I don't mean that the way it sounds, of course. I'm not happy you have troubles, I'm sorry. I mean I'm happy to listen."

"What I tell you, you won't tell your aunt or Mr. Edgemont? Do you promise?" No matter what happened, they couldn't be dragged into this.

"Certainly," she said.

In detail, he told her the whole story. When he had finished, she said, "That's no problem."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I think we'd better not discuss it. Just leave it up to me."

"Up to you—how?" he asked uneasily.

She didn't answer. They walked out of the room, down the hall, and out onto the front step. Just as he was about to leave, she said, "I'll tell you what I mean. My aunt and Mr. Edgemont sold you stolen goods, and that's ghastly. We'll make them stand the loss."

"Oh, no," he said, horrified.

"They'd want to. And they can afford it."

"You promised," he said.

"Did I?"

"You certainly did. And a woman's promise is as good as a man's."

"A woman's promise is better than a man's. Because a woman's promise always takes everything into consideration."

"You promised me," said Jeffrey. "And a promise is a promise, no matter what its gender. I'm depending on you to honor it."

"All right," she said furiously. "If you insist. But it's going to be hard."

He bowed slightly, went down the steps, down the walk and out between the great granite gateposts.

Mr. Partridge lived in a little thimble of a house with a gambrel roof on Somerset Place, but Mr. Gilpin, the firm's financial expert, and Jeffrey lived in the company building. Jeffrey's quarters were off the passage, just behind the office, and Mr. Gilpin's, slightly more spacious but difficult to reach, were in the attic. That night, as Jeffrey lay on his little corded bed, he twisted the problem a thousand ways in his mind and always came out with one cold fact: It was up to him and to him alone. It was Jeffrey Spires who had to make the decision.

Should he give Scawen his order on Guanahuma—if Scawen would take it—and cripple the firm's finances? Or should he return the molasses to King George IV and default on the contract with the Navy Yard? In an emergency, possibly, the molasses was worth the high price he paid for it, but could they afford to buy it twice? And what about this frightful specter of prosecution?

Suddenly he decided he must do as Mr. Partridge would do in such a quandary. He must talk it over with the unpleasant and opinionated Mr. Gilpin. He put on his robe, went into the passage and climbed the steep dusty stairs.

Mr. Gilpin's attic room, bare of floor, was walled with resinous pine planking, salmon pink with age. In the center of the room was a great bed, and about it, in an unimaginable clutter, were crowded pieces of furniture, beautiful and ancient. These belonged to Mr. Gilpin. He had had a wealthy childhood, but the Gilpin name was now vapor. He was a fine bookkeeper but given to arrogance and sarcasm. Jeffrey would get no solace from him and knew it.

He sat in bed, propped up by a mountain of pillows, a long, thin man with a rosy blade of a nose and a pendulous underlip. He was reading a calfbound book entitled *Napoleon at Elba*. He was irritated at being interrupted.

Jeffrey sat on a brocade chair by the side of the bed. In a calm monotone he told Mr. Gilpin about Mr. Scawen.

Mr. Gilpin listened to the disaster with relish. When Jeffrey had finished, he said, "You have made a grievous blunder. Why come to me?"

"You know more about our financial position than I do."

"I know we can't stand many seventeen-hundred-dollar losses."

"I am doing as Mr. Partridge would wish," said Jeffrey. "He would want me to consult with you."

"Then consult."

Jeffrey could think of nothing to say.

"I see no answer," said Mr. Gilpin. "But I will make this comment. I hope you are not thinking of going after the Tremaine people. They bought it in good faith and sold it to us as a favor in good faith. Do not consider them liable. It simply passed through their hands. This is your trouble, not theirs, and you must face it alone. You must not sully them with scandal."

"That's what I think," said Jeffrey. "Exactly."

Mr. Gilpin picked up his book. "I am interrupting your sleep," he said, "and you are interrupting my reading. I suggest we engage ourselves, instantly and individually, each to his creature need."

next week in SPEAKING OUT

THE MENTAL MIDGETS TAKE OVER

by TV's DAVID SUSSKIND

Jeffrey left. Dead tired, he wondered if it had really been worth a trip upstairs. Back in his room, however, he realized that his thinking had clarified. He realized his obligation starkly now. It was to persuade Mr. Scawen to negotiate.

Next morning early, before breakfast, he set out for Southack Street and the Brass Eagle.

Southack Street, a little kingdom to itself, was buried deep in the city's most leprous slums. Ann Street, across town on the eastern waterfront, was squalid enough, and violent enough, but Southack Street was wickedness without limit. It was a night street. At this hour it was empty and silent, and the very silence held imprisoned threat. As Jeffrey passed the cheap lodging houses and low barbershops, the groggeries and ramshackle street stalls, it was as though he were walking the deck of some derelict ship, all its humans killed by plague, inhabited only by hidden rats.

The Brass Eagle was a rotting wooden structure between a foul abattoir and a livery barn. Its door was wide. Jeffrey entered the half-light of the bar parlor and sat at a table at the rear. There were but two persons in the room, himself and the potman, who was squatting on his heels, folding old sailcloth. After he had taken Jeffrey's order for one hard-boiled egg and one bun, Jeffrey asked for Mr. Scawen. The potman seemed not to hear him.

But a little later it was Mr. Scawen in person who laid before him his platter of food. Seating himself, he said breezily, "What ho?"

"Mr. Scawen," said Jeffrey. "I paid seventeen hundred and fifty dollars for that molasses. This, as you must know, is an extravagant price. I am prepared to make you an order on Guanahuma for precisely that amount. Which will give his majesty's government a profit of about a thousand gallons. That's an appreciable profit."

"It is indeed," said Scawen, grinning. "I accept." He pulled down his brows. "When do we settle it?"

"Immediately," said Jeffrey. "Back at my office."

"You've done a sensible thing," said Scawen. "That's twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars you'll never regret."

After a deathly silence, Jeffrey said, "How much?"

"The extra five hundred dollars is my personal bribe," said Scawen. "Do you think I live on brined beef and sea biscuit? I think I should warn you that this is no new situation to me and it will do you no good to balk."

Jeffrey got to his feet. "No. Now we are crossing the line into dishonesty."

"I'll produce a paper from Captain Nulty," said Scawen calmly, "saying he informed you in confidence—but not Mr. Edgemont—that this was Royal Navy molasses. And that's just the beginning. Do you remember my two cartmen? They will swear you became very excited and admitted your guilt and flourished a pistol."

Jeffrey turned to stone.

"I'm giving you two days," said Scawen. "Your refusal now means nothing to me. I'm an old hand at this."

Jeffrey left the inn and went out into the street. He knew in his heart that he could never accept such a proposition. If he became a party to such a thing, he could never face himself, or Miss Caswell, or Mr. Partridge. Now there was nothing to do but wait. Wait for the hammer blows. Prosecution, ruin, disgrace.

Back at the office, as the day passed, Jeffrey had two callers. The first was Mr. Edgemont, who came just after noon, and his visit was a short one. With an affectionate smile, he said, "You've been on my mind. I'm afraid you won our hearts the other day. I thought I'd drop by and see how you were coming with your big transaction."

"Thank you," said Jeffrey.

"I'm not the wisest man in the world," said Mr. Edgemont, "but now that your senior partner is out of town, if you should need my counsel for anything, anything at all, please look me up."

"That's very generous," said Jeffrey.

"Mrs. Tremaine sends her regards," said Mr. Edgemont, preparing to leave.

"I thought she was very nice," said Jeffrey.

At the door, Mr. Edgemont said, "Have you delivered your molasses to the Navy Yard yet?"

"No."

"You'd better get on to it, young fellow; you'd better get on to it," said Mr. Edgemont. "You don't have too many days, and it's always good policy to be a little ahead of time. A good businessman never procrastinates."

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MONTANA

. . . the Big Sky country

Have you ever known what it is to stand alone . . . the center of being . . . in a great and expansive country? Where the Big Sky above you rests one side on the rim of the prairie and the other among the peaks of snow-clad mountains? This is the Big Sky country. This is the warm-by-day and cool-by-night setting of a Montana vacation. The kind of vacation you've always wanted. Full of picture-perfect scenes, and memory-filling activities.

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Jack Hallowell, Advertising Director, Dept. 62-25
Montana Highway Commission, Helena, Montana

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NAME

STREET

CITY AND STATE

LOVE AFFAIR

That was Mr. Edgemont's visit. At early candlelighting Miss Caswell appeared. She was dressed in rustling black, with a gleam of gold at her wrist and throat, and looked lovely beyond words. She was angry, and at first Jeffrey thought she was angry at him.

"I've been thinking ——" she said.

He interrupted her. "Listen," he said, and told her about his talk with Mr. Scawen at the Brass Eagle.

"Oh, for goodness' sake," she said, staring at him as he talked. "You don't believe that, do you? That Captain Nulty would write out a paper confessing theft from the British government and give it to anyone, anyone at all? The British government is merciless about those things. Mr. Scawen was lying."

"I don't see how that helps me."

"It helps you a great deal," she said. "I've been thinking about Mr. Scawen. That's why I've come around to see you. If Mr. Scawen was tracing that molasses, why didn't he question Mr. Edgemont? He didn't. I questioned Mr. Edgemont indirectly on the subject, and he never heard of Mr. Scawen."

"Captain Nulty told Mr. Scawen that I ——"

"That you what? That you wanted it? Yet it was Mr. Edgemont who really bought it. I don't think Captain Nulty told him anything. I don't believe that molasses was stolen at all. I believe Captain Nulty was an honest man."

"Then how in the world did Mr. Scawen find me? And what about those broad arrows?"

"You weren't found. You were chosen—because Mr. Partridge was out of town and you were on your own."

"But the broad arrows?"

"They were fabricated to trap you. The Mendoza labels were soaked off, broad arrows stenciled on, new labels printed and replaced. And it was a very easy way of earning twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars, I should say."

"I'll go to the British consul. They'll know. You see, I've been thinking Mr. Scawen himself was the British government."

"Yes, but first take one of your labels over to Southack Street. Most of the town's print shops are on Southack Street. Comb them."

Early night had thickened the sky when Jeffrey came once more to Southack Street. Shops blazed with lights, and street stalls flickered redly from torches and flares. Up the street and back he walked, up alleys, down passages, and into cul-de-sacs. He found six print shops and questioned each, displaying his label. No one recognized it.

Bone-weary and disturbed, he returned to East Boston. He had eaten nothing since breakfast and headed for the little German bakeshop a short block from his office.

Next door to the bakeshop was a sign he had seen many times but had forgotten: THE APEX PRINT SHOP. He thrust open the door and stepped inside. Mr. Symons, an old friend, worked at his press.

Once more, Jeffrey showed his Mendoza label.

"Did you ever see this before?" he asked.

Concern came over Mr. Symons's gentle face. "Wasn't it satisfactory?"

"You printed it?" said Jeffrey, suddenly nervous.

"Of course."

"For whom?"

"For you."

"For me?"

"Well, for Mr. Gilpin. It's the same thing."

When Jeffrey could speak, he said, "No. It's not the same thing at all. Thank you."

Two weeks later, as Jeffrey sat in his office with a new bookkeeper at the desk by his elbow, he received a note which said:

Dear Mr. Spires, will you come again and tell me once more about your Exciting Adventure? This time there will be tea.
Melinda Caswell.

In ten days, he had received five similar communications and had paid five delightful visits to the mansion on Cambridge Street. His life had become incredibly happy. Over and over he had the urge to write her at least one note himself, but he didn't want to seem forward, and when he came right down to it, he had nothing to say.

At five that afternoon he was alone with her in the Tremaine garden, a teacup in his hand. "That's correct," he said once more. "When I confronted him with the printing of the labels, Mr. Gilpin made a complete confession. Scawen was just a hireling of his. It was, as I said last

The thing most needed in the American home today is the family.

Jeffrey Martin

Tuesday and Thursday—it was Mr. Gilpin's plan. It came to him when he learned about *San Cristobal*'s cargo. He knew all about our emergency about the contract, and with Mr. Partridge gone he thought he could fool me. And he would have, too, if it hadn't been for you. As I said last Friday, it was Mr. Gilpin himself who stenciled on those broad arrows, the first night the hogsheads were in our storehouse, while I slept. He claims it didn't take too long either. He just used lots of cloths, all soaking at once."

"And why was it you said he did it?" said Miss Caswell.

"That's the strange part about it. He wanted money to buy into our firm. He thought he was the only important person at Boston Spice and Sugar and was eaten with jealousy because we didn't pay him homage. He wanted to be a junior partner like me."

"And where did you say he is now?" asked Miss Caswell.

"Bound for Europe. He just moved out all his furniture and left. He didn't really do any harm, when you come right down to it. He just tried to." There was a pause.

"It's too bad we don't see each other oftener," said Jeffrey.

"Yes," said Miss Caswell. "It is."

"That's what I say," said Jeffrey.

"Listen," said Miss Caswell. "How would you like to take a little trip to Salem and meet my father—so you could get to know each other?"

"I'd like it," said Jeffrey. "But would he like it?"

"Of course he'd like it," said Miss Caswell. "In fact, he's expecting you."

They stared at each other. "How could he be?" said Jeffrey. "I mean that's wonderful." THE END

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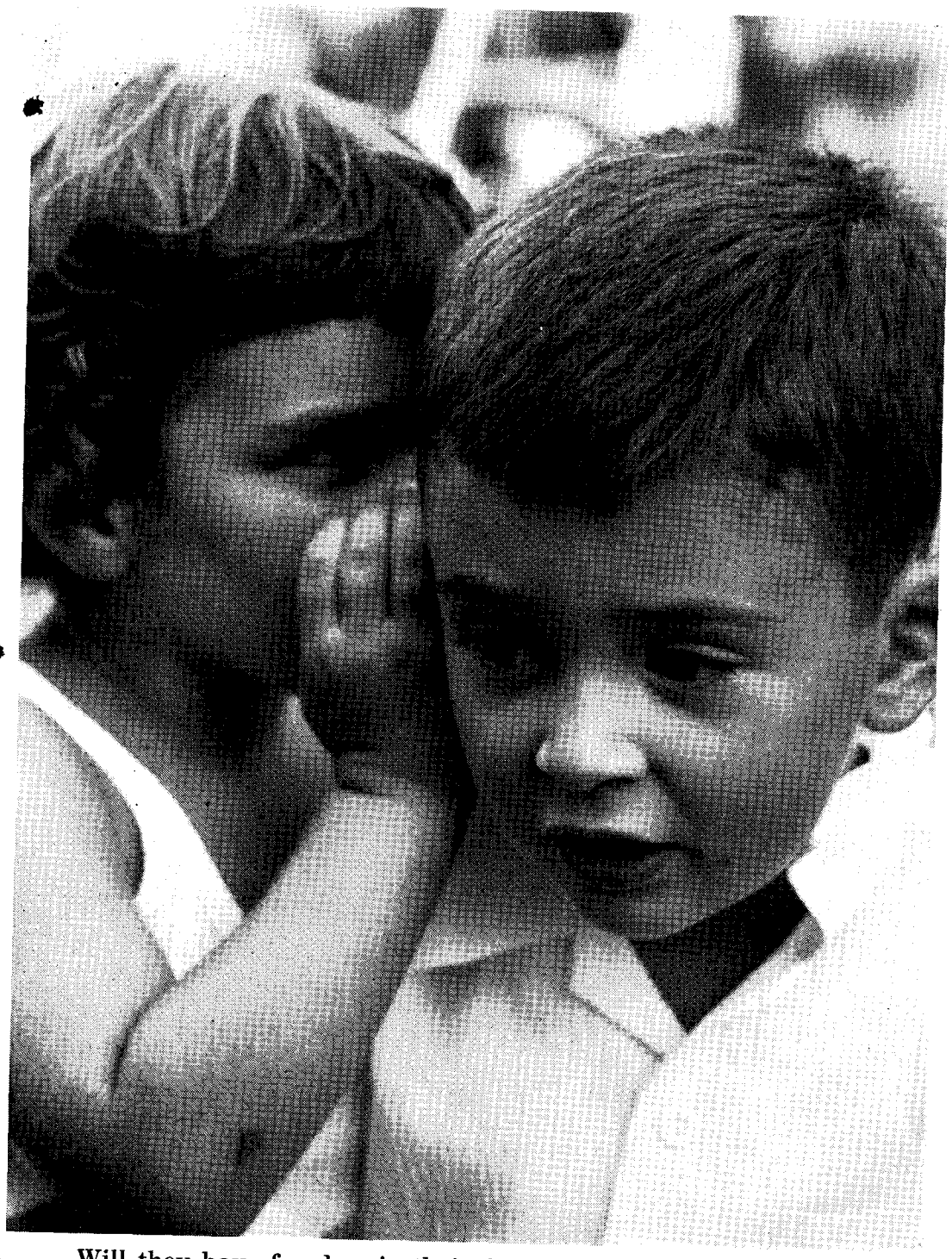

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Keep freedom in your future with

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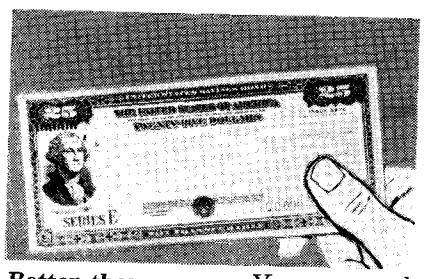

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Drink Wonderful!

Soft music, quiet thoughts, pleasant company. What a wonderful way to start an evening, or end the day. And what could make the mood...and the food...more wonderful than serving a fine wine?

Burgundy, Sauterne, Sherry or Port... every Gallo wine is a classic in good taste, a tribute to the winemaker's art. Perhaps this is why Gallo is America's leading vintner of fine wines.

Next time you're in the mood to drink wonderful.....drink Gallo.

Gallo Sauterne's exquisite taste is a perfect complement to the delicate flavor of fish or fowl.

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Now America's most preferred burgundy because of its superb taste and superior quality.

One of four classic Gallo Ports. Its rich, smooth taste will add elegance to any occasion.

DISCOVER THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF WINE... WITH GALLO

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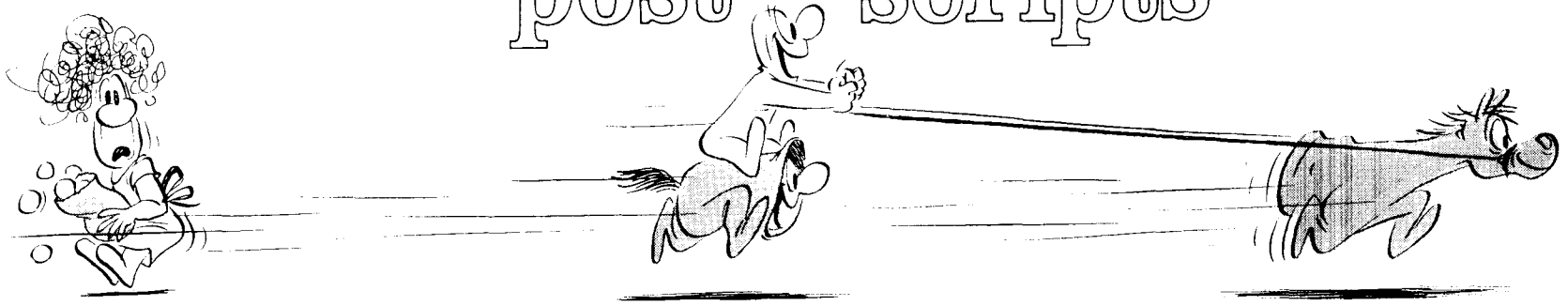
post scripts

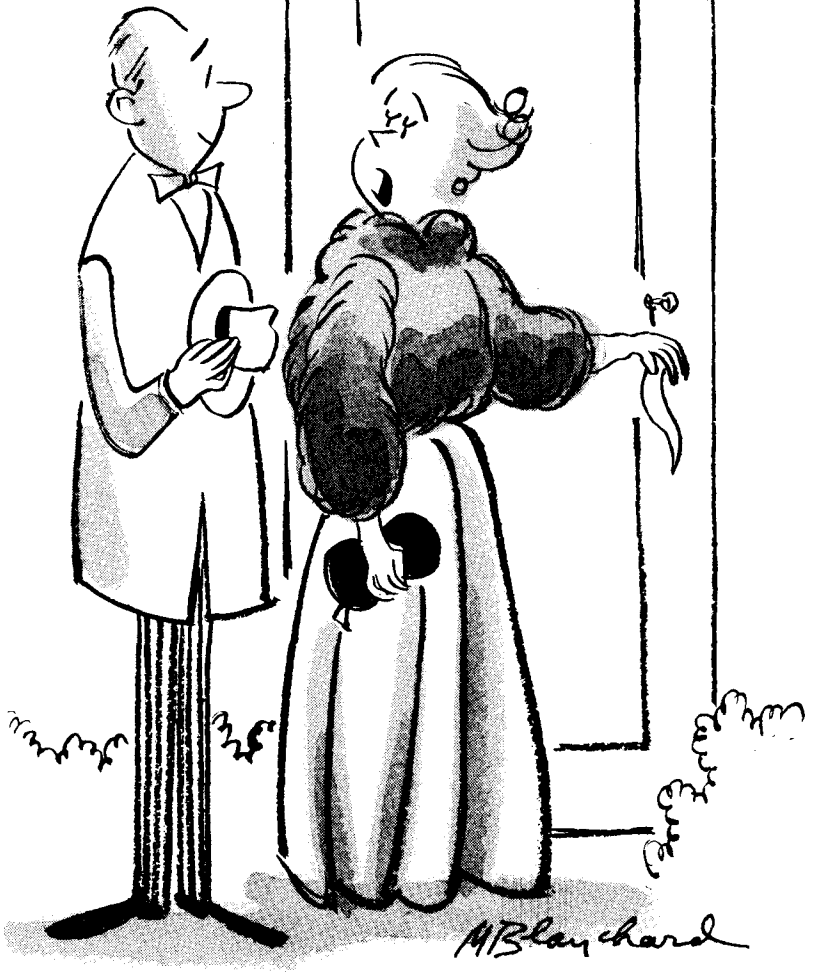


"Excuse me, sir. Do you have the right time?"

BRACKETED

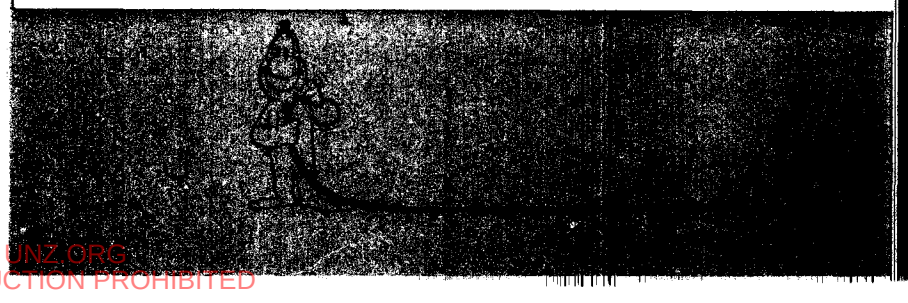
At dinner parties I'm at a loss
  As to whom to talk more to, be wittier:
The one at my right, who's the wife of the boss,
  Or the one at my left, who is prettier.

RICHARD ARMOUR



"I'll never forget our evening, Roger. No matter how hard I try."

"I want to see the pigeons daddy said he was going to bring home."



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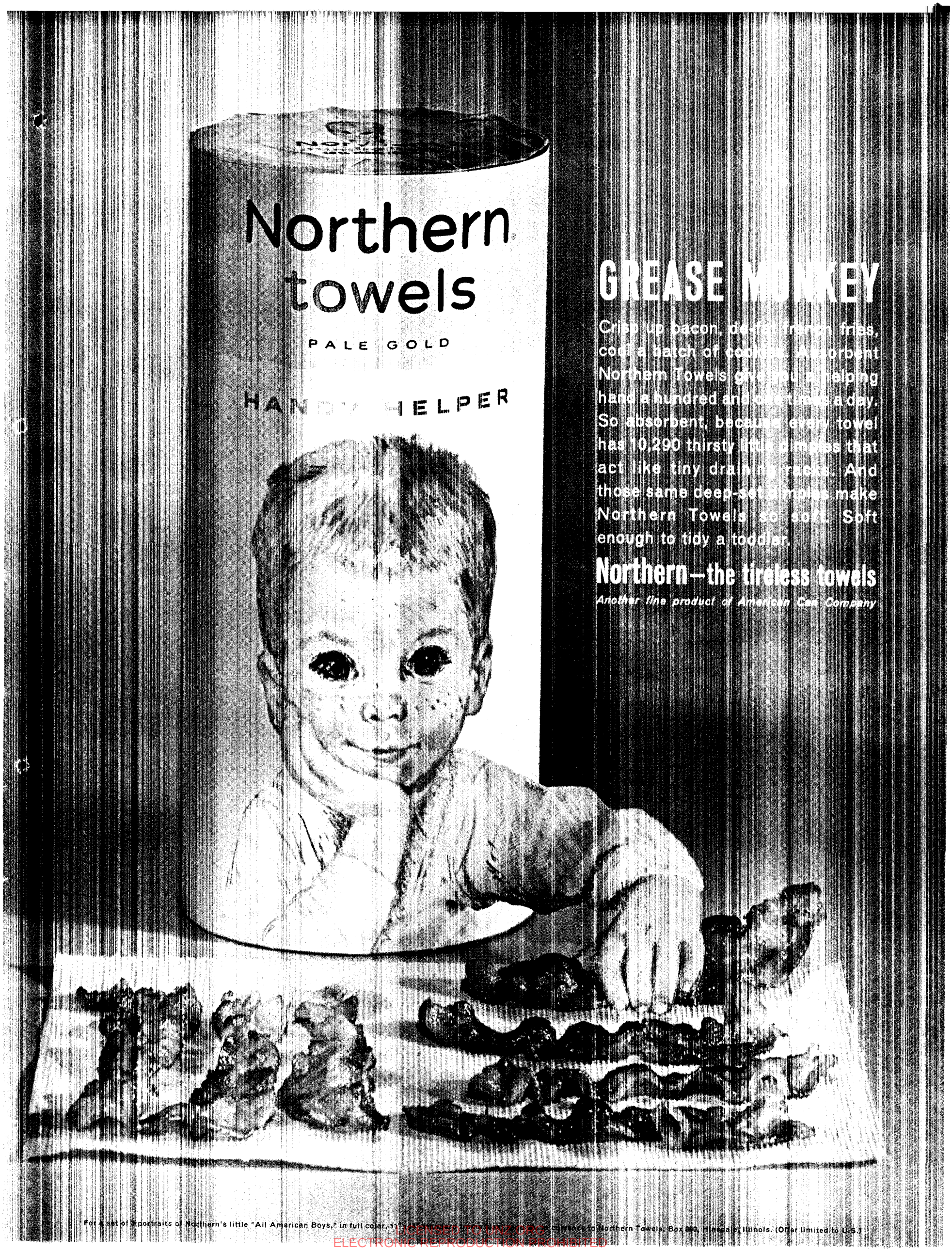

GREASE MONKEY

Crisp up bacon, de-[illegible] fries, cool a batch of cookies. Absorbent Northern Towels give you a helping hand a hundred and one times a day. So absorbent, because every towel has 10,290 thirsty little dimples that act like tiny draining racks. And those same deep-set dimples make Northern Towels so soft. Soft enough to tidy a toddler.

Northern—the tireless towels

Another fine product of American Can Company

For a set of 3 portraits of Northern's little "All American Boys," in full color, 11" x 14", suitable for framing, send 25¢ in coin to Northern Towels, Box 880, Hinsdale, Illinois. (Offer limited to U.S.)

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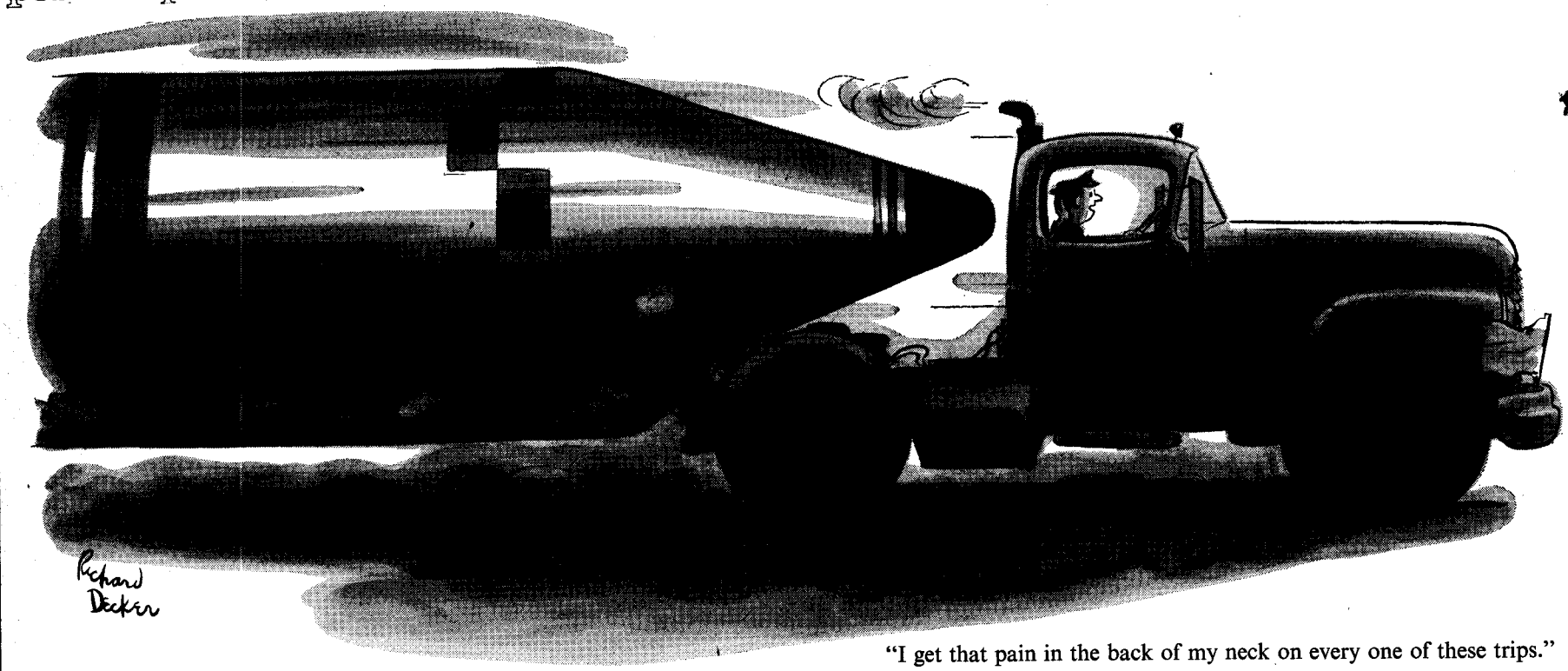

"I get that pain in the back of my neck on every one of these trips."

FATHERS WILL ALWAYS BE FATHERS, I SUPPOSE

"What d'ya mean, the kid's too young for boxing gloves? He's darned near a year and a half old! . . . C'mon, son; now, when I put out a left jab like this, you counter with a left to the ——"

"Have a cigar, Fred! Boy, I'm tellin' ya, the kid's smart as a whip! Knew his old man right off, because he grabbed my index finger with his husky little hand and wouldn't let go for love nor money! . . . Have a cigar, Dan! And a handsome little cuss, too! . . . Have a cigar, Leroy! And the doctor said he'd never seen such a healthy kid in his whole life! Have a cigar ——"

"Look, son, if you don't stop squirming and let me get your toddler's suit on, we're going to miss the kickoff!"

"You're probably not going to believe this, Otis, but I asked the kid how old he was, and he said, 'Glub-glub.' Glub-glub. Get it? Two months old! And then I asked him ——"

"Son, will you please stop messing with that coloring book and pay attention to what I'm saying! . . . Now then, as I was about to say, Joe Louis won the heavyweight championship of the world by beating James J. Braddock in 1937, and during the next eleven years he successfully defended his title twenty-five times against such fighters as ——"

"Boy, now I've seen everything! Who ever heard of a ten-month-old kid not liking a chemistry set!"

VERNON H. KURTZ

"Isn't that our bus driver?"

"You call it hibernation! I call it goofing off!"

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NOW YOU KNOW... how Suzy gets so much done. It's really very simple. She takes care of everything she possibly can by telephone. What's left to do is often very little. Why not try Suzy's way yourself today? It's a good example of how useful your phone can be for the little it costs.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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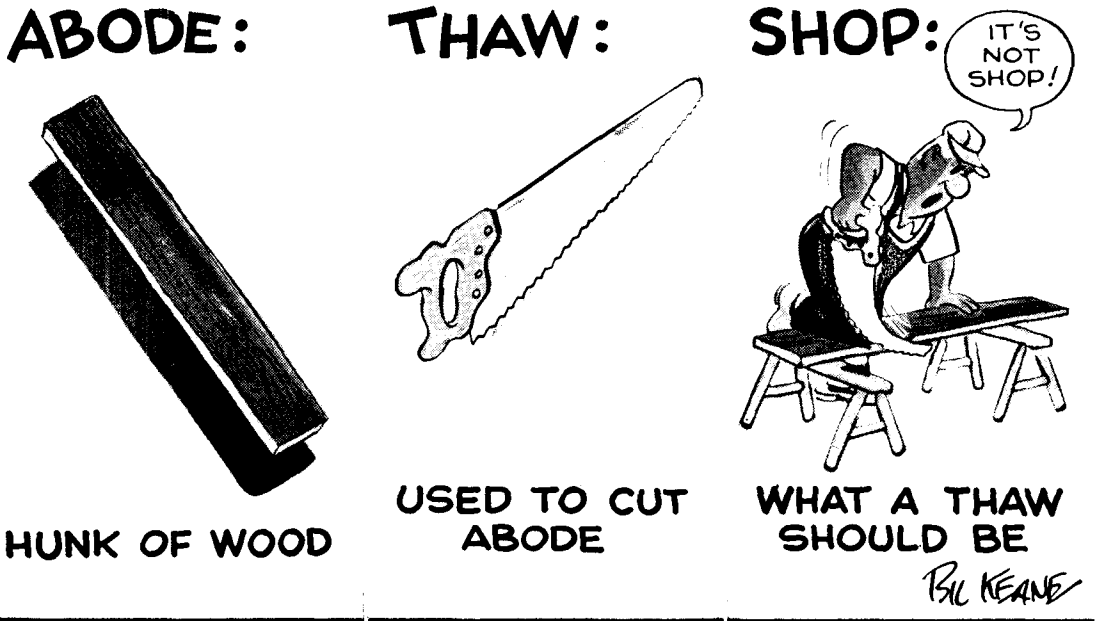


Man, Like Shakespeare on Madison Ave.

Friendly Neighborhood
The Merchant of Venice

Good
All's Well that Ends ~~Well~~

Gay, Colorful, Gateway to the Sun
Timon of Athens

Restful, Airconditioned
A Midsummer Night's Dream

and Charming Homemakers
The Merry Wives of Windsor

Like
~~As~~ you Like It

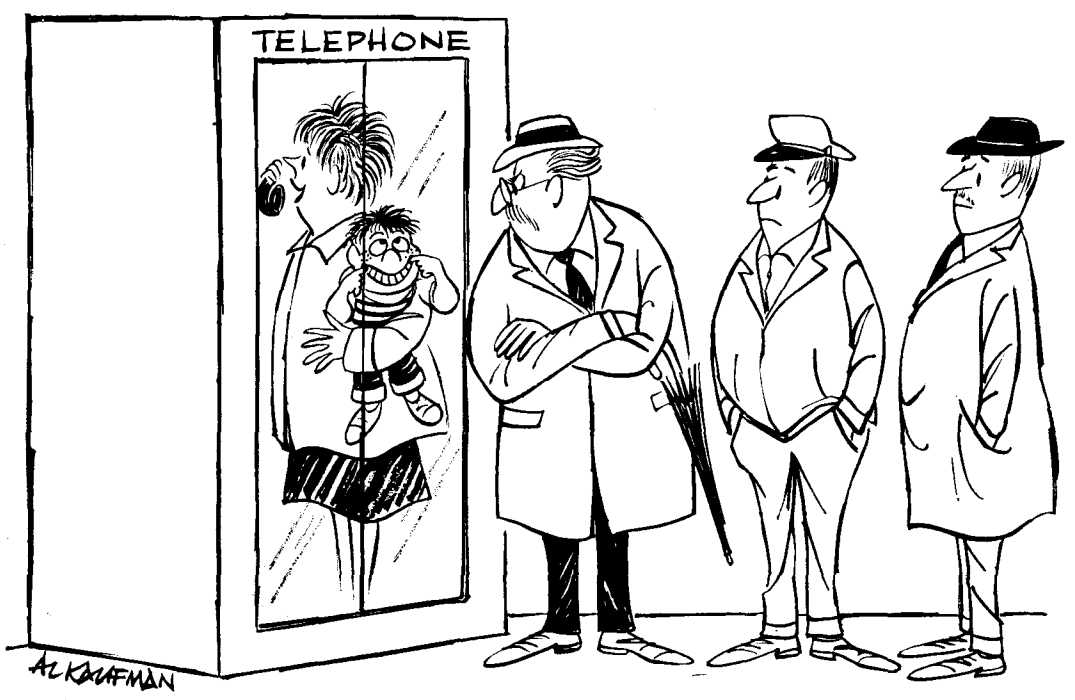
Tom	Mary
~~Tab~~	~~Cindy~~
~~Troy~~	~~Cress~~

~~Troilus~~ and ~~Cressida~~

ART ROBERTS

"Venison."

"Lady, please make your child quit throwing me peanuts!"



"... and part greyhound."

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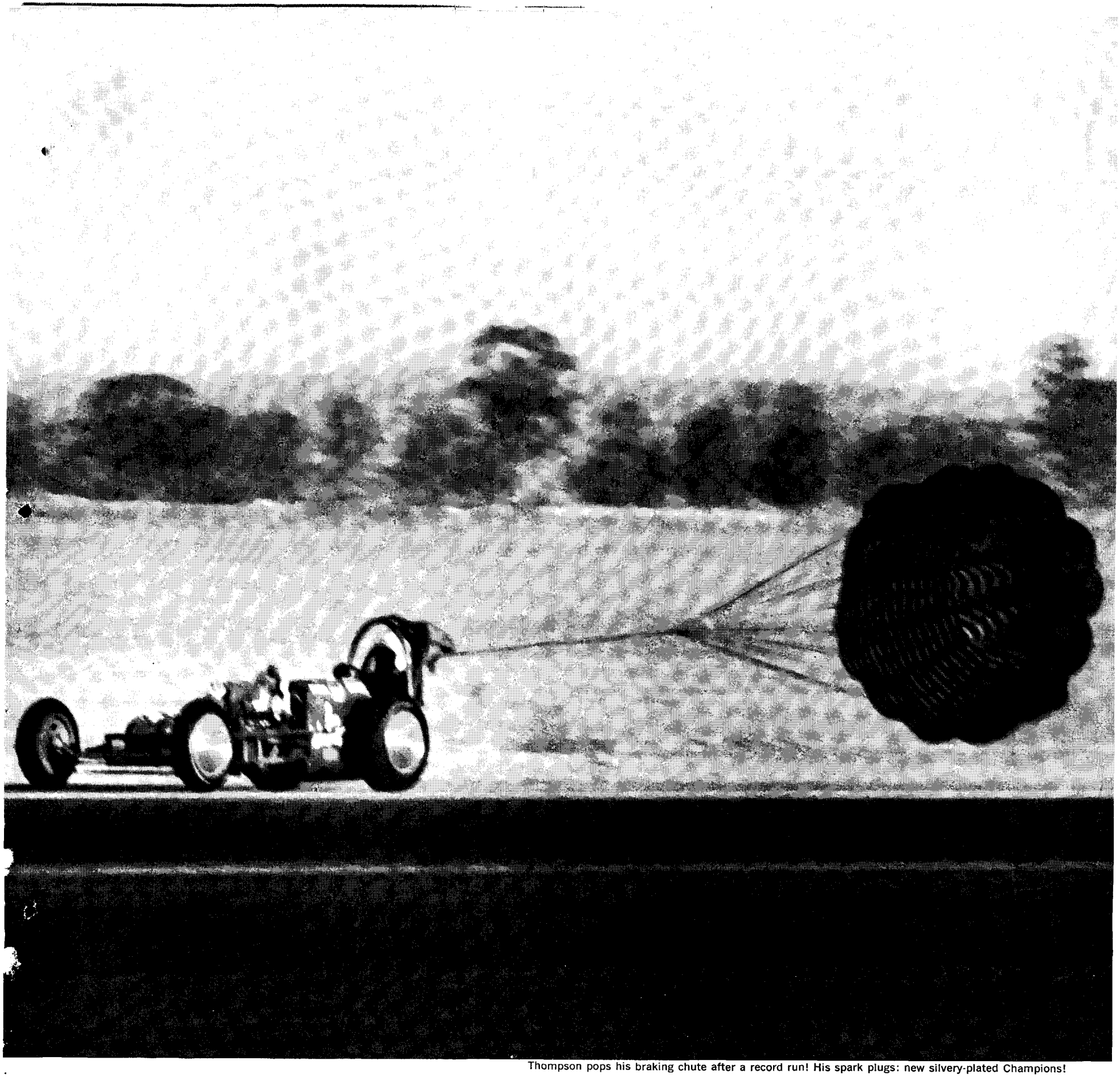

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Mickey Thompson--world's fastest driver--
set 14 new national and international records
in one morning! Like winners of 9 out of 10
major races, he insists on Champion spark plugs...
because Champions have no equal for performance!
Why settle for less in your car?

CHAMPION

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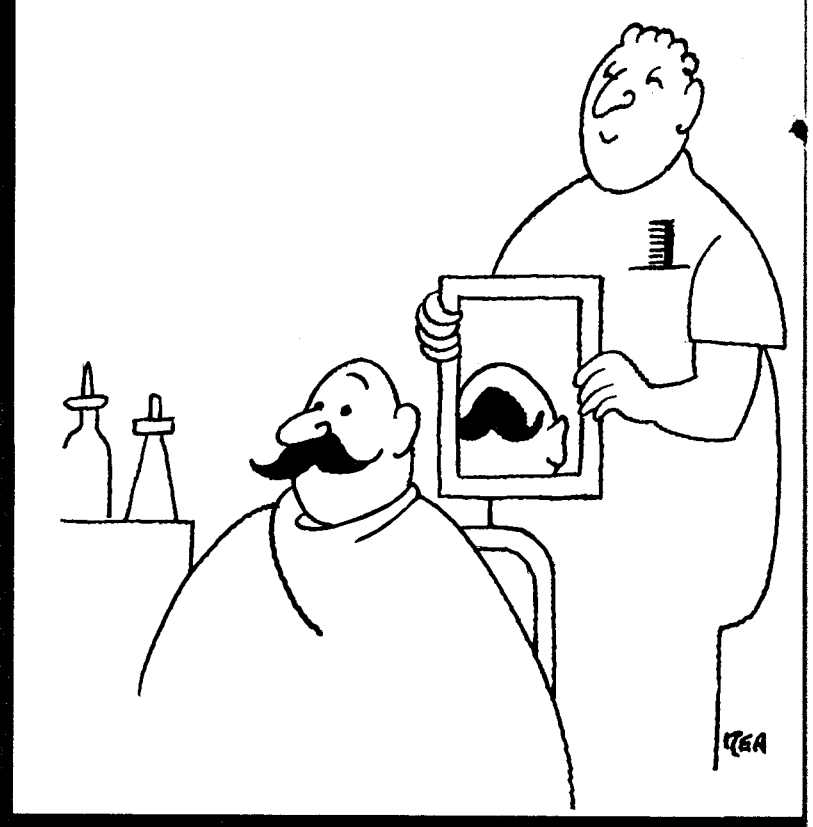
"Prince who?"

"I got him back into bed, but I think I broke his arm."



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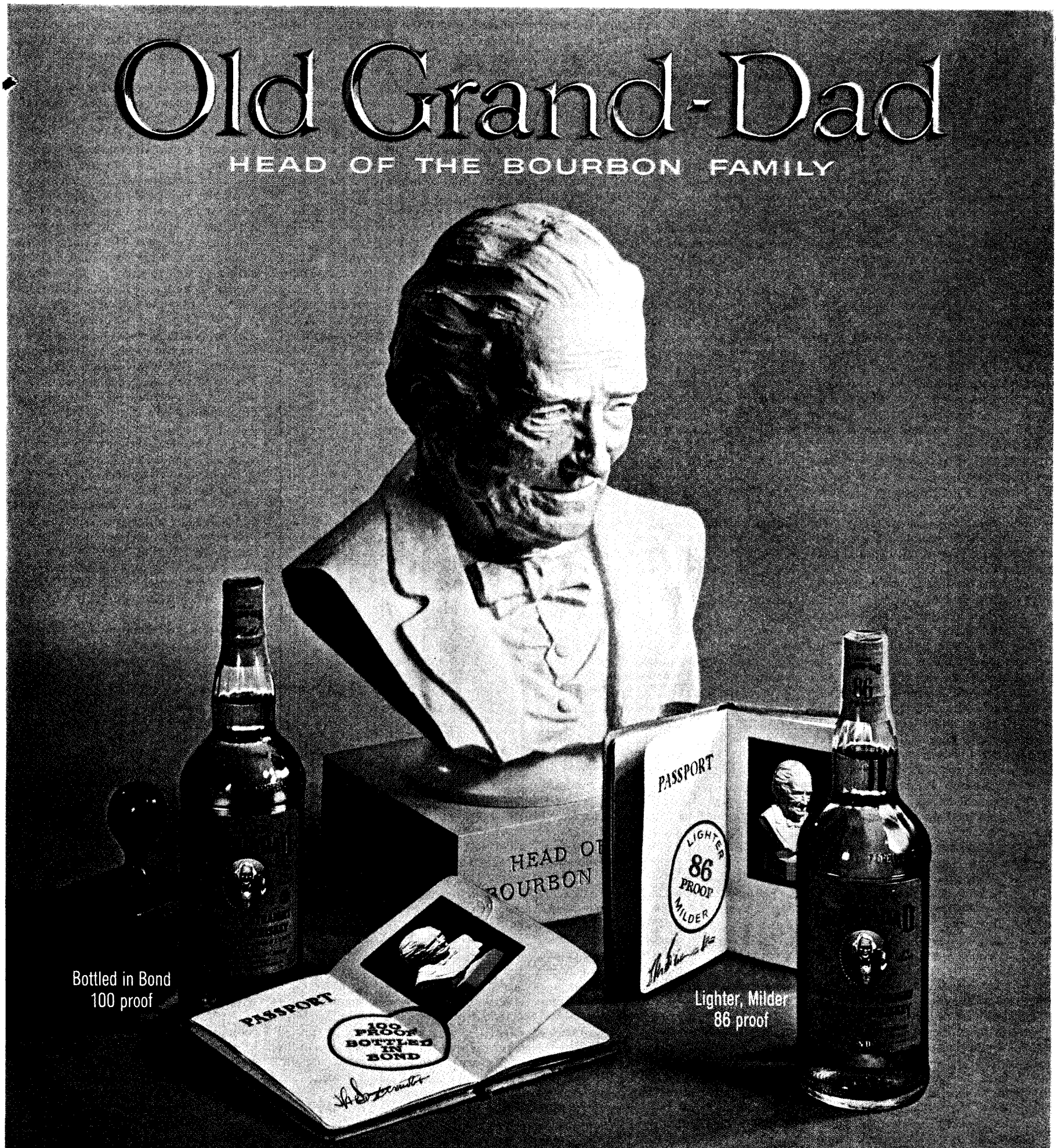
Old Grand-Dad

HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY



Bottled in Bond
100 proof

Lighter, Milder
86 proof

Passports to Pleasure

Whether you choose Old Grand-Dad bottled in bond or light, mellow 86 proof, your choice reflects the selection of the finest of all Kentucky bourbons, bottled at the peak of perfection. Either way, your pleasure is completely assured with the "Head of the Bourbon Family."

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKIES · THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KY. · DISTR. BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS COMPANY

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THE EMPTY DESERT

continued from page 25

week with water, fuel and food. After eight days we found the lost crew's first marker—panels cut from a parachute and laid out, weighted with pebbles, in the form of an arrowhead. We found more markers. They were lonely and pitiful. And finally we found nine bodies in three groups. They had endured more than seemed possible. They had walked, each with only a canteen of water, right out of the dry lake and into the sand sea.

We didn't find Hill, the navigator, although we searched the dunes for another two weeks. Captain Doherty, the pilot of the *Katy D*—Katy was his wife—kept a diary. One line of it said, "Hill not with us."

The bodies were flown out. It took a while to locate the families after all those years. But finally the nine were buried, two in the American cemetery in Algiers, two in Arlington and the others in their home towns.

I came back to Washington, and General Tines, who headed our outfit before you came, put a commendation in my 201 file. I went out on other jobs, but I couldn't forget Lieutenant Hill. He haunted me. Subconsciously I knew that somewhere I'd slipped up. I should have found him.

Last April a Mrs. Edith Somerville called me. She was the widow of Hill and had remarried after the war. Now she and her husband were in the city for a few days to show their children the sights. She would like to talk to me. I invited her to the office.

She was a little dumpling of a woman, around forty, with tiny feet and fluttery hands, a nice smile, dimples. It was cherry-blossom season. Cherries decorated her hat. I pegged her as the garden-club-and-cookbook type. Somerville was a banker in Upper Hyannis, Tennessee. At that moment he was taking the children through the Capitol. I recalled that Hill, also, had been from Upper Hyannis, Tennessee. "Since we were in Washington," she said, "I felt it was my duty to see you about Rad. Rad's father and mother are both dead now, and he had no sisters or brothers. So I'm the only one left alive who ever loved him. My husband and I followed the search in the papers. If you'd found him, we planned to arrange for burial in his family plot."

"I'm sorry we didn't find Lieutenant Hill," I said. "We tried."

"Do you think he'll ever be found?"

"I don't think there's a chance in ten million." I told her how the dunes shifted, through the years, like the waves of the sea. "I think he reached the dunes," I said, "and the sand covered him."

I could see she was satisfied, but she had more to say. She began to talk about her first marriage and about Hill. Listening to life stories, invariably ending in tragedy, is part of my job. It had been one of those desperate, senseless, gallant wartime romances. Two immature people were in love, or thought so. He would soon go overseas. He might get killed. So the thing to do was get married. In this case, fortunately, there was no child.

"Rad got forty-eight hours' leave for the honeymoon," she said, "and we had only two weeks all together. We lived in a one-room apartment near the base in Florida. We hardly knew each other when his group was ordered out. I went back to Upper Hyannis. After that, I got four of those V-mail notes from him, and that was all."

I nodded, waiting for her to talk it out. What she said next I hadn't expected. "Rad should never have been in the Air Force. He really wasn't very competent. He was a dreamer. He washed out of pilot school, you know."

"No, I didn't."

"I suppose he was better at navigation. He certainly was no man of action. He hated violence. Actually Rad was quite timid. He was even afraid of heights. I don't know how he ever summoned up enough courage to fly. War must have been torture for him. He was such a gentle boy."

Her eyes were filling, and she couldn't seem to find a handkerchief in her bag. I looked at my watch. She said, "I'd better be going now. Thank you so much, major, for everything you've done." They always say that, even when I've done very little and accomplished nothing.

That night, at home, I brought out my maps of the Libyan Sahara. I had new insight into Hill's character, and all my thinking had changed. I spread out the map and looked at it for a long time. Then I closed my eyes and imagined myself in the navigator's seat on the *Katy D*. I tried to make myself think like Second Lieutenant Hill—lost, sick with fear, awake in a nightmare.

I could hear the copilot report on intercom that they were at the end of their fuel. I heard Captain Doherty give the bail-out order. I heard the clang of the alarm bell. I feel men brush past me. Do I jump with the others? No. I am frozen in my seat. I cannot bear the thought of leaping into the night. I am a fearful man, and most of all I fear falling. Perhaps I have acrophobia. I cannot possibly jump. When the others bail out, the B-17 noses down and lurches, and the wind begins to scream past the wings. So I scramble forward and into the pilot's seat. It is an involuntary act of self-preservation. I've had pilot training. I bring the aircraft under control. I maintain air speed and hold the aircraft in a glide and I land it.

That explained the miracle of the *Katy D*'s perfect landing. The miracle was no miracle. It explained the note in Doherty's diary: "Hill not with us."

I thought it over and found a flaw in my deduction. If Hill rode the plane down, why hadn't we found his parachute in the fuselage? I eliminated the flaw. Crews shipped to North Africa received desert-survival training. Hill had been taught that his parachute could be invaluable if he was forced down in the desert. It could serve as a tent. A panel could be fashioned into a hood and mantle to shield him from the sun. Panels could be cut out and laid down as signals and markers. So when he left the *Katy D*, Hill would take his parachute along.

But which way had he gone? I stared at the map and tried to sneak into his mind. He would stay with the plane until dawn. I was sure of that. He was a navigator and he had a sextant. So at first light he would shoot the sun. He had an advantage over the others. They might believe, and probably did, that the sea was just beyond the horizon. He would know almost exactly where he was. He would know he was six hundred miles inside the desert.

He would mark his position and then search the map for the nearest water, road or habitation. I examined my map. Essentially it was the same as the Army Air Forces' chart which he must have used back in nineteen-forty-three. It was stamped, USE WITH CAUTION, and large sections of it were perfectly blank, or bore such obscure notations as "crested dunes" or "scattered low hills." The nearest oasis was Cufra, a hundred and sixty miles to his northwest. I knew he hadn't reached Cufra, which at that time was occupied by the Free French. I doubted that he had tried, except in desperation. He couldn't possibly carry enough water to preserve his life on such a march.

Then I saw something else on the chart. A broken blue line ran along the Libyan-Egyptian border to his southeast, an unnamed wadi which might once have held water, running from nowhere to nowhere. On this wadi was a cluster of black dots. The dots had a name, Bir Saghir, and an explanation, "ruins." I scaled the distance from the *Katy D*—eighty-five miles.

COMING NEXT WEEK

THE WILDNESS IN HER

a story by
ARTHUR MAYSE

At nine o'clock next morning I was in General Tines's office telling him I was confident I would find the body of Lieutenant Hill in the ruins of Bir Saghir. It took a bit of persuasion before he authorized another search. I told him it wouldn't be necessary to mount an elaborate expedition, if the Air Force would help. The decisive factor, I think, was our tradition. Every military organization, even Graves Registration, must have a tradition. Ours is very simple. We never stop looking.

I flew to Benghazi and found Mike Taras. He was lifting mines for an oil company, but turned over the job to his partner when I told him I was going into the Libyan Sahara again and needed his help. Mike is a big brute, built like a silo, a mat of hair on his arms and chest, but he is romantic about the Sahara. Every chance he gets he searches for Rommel's Lost Legion. He claims that fourteen German tanks are somewhere between Cufra Oasis and the Nile, and that one of them is loaded with the Afrika Korps payroll, plus Italian gold.

We went to Tripoli. The commander at Wheelus provided the vehicle we needed, a balloon-tired truck that would fit into a C-130, that big, fast prop-jet transport that can land anywhere. They packed the C-130 with water, gasoline and supplies and drove the truck into its belly. Three hours later we landed beside the old *Katy D* and stepped out of the air-conditioning into one-hundred-and-thirty-degree heat. I was so sure that we would find the tenth man that I told the Air Force boys to pick us up in a week and not worry about resupply.

Once again I drew a line on the map, but this time in the opposite direction. Mike and I started for Bir Saghir in our oversized beach buggy. On the dry lake bed there are no landmarks or points of reference. One man drives, the other holds the compass. We had gone twenty-two miles when we came upon the first arrow-shaped parachute marker. I had expected it. After that, we slowed down. We knew nothing of Hill's endurance or whether he had been smart enough and strong enough to carry all the water he needed. That day we found nothing more and we slept in the truck that night.

In the morning we found another marker. A little farther on, at the edge of the dry lake, we picked up a two-quart vacuum bottle. It was Government issue. The terrain changed, becoming rougher. We had to wind our way between rock outcroppings. We came to the wadi. It was dry. As we drove south, it deepened into a gorge and curved away from our compass course. Then I saw ruins, dancing in the heat rising from the sand.

All together there were a half dozen one- and two-room roofless stone huts, surrounded by stunted brush and ancient, drooping, almost lifeless palms. The first hut was empty, but Mike Taras put his fists on his hips and sniffed and said, "Something's been living here. I think goats. Where there are goats, there are people."

We were just going into the next hut when Mike pointed. A nanny and two kids were bouncing across the sand. Suddenly they seemed to vanish into the desert floor. We followed them, and that's how we found the village of Bir Saghir, hidden in the bottom of the gorge about four hundred feet below the level of the ruins.

As a village it wasn't much—seven huts not different from those above except that palm thatch shielded the roofs. But the bottom of the wadi at this point was green, and date palms flanked a trickle of water, which was astonishing. We found out later that the water was artesian—cool, clear and abundant, although it smelled of sulphur. The ancestors of the people who lived there long ago had been forced to dig for water and had tapped an underground river. We saw people, white-robed to their ankles, moving around under the palms. We followed the goats down the steep path, and someone below saw us and shouted.

By the time we got to the bottom, a reception committee was waiting. They looked like Bedouins, but they seemed cleaner than any desert Arabs I'd ever seen. The women were unveiled. They were at once cautious and curious, excited and yet friendly. They were all ages. "Try your Arabic on them, Mike," I said. "Ask the older men whether an American flier came this way eighteen years ago."

Mike spoke in Arabic. I could see that they didn't comprehend. One of the older men spoke, gesticulating. Mike frowned and tried Hebrew. He couldn't get through to them. A twelve-year-old boy was staring up at Mike and laughing. I took a good look at the boy. He was different. His eyes were gray, not black, and his skin a shade fairer than the others. I said, "Mike, this is the right place. He's here, and I'll bet he's alive."

I saw him coming up the path toward us. I had been thinking of Hill as a young

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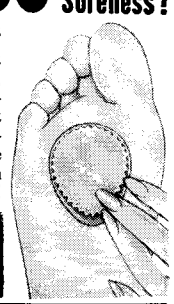

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DESERT man, but this man's face was weathered and lined and his beard mostly gray. Like the others, he wore a white burnoose and hood. A woman, a child in her arms, was at his side, and an eight-year-old girl trailed them. He said quietly, "So you've come for me? I always knew you would."

I said, "You're Lieutenant Hill, aren't you?" It was a silly thing to say.

He said, "I'm Hill," and stretched out his arm and gave me his identification tags. Yes, these, right here on the table. He spoke again, hesitantly, as if it were an effort to choose and enunciate the right words. "I guess you'll want to ask me some questions. Come on into the cave. It's a community club, sort of. It's cool."

We followed him to a shallow cave, its entrance covered by an arbor, in the side of the gorge. It was damp, cool, and I could hear water bubbling. He spoke to his woman—he called her Thalma—and the others, apparently telling them that the conversation was to be private.

Mike said, "What is that language, lieutenant?"

"Isn't it Arabic?" Hill said. "I thought it was Arabic."

"There seem to be a few Arabic words," Mike said, "but it isn't Arabic and it isn't Hebrew. I think it's Aramaic. I thought Aramaic had disappeared from this part of the world, except for one small area near Damascus."

We sat, cross-legged, in the gloom, and Hill began asking questions. First he wanted to know about his family. I told him his wife had remarried and had three children and seemed very happy. "You have to understand," I added, "that before the war was over you were listed killed in action. Your name is chiseled on the War Memorial in Algiers, and that's the way you're listed."

"I'm glad Edith remarried," he said, "and has a family. I remarried, too, as you can see, and I have three children."

Then I told Hill that his mother and father had died. He sat quietly for a long time, saying nothing. Then he asked, "What about the others in my crew?"

"They all died, trying to walk out. We didn't recover the bodies until last year." I told him about finding the plane, and the search.

"It wasn't my fault!" Hill said. "It wasn't, honestly. Doherty didn't believe me. You see, I fouled up on our first mission. I missed our IP and the target. Doherty decided to jettison in the sea, but somebody toggled the bombs prematurely, and they blotted out a little town on the shore. I saw it. It was awful. After that, Doherty didn't trust my navigation. I knew the radio fix was wrong because I got a star sight a few minutes later. But they didn't trust me."

I said something about the stupidities that happened in war, and then Hill asked a question that shook me. "When did the war end?"

"In nineteen-forty-five, right after we dropped the atom bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki."

"The what bombs?" he said. I tried to explain about atom bombs. It was quite a job. I finally got it across to him by telling him that it would take five thousand Flying Fortresses like the *Katy D*, each carrying four tons of TNT, to deliver the same punch as the one bomb that flattened Hiroshima. He was horrified, but I don't think he really believed me. I know he didn't believe me when I started explaining about the H-bomb.

I didn't really comprehend how far a man can be left behind in eighteen years until Hill said, "A few months ago I saw a big plane go over here very fast. It didn't seem to have any propellers."

I told him about jets; and, of course, jets led me into rockets and missiles and space and orbital flight and the plans to go to the moon. He listened with his mouth open, as a child listens to a fairy tale.

Hill asked about politics and government, and I told him the new President was a man about his own age. When I tried to tell him about the cold war and how Russia and China, which had been our allies, were now against us, and that Japan and Germany and Italy were now our allies, I don't think he assimilated it at all.

SEE HAZEL ON NBC THURSDAY NIGHT

"You're familiar with the visiting hours . . ."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

His woman, and another, came into the cave with pottery bowls and a basket of hard, flat bread. "Roasted locusts and honey," he said, touching the bowls. "We don't eat meat here, but they don't consider locusts meat. With honey, they're considered a delicacy."

I said I thought I'd decline. We had plenty of food in the truck up at the top of the wadi. But Mike Taras ate and seemed to enjoy it.

While they ate, Thalma watched me. She was olive-skinned and must have been very pretty when younger. Now she was a little faded. Her eyes seemed too large for her face. She was frightened because we had come. I knew she suspected that we had come to take her man away.

The women left. Hill said, as if sensing what had been going through my head, "Major, I don't have to go back, do I?"

"Do you mean to say you want to stay?"

"Yes. I must stay. There isn't anybody back there that needs me. But I'm needed here. I have a wife and three children here. And I'm a big help to everybody. I really am."

I tried to sort out the legal aspects of the case, but I didn't have any precedent. I said, "You're an American citizen and you're alive and you ought to go home."

"If I went home, how would I live? How could I ever catch up? I was a flop as a pilot. I wasn't even a very good navigator. I don't have any profession. I'm afraid, major. I'd be afraid to put my foot in the United States."

I said, "You'd have a lot of back pay coming. I think the Department of Defense would agree to quite a settlement."

I had to explain what the Department of Defense was and how the Air Force had separated from the Army, but now how Army, Navy and Air Force were all under the Department of Defense. He said finally, "But when the settlement was gone, what would I do? How would I support my family? I'd just be a freak—a Rip van Winkle."

I realized that he expected to bring his woman and the children with him if I forced him to come back. Certainly he had every moral right to do this, but the complications shook me. I doubted that the Immigration Service would consider Thalma his wife. For one thing, he wasn't divorced from Edith Somerville. And where did that leave the Somervilles? Also, I had some doubt as to Thalma's nationality. The village stood on the border between Egypt and Libya. I knew that if I ever started to get Thalma and the three children to the United States, I would be wrapped up in the red tape of at least two governments until the age of retirement.

But what really decided me was the conviction that Hill was in his proper niche, a gentle man among gentle people who loved him. We left him medical supplies and all the provisions we could spare.

So I never found the tenth man.

Is Taras reliable? Absolutely. He'll never breathe a word.

I'm glad that you agree I did the right and wise thing. And it's nice of you to say that you think I deserve a Legion of Merit. But you know I won't get a medal. We never get a medal in this outfit. All we do is tidy up after wars. THE END

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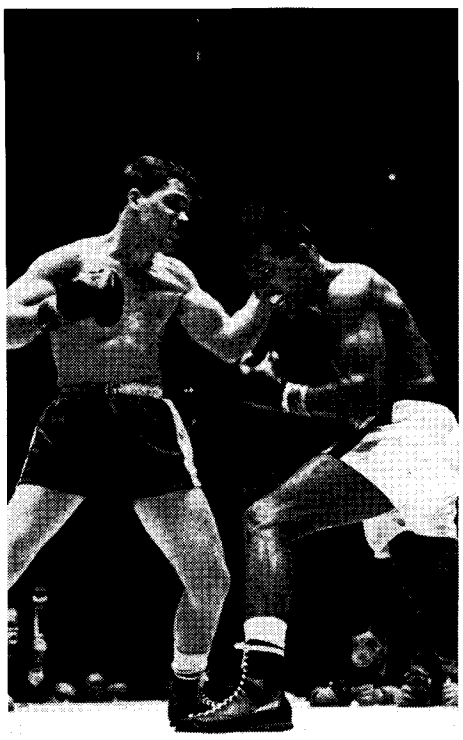
THE LAST DAYS OF SUGAR RAY

The rise and fall of America's flashiest titleholder, the boxer they said would never have money trouble.

By JIMMY BRESLIN



Robinson buckles under a left from Denny Moyer in their ten-round return match on February seventeenth. Moyer, twenty-two, gave the aging ex-champion as severe a beating as he has received in 161 bouts. Sugar ran out of steam in the second round; he lasted to the final bell by backpedaling from a youngster who was only a year old when Robinson won his first professional fight.

It was five minutes before ten P.M., and Mushky McGee started to bang on the gray metal door of dressing room No. 34 at Madison Square Garden in New York. McGee wore a brown shirt and a brown tie with a mustard stain on it. Mushky, for forty years a messenger for fight managers and promoters—he is very good at buying hot pastrami sandwiches—had been sitting at ringside when somebody told him to get Sugar Ray Robinson out of his dressing room and into the ring to box Denny Moyer. And now Mushky kept banging on the door until a guy named Simms, who works for Robinson, opened it.

Mushky pushed into the big cement-floored dressing room. "All right," he said loudly. "Let's go." He waved his arm. "Time to go." Then he turned and walked out.

Sugar Ray Robinson was in the middle of the room. He had on a white terry-cloth fingertip robe, and George Gainford, his adviser, was helping him into another robe, a neatly pressed blue-and-white job.

They started to the ring. In the tunnel outside the door, one of the six people wearing blue-and-white seconds' sweaters with SUGAR RAY printed on the back, called, "Look out, now. Look out, now." But there was no need for it. There were only some trainers and managers standing around, and they kept on smoking their cigarettes and talking. They barely noticed Robinson coming by.

Once it was a big thing when Sugar Ray Robinson came out to make a fight. Promoters and commissioners would be in the dressing room calling him "Champ" or "Sugar," and there would be a line of police waiting outside the door to escort him down the aisle. But on this night last October, although the crowd was larger than usual for boxing at Madison Square Garden in recent years, there were only 7200 people in the large arena.

Robinson was going to get $20,000 for the fight, a fraction of what he used to take down. It would just about meet his expenses. And Mushky McGee had ordered him out as if he were just another fighter.

Robinson boxed Moyer for ten rounds. His legs kept spreading too wide, and they shook whenever Moyer, a light hitter, landed his left hooks. Robinson could not throw a straight right hand, because age—he is forty-one—seems to have taken the discipline from his muscles. He won the decision, but it was a debatable one. In a return match on February seventeenth Moyer easily outpointed Robinson.

Sugar Ray looked even worse that night than he had in an intervening bout in December at the Pittsburgh Civic Arena. An untalented middleweight named Wilfie Greaves stumbled into Robinson in the second round and chopped a right hand to the face. Robinson's eyes looked up at the top of his head and he fell down. He took a count of eight and got up, but he appeared weak and unsure.

"Now," Rocky Marciano, the retired heavyweight champion, said at ringside. "Now he finds out."

Robinson seemed ready to go the way of all the others who have stayed in this business too long, but with something you can only call courage, he refused to fold. His boxing shoes kept squeaking against the ring canvas as he backstepped and went to the side and outmaneuvered Greaves. Robinson didn't get hit with another good punch the rest of the round.

After that he boxed well but seemed to have no strength. By the start of the eighth round, Sugar Ray looked ready to fall apart physically. But he came out and caught Greaves with two murderous left hooks and scored a knockout thirty seconds later. It was a rare display of Robinson's old power.

As Robinson climbed out of the ring, Marciano was saying, "Didn't he look bad? He won't get better either. Look at how the age showed. The guy's just going to wind up being carried out."

You hear this every place. "He is going to keep going," Whitey Bimstein, the old trainer, was saying one day, "until some punk kid gets in with him and knocks his brains out."

After twenty-one years of what was once a great career, this is what it has come down to for Sugar Ray Robinson. He used to be considered the best boxer the business has ever known—"pound for pound the greatest," was the way they always wrote it. In his first dozen years as a professional he lost only twice—to Jake LaMotta, whom he defeated on five other occasions, and to Randy Turpin, whom he knocked out in a return match.

Robinson had more than fighting ability. He was, even before he turned pro, a great showman. There was the night in 1939 when he came into the dressing room of a place called the Star Buck Arena in Watertown, New York, and started to get ready for his bout on a bootleg amateur show. He was a nineteen-year-old kid then, weighing 133 pounds. He carried an old Victrola with him, and when Gainford set it up and played a jazz record, Robinson began to dance to it. Everybody in the room stopped to watch him. A few minutes later he danced into the ring and flattened his opponent with a fast-handed flurry that shook up people at ringside.

One of them was Jack Case, the sports editor of the Watertown *Daily Times*. "That's a sweet boy you have there," Case said to Gainford after the fight.

"Sweet as sugar," George said.

The next day Case's paper called the fighter Sugar Ray Robinson. After that everybody used the name, and Robinson put on a show to match it. He moved to both the welterweight and middleweight titles, and just missed becoming light-heavyweight champion too.

All told, his fight purses have come to a total of nearly $4,000,000. Now the indications are that he has no real money left. He has had domestic troubles and separated from his wife. He is in constant difficulty with lawyers and court proceedings.

Yet the man himself has not changed. He is the same Sugar Ray Robinson—egotistical, hard to reach in conversation, but possessing rare color and individuality. "I'm fighting out of pride," he said recently. "I want to win the middleweight championship again and show everybody I can do it. Then I'll retire."

Others scoff. "I'll tell you why Robinson is fighting," Joe Glaser says. "He's fighting because he's broke."

Glaser, a major theatrical booking agent, once handled Robinson's brief career as a dancer. Now, as a mortgagee, Glaser is in the process of foreclosing on the buildings Robinson used to own on New York's Seventh Avenue. The buildings are in the hands of a receiver.

Dr. Vincent Nardiello, a longtime ringside physician and once Robinson's own doctor, claims Sugar Ray owes him money too. Nardiello does not talk to Robinson anymore.

Somehow, with his uncanny ability to bounce back, Robinson might be able to get one last financial windfall. But he probably will have to go to Europe or South America to find it. He must be considered nearly through as a challenger for the middleweight title and as a gate attraction in this country.

He rubbed nearly all of the remaining magic from his name in losing badly to Moyer in February. After the second round, it was not the great Sugar Ray Robinson you were looking at. It was, instead, an old man whose only defense against a left hook was to stumble backward and hope his legs would keep him from falling.

And as Robinson floundered, George Gainford sat on a stool beneath his corner and kept saying, "Oh, my God, look at this man. He can do nothing anymore."

When it was over, Robinson walked across the ring to Moyer and congratulated him. This was characteristic of the class Ray always has shown inside the ring. For all the raps people have had against him for his dealings on the outside, Ray has never once complained

The subdued warrior after his Madison Square Garden defeat. The dressing-room atmosphere was almost funereal.

Photographs by Larry Fried

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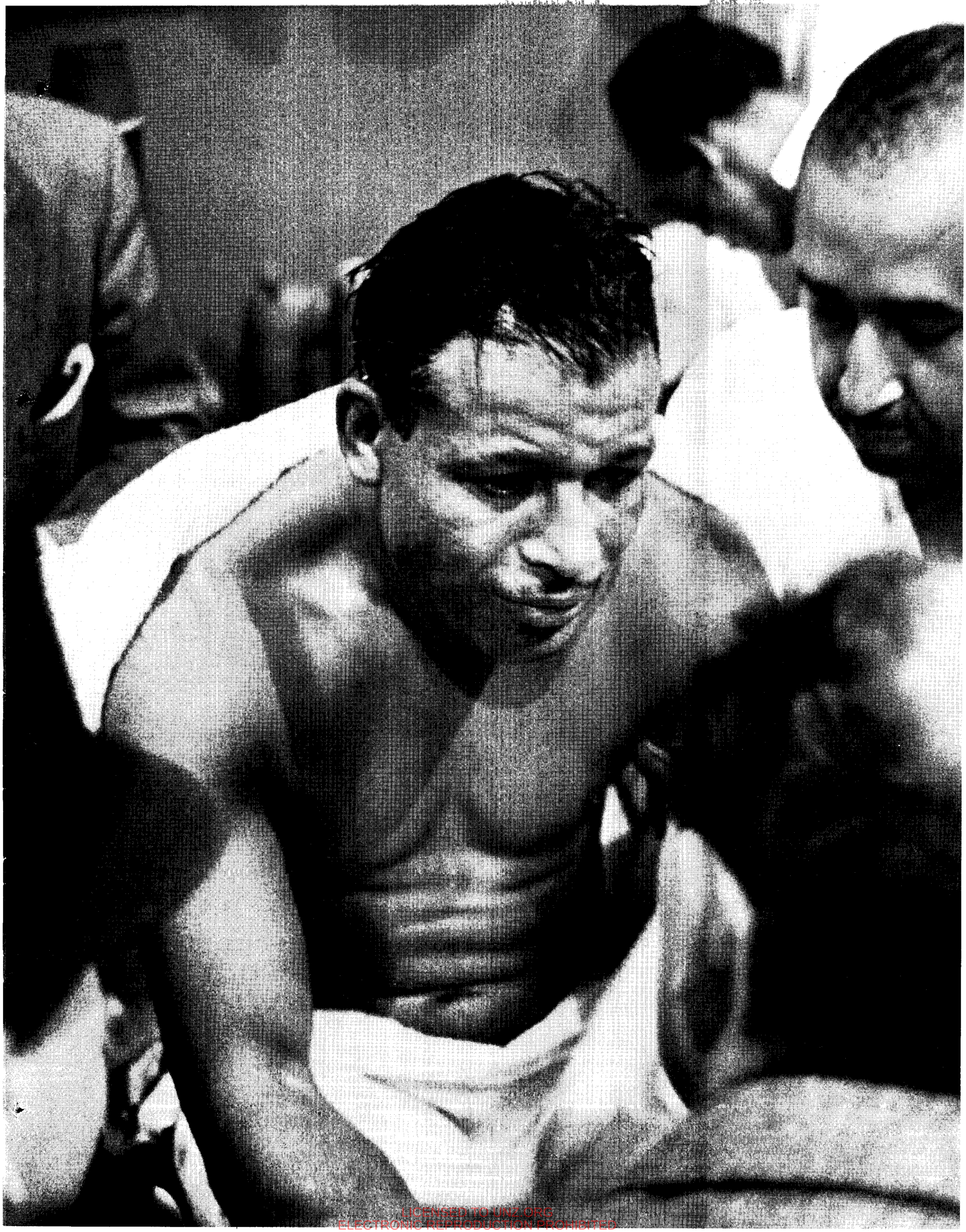

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SUGAR RAY

about a decision or acted as anything but a champion when he had gloves on.

The sad thing about it is that he still does not intend to retire. After the Moyer fight, he began talking of building himself up again with small fights around the country. But even these are a terrible job for him.

Following his Greaves bout in Pittsburgh last December, for example, Ray was exhausted. He used to talk after fights about things along the lines of a new oil discovery in Mesopotamia, and how he was going to advise Bernard Baruch to get in on the deal. Now all he could say was how tough the fight had been for him.

A fellow named Marlo was let into the room. "You were great," he said to Robinson, and then, to the others in the room, "I love the guy. He's like my brother." It was the kind of adulation that Robinson loves. But back-patting didn't seem to have any place that night.

Once, when Sugar Ray Robinson was riding high, he sat in a training camp at Greenwood Lake, New York, and pointed to his face and said, "Me stay in this business too long? Listen, man. See this face? Ain't no man ever going to muss up this face. Don't you worry about that."

But in the dressing room in Pittsburgh lumps of scar tissue were visible over his eyes, and the skin on his face was rough and grainy. You wondered how many times somebody had rubbed a boxing glove across it during a clinch.

Adviser George Gainford, a towering man they call The Emperor, stood by a row of lockers and shrugged at a question. "Who do he fight next?" Gainford said. "I hope he never fight again. But he will. He tells me, 'I can beat Fullmer, Downes or Pender.'"

Gainford started to get dressed. "Life and death," he said quietly. "Every round is just like life and death now. The thing that was bad tonight was he went down so early in the round. I say, 'Oh, my God.' But he got out of it. Isn't this something, having to worry about a Robi'son?"

The next morning, wearing a black beret and a camel's-hair overcoat, Robinson sat in a plane going back to New York and parried some questions.

"You're hard on me because you remember me the way I used to fight," he said at one point. "That's wrong. Judge me off what's around today."

"Do you need the money?" I asked.

"Who do you know that's got enough of money?" he said.

You could pry all the way to New York but you could not get Robinson to admit he was in financial trouble. Yet on Monday morning he was at Madison Square Garden drawing an advance against his next fight purse.

Back when Sugar Ray Robinson was a kid hanging around the streets in the part of Detroit they call Paradise Valley, he used to say, "This here boy is goin' to be a big man in business." And when he reached the top in boxing, he seemed to be living up to his boast. He bought a string of three four-story apartment buildings on busy Seventh Avenue in New York. He installed a number of businesses on the ground floors.

Sitting in an office with several secretaries around him and with his custom-built fuchsia Cadillac at the curb, he gave every sign of being one fighter who would never go broke. He collected rents from the apartments. He had a dry-cleaning shop, a lingerie shop, a café and a barbershop. And he kept earning huge purses in boxing.

But now Robinson looks a good deal less than a brilliant businessman. You see this best in the law offices of Emil and Jonas Ellis on Sixth Avenue in New York. They represent Joe Glaser in his case against Robinson.

When you walk in, Jonas Ellis points to several piles of bulging brown legal envelopes. "These are all documents concerned with getting money back from Ray Robinson," he said. "That's only the old case. We have foreclosed against him now for the second time. Back in 1957 we began a foreclosure, but after all the expenses connected with it—searches, legal fees and the like—Glaser had a soft heart and arranged a settlement with Ray. This time it is too late for any changes."

Ellis started opening envelopes and putting papers on the table. They showed that in 1957 Robinson owed Glaser $180,000 on three mortgages and loans and also commissions on fights. This amount was reduced to $145,000 and a method of repayment set up. Through a tax refund from the Government, Robinson gave Glaser $40,000. He also gave Glaser a written assignment which allowed Glaser's attorneys to collect $20,000 of Robinson's purse for a bout with Paul Pender in January of 1960.

This reduced the total to $85,000. Robinson was to make quarterly mortgage payments on that amount, beginning in April of 1960. He never made one. After many demands by Ellis, Robinson sent a check dated March 16, 1961, for the sum of $10,000. It was payable to Associated Booking, Inc., the name of Glaser's firm. When put through, the check was returned by Robinson's bank because of insufficient funds. It was after this that Glaser decided to take legal action.

"There is approximately $96,000 due now," Attorney Ellis said. "Harold F. Lipton has been appointed receiver by the court. I can make no prediction that we can get our client's money out in any sale of Robinson's property. They are neglected buildings, the last receiver, Lloyd F. Dickens, informed us."

Later, Joe Glaser, sitting in his busy booking office on Fifth Avenue, remarked, "I like the guy, you know. He's got that personality. It's impossible not to like him when he comes around. But then you get stuck with him and you can't get any money out of him.

"Why, only back in September George Gainford called me. He said they were in bad trouble. They had a fight coming up in Detroit—the first time he boxed this Greaves—and they needed $800 to finish training and get out to the fight. I called Madison Square Garden and asked Teddy Brenner"—the Garden matchmaker—"why they weren't helping out Robinson. He said he couldn't, he had advanced Robinson too much money already.

"So I said, 'All right, I'll go for the eight hundred.' But I made sure I got it back."

When you talk about why Ray Robinson still has to fight with his fists for a living, you are talking about two separate careers and two lost fortunes. The first career, which started in 1940, ended on June 25, 1952, when he collapsed in 110-degree heat at Yankee Stadium at the end of the thirteenth round in a bout with Joe Maxim for the light-heavyweight championship. It was only his third loss in 138 fights. At that time he was the middleweight champion and a rich man.

Robinson formally announced his retirement in December of 1952 and started a career as a tap dancer. Joe Glaser booked him into night clubs for a fee of $15,000 a week. By the summer of 1954 Robinson's fee had dropped to $5000 a week. He decided to make a comeback as a fighter.

He had to. To begin with, his expenses have always been large. He always carried a large number of people with him when he traveled—even today he usually takes along a doctor, a minister, a transportation expert, three relatives and seven seconds and sparring partners. And back in New York the business manager handling his enterprises apparently had concentrated on mishandling Sugar Ray's money.

"I was the one who was responsible for it being found out," Joe Glaser says. "When Robinson got back from his dancing tour he came to me in desperate condition. The banks were foreclosing on him—he even had a $9000 mortgage on his house that he was in trouble over.

"Well, I went up to his office and looked over his business statements. He had six businesses going and not one of them was making any money. The books were in a mess. I don't think an accountant could straighten them all out. But they did show that there was at least $250,000 missing. At least."

Robinson himself says gloomily, "The man took me for a lot of money. What could I do, though? By the time I found it out the man died. There was no way to get back the money. I never knew a thing about it while it was going on."

Robinson climbed back into the ring in November of 1954 to start his comeback with an exhibition against Gene Burton. Then he knocked out Joe Rindone. But Ralph (Tiger) Jones punched him around easily in January of 1955, and it seemed that Robinson didn't have it any more.

It was at this time that dogs Robinson kept in the basement of one of his buildings played a little game, common in New York City, known as bite-the-delivery-man. One victim, after being attacked, went to court and won a judgment of $28,000.

Robinson turned for aid to Ernie Braca, a highly respected New York fight manager. Braca gave Robinson $10,000 to help him pay the judgment. He also took over the job of managing Sugar Ray's ring comeback. Braca based his confidence on Robinson's clean living. Ernie says kiddingly that he has never gone in for much of this himself, but that he loves it in a fighter.

With careful matching, Robinson won four straight fights, and on December 9, 1955, he was in the ring at Chicago Stadium with Bobo Olson, who then held the middleweight title.

Olson was a three-to-one favorite. But in the second round he ducked under a jab and Robinson hit him with a right uppercut. Olson went down and did not get up. Sugar Ray was back on his throne.

The record from here on reads like a pamphlet from the First National Bank. Robinson made the most lucrative comeback of any athlete in sports history. It has brought him more than $1,400,000 in purse money to date. He earned the bulk of this in fights with three men—Gene Fullmer, against whom he lost the middleweight championship and then rewon it; Carmen Basilio, against whom he did the same; and Paul Pender, against whom he lost his last claim to the title.

Yet through an assortment of tax scrapes, implausibly poor maneuvers and just plain heavy spending, Robinson has parlayed all this money into what seems to be nothing. Martin Machat, who was Robinson's lawyer from 1957 until 1960, sat down at lunch one afternoon in New York and, between grimaces, tried to explain what happened.

"The Government stepped in and attached the entire $483,000 purse for the first Basilio fight in 1957," Machat said. "It was in anticipation of taxes he would owe. The Government had been badly embarrassed in the Joe Louis case and did not intend to allow Robinson to fall behind.

"We were able to reduce their assessment on the purse to $250,000. But the balance Robinson received back from the Government had to be paid out to managers, to Glaser and for training expenses." (Robinson has entered an appeal on his tax status, contending that the Government had no right to hold his Basilio money.)

"Then there have been heavy taxes on all the other earnings," Machat went on. "It also costs him $100,000 a year to live. Not so much for himself—he is not a lavish personal spender by any means. You don't see Ray around night clubs and the like. But he is awfully good to his mother and sister. And this need of his for an entourage costs a tremendous sum. When he trained for a fight out on the Coast, a return with Olson, he flew twenty-two people out from New York."

Aside from this spending, Robinson made one of the worst business mistakes boxing has ever heard of. This was during his dealings for a third bout with Carmen Basilio. The fight never came off because of Robinson's primary law of reasoning: If somebody can get him a half million, he feels he can get a whole million by himself for the same thing.

Admiral John J. Bergen, president of Madison Square Garden, put together a deal which would guarantee Robinson $500,000. A tax arrangement had been worked out which would have spread the money over a period of several years. Robinson promptly looked up at the sky and announced that he had a guarantee of $750,000 from Matty Fox, who owned a pay-television firm.

He would accept no advice on the matter. When Robinson kept insisting he could get the $750,000 guarantee, Admiral Bergen threw up his hands. "You better take it, then," he said.

The guarantee never really materialized. Basilio turned around and fought Fullmer in a bout which carried National Boxing Association recognition for the middleweight championship. The N.B.A. had declared the title vacant on the grounds that Robinson had gone too long without defending it.

Robinson was left with no fight—and a distinct need for money. He remedied this by taking a $49,000 advance from Boston promoter Sam Silverman. In return, he had to agree to meet Paul Pender, an Irishman, in Boston.

"I was worried about the money," Silverman says. "Guys kept telling me, 'What happens if Robinson doesn't show?' But he came on and made two good fights. Put that in. No matter what they say about the guy, he never put on a bad show any place in the world."

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Robinson twice lost decisions to Pender, who has since surrendered the New York-Massachusetts-European middleweight crown to Terry Downes of England. When Robinson failed in two attempts last winter to take the N.B.A. title away from Gene Fullmer, he was down on the Greaves level.

A few weeks ago Ernie Braca, manager during the best years of the comeback, who had to sue Robinson to receive his share of the 1957 Fullmer purses, sat over a cup of coffee in Gallagher's Steak House on New York's 52nd Street and talked of Robinson.

"In 1955 he sat right where you're sitting and started to cry," Braca said. "He would have been a goner without me. I give him the money he needed and I got him the right fights that got him to the title. Then what happens? He gets paid personally for the first Fullmer fight, I can't get ahold of him on the phone all of a sudden.

"So I go uptown to his offices. The girl there says that Mr. Robinson will be right out. So I wait. I wait for three hours and nothing happens. Then the girl tells me he's gone. What do you call that? I finally get to him a couple of weeks later and he says, 'I got no money. I'm broke.' Well, what am I going to do? I go to court on the guy.

"Now he's still in a jam. He's in here the other night moaning about New York State. They want eight percent of some purses, or something like that. I think he was setting me up for another touch. Well, I'm not interested in the guy anymore. Except for one thing. I don't like to see him fighting. It's a sad thing to see a great fighter like this going down."

Robinson doesn't like it either. "I never liked this business," he was saying one afternoon recently. "Even when I was a kid and I was going high, I didn't like it. I never had a day's pleasure out of fighting another man in my life."

He seems, however, to have no alternative but to fight. There still are seven different business names on the door to his office in Harlem—names such as Knockout Productions, Inc., and Sugar Ray's Entertainment Corp. They give the impression that the one inside is a big man in business, the way he always wanted to be.

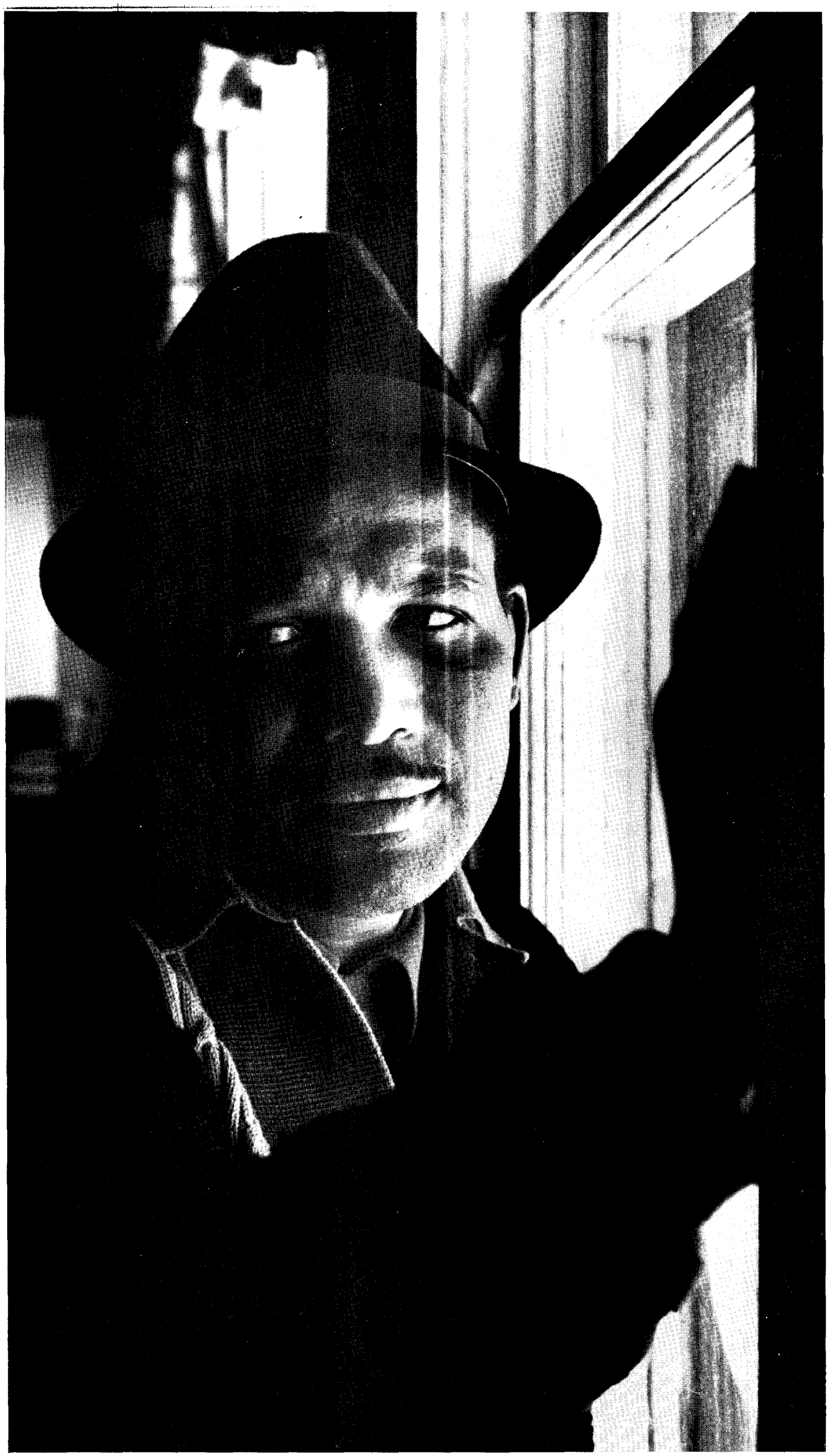
But it is not that way at all. At the boxing offices at Madison Square Garden not long before the recent Moyer fight, Sam Silverman was standing in the hallway waiting for George Gainford, who was on the phone in one of the rooms.

"I just got in from Boston," Sam said. "I want to make Robinson and this Joe DeNucci we got up there. DeNucci just boxed a draw with Giardello. It'll make a nice match for me up there. Draw a few dollars too."

Once Sugar Ray Robinson threw a short right hand to the body and then hooked to the head and spectacularly flattened Steve Belloise at the Polo Grounds in New York, and afterward experts wrote that he was another Joe Gans and that he could lick heavyweights and that he was, bar nobody, the greatest fighter they had seen.

That was in 1949. Now it is 1962, and a promoter starts talking about putting Robinson in with somebody named Joe DeNucci, who is in Boston and might draw a few dollars.

Sometimes it happens like this. Even with a Sugar Ray Robinson, the one fighter they thought could never get into difficulty. THE END



In training camp before the second Moyer fight: "I never had a day's pleasure out of fighting in my life." But an urgent need for money—$4,000,000 in purses seems to have vanished—may keep him in the ring.

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EDITORIAL

SOME GENTLE OBSERVATIONS ABOUT WOMEN

On page 36 of this issue you will find the kind of perceptive essay that this department always reads with a special delight. It was written by Miss Flora Lewis; it deals with the women of the New Frontier—those ever-loving wives who had to pack up and move to Washington when Mr. Kennedy recruited their young and brainy husbands for his voyage to the wild blue yonder.

Miss Lewis's piece, like all credible word portraits, is enlivened by a few drops of acid amid the sugar lumps. In short, it is good reading. We mention it here for another reason. It reminds us that we have been wanting to say a few words about women. We are emboldened by Miss Lewis to do so now.

It is no secret that the distinguishing characteristic of the 1960's is the intellectual and cultural revolution that is now sweeping America. Thirty years ago, mired in the depression, we had a deep suspicion of scholars and scholarship. That suspicion has now turned into a nervous pride in our new-found intellectual prowess. More than 40 percent of last year's high-school class went on to college. We have more than twice as many *adults* in classrooms as there are youngsters enrolled in the nation's high schools and colleges combined. Secretary of Labor Arthur Goldberg added these statistics recently: "America today has some 5000 community theaters—more theaters than radio and television stations. There are better than 500 opera-producing groups—seven times as many as fifteen years ago. Symphony orchestras now total 1100—twice as many as only ten years ago, and fifty in the suburbs of Los Angeles alone."

We are, in short, growing out of the materialistic cocoon that characterized us as a people in the first four decades of this century. Almost every American male has felt the impact of this upward intellectual thrust—in the demands of his job, in the homework which he tries to explain to his children. But the intellectual revolution has made a wholly new creature of the American woman.

We have long had, to be honest about it, a wildly distorted image of the female of the species. Our masculine bravado had permitted us to picture her as the "poor bedraggled little housewife," bogged down in her scullery, lulled by her soap operas while she ironed our shirts and tended our runny-nosed offspring. Maybe she ventured out of the house once in a while, but only for an afternoon of yakkety-yak bridge—which gave us a chance to sneer at the softness of her life and the leftovers we got for dinner.

This sad, even vicious, caricature was never grounded in fact. Even if it had been, it would be hopelessly obsolete today. For, as we journey around the nation, it is our observation that the intellectual balance of power in America is now clearly in the hands of the ladies.

This is true for two fundamental reasons. First, the business of earning a living has become so complex, so specialized, that intellectual man must devote an ever larger share of his time to his occupation; cybernetics can be all-consuming for a cybernetici-st; he has neither as much time nor as much energy for the life of the nation as his wife does.

Second, the women of the nation are finally growing up to the fact of their emancipation. Once content to demonstrate their new freedom with the cigarette, the cocktail and a pair of blue jeans; once satisfied to assert their equality by proving that they could hold down a "man's job," they have finally outgrown their childlike need to compete with men. They now recognize themselves as people—not just wives, not just mothers, not just "good as men," but individuals of social worth who can and will give intellectual leadership to our emerging society.

This seemingly extravagant statement is, actually, fairly easy to document. While Dad is consumed in his wage-earning (and then off to locker room or trout stream), Mother it is who reads the books, attends the concerts and exhibitions, joins the study group and plugs for the reform ticket. In our recent experience, it is the ladies who write the more thoughtful letters to the editor. In television it is women who provide the majority of the audience for such serious discussion programs as *Meet the Press*. Schools, churches, museums, orchestras, hospitals, welfare agencies—most owe their progress, if not their existence, to the solid and devoted effort of the womenfolk.

The fact is that the ladies have not liked what has been going on in the world these past few years. They have worried about peace and schools and delinquency and the moral tone of our society. They have the time and brains to tackle these problems. They lack only two essentials: opportunity and experience.

While the American woman has made enormous progress in our lifetime, it is also true that the woman who is chosen for a top job in America is still, in most fields, so rare as to be newsworthy. Dr. Janet Travell was widely covered by the press. She is a fine doctor; she is a fine doctor to the President; but she is news because she is a fine *woman* doctor to the President. So it is with Margaret Mead and Eleanor Roosevelt and the late Anne O'Hare McCormick—superlative workmen all, but notable as much for being female as for their contributions.

The fact is we continue to deny women real equality of opportunity. The discrimination is easy to spot in all the professions—church, law and medicine, for example. It is easiest to spot in government. Only two women serve in the U. S. Senate (comely Maurine Neuberger of Oregon and the distinguished Margaret Chase Smith of Maine); only 17 women serve in the 437-seat House. Since there are now more than 90,000,000 females in the United States (some 4,000,000 more women than men) it is a little hard to believe that only 19 of them are qualified to help make our laws.

These sad proportions are at least partially explained by the fact that women traditionally have not had the kind of "experience in living" that prepares men for jobs requiring judgment and discretion. Boys are schooled to view problems in the abstract—to get outside themselves and weigh decisions impersonally. Girls, by contrast, grow up thinking of "my home," "my marriage," "my baby." There is a famous anecdote that points up the difference.

A guest at a dinner party asked his host: "Where did you buy this steak?"

The host replied: "At Smith's market."

The guest then asked the hostess: "Where did you buy this steak?"

She answered: "Why? What's the matter with it?"

The story is, in our experience, an apt illustration of a characteristic that continues to hamper women as they assume an ever more challenging role in our affairs. When they discuss labor relations, they can usually only do it within the context of "my husband." And atomic fallout is soon reduced to "our shelter." Their isolation in the home has made them insensitive to the give and take of team effort and group opinion. Thus far they have simply not been buffeted by enough human conflicts to have mastered the fine art of objectivity. They will master it—just as soon as we give them increased opportunity to do so.

We should give them that opportunity. We have, in the American woman, one of the nation's great neglected resources. We have always admired her, pursued her, whistled at her—even enshrined her. Now we need to use her. Not just for the jobs men don't want to do. Not grudgingly because we want to shut her up. Not slyly because we think she's cute. But thankfully—because she has brains, time, knowledge, courage, sensitivity and dedication that are needed in our struggle for survival.

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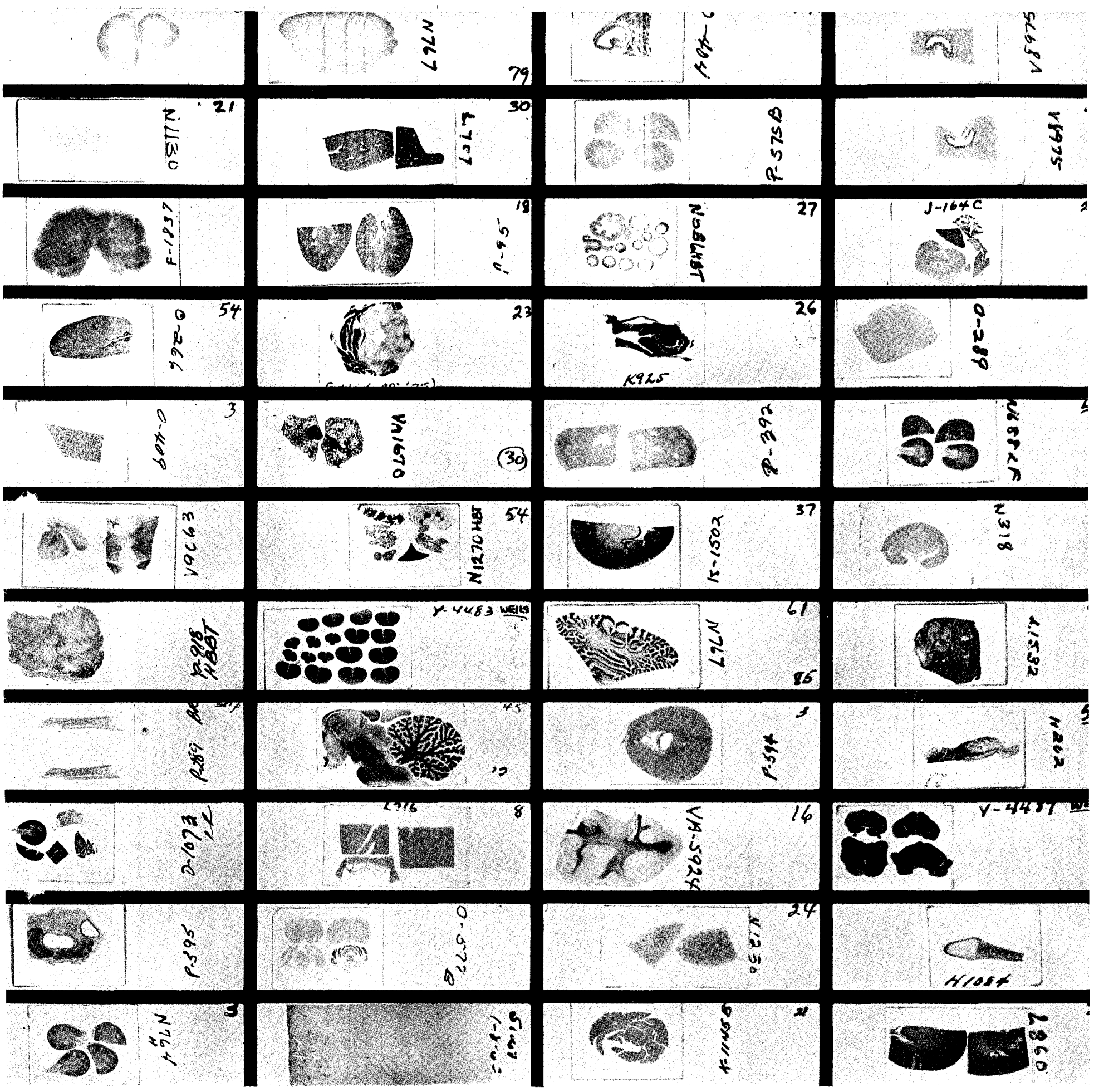

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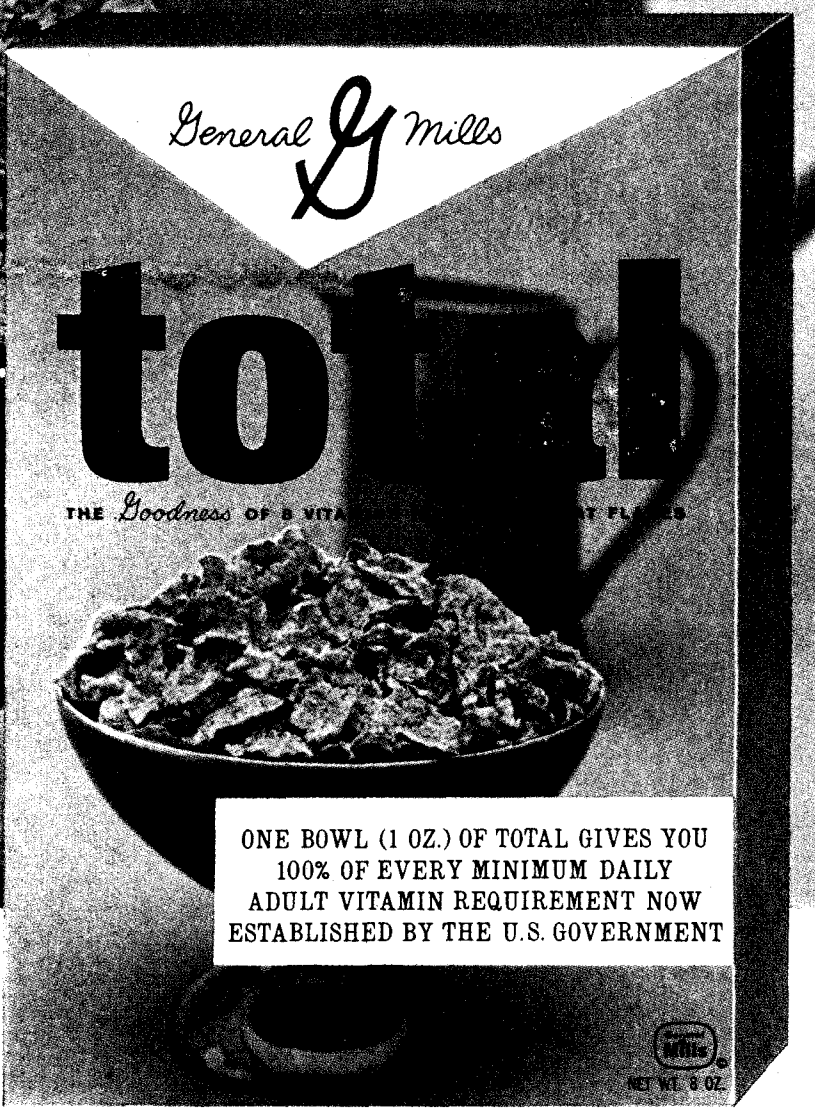
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